The YOUNG FOLKS TREASURY

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WASHINGTON AT YORKTOWN

YOUNG FOLKS' TREASURY

In 12 Volumes

HAMILTON WRIGHT MABIE
Editor

EDWARD EVERETT HALE
Associate Editor

Men and Women of Achievement; Self-Help

HAMILTON WRIGHT MABIE
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INTRODUCTION

EVERYBODY is interested in biography. It is a part of the nature of man as a social being. The child wants to hear of what his father and mother did, the grown-up man likes to hear what his neighbors did, or are doing, as well as his fellow-citizens generally and particularly. Anecdote, gossip, memoirs, letters, diaries, whatever we call it, it is all biography, or rather it has the biographical character. We find it everywhere—we read about the heroes of the nations, because we like better to hear of some one man, than of men collectively; we read lives of the poets, because we always want to know something of the personality of those men who have stirred and moved us profoundly; and also, in a minor way (and unfortunately with much less profit), we always glance over the column of "Prominent People" in the newspapers, because (though we are no gossips) we always like to hear about the especial celebrity who is for the moment in the public eye.

We are interested in people, sometimes romantically, as when we read novels, but often also when the people are flesh and blood, instead of the purely paper realities which our great novelists create for us. Some of us are truly social in disposition and really like to meet our kind face to face; but even if we do not like that, we like to read about them. The man to whom nature and himself are sufficient is rare. As Aristotle said, whoever can live alone is either a beast or a god, and Alexander Selkirk, Robinson Crusoe, Enoch Arden, and a long line of others prove the saying true, or at least illustrate it sufficiently. We want to know about our fellows. It is a curious thing at bottom, a part of the social instinct which, I doubt not, sociologists have studied and accounted for, in ways quite unfamiliar to me. Man is not usually conceived as fundamentally unselfish, and yet there is this inexhaustible interest in

others, the wish to know not merely adventures, but surroundings, manners, and customs; not merely about the most distinguished in the world, but about many others besides. And it is not, as a rule, with any notion of benefit to self, but as a matter of unselfish interest, though often enough the interest is not of a very high order.

We are apt to read biographies with a sort of fellow-feeling. These men and women of whom we read, as we come to know them better as we get more closely into their lives and characters, cease to be statues—like the great ones of whom we have read in our histories, whose names are inscribed on tablets of honor, whose lives are the foundation of the Republic—they are seen to be persons like ourselves in certain main characteristics, though certainly with far greater powers, and we readily deduce the converse, namely, that we may very possibly be persons somewhat like them. Here also the child shows the universal tendency. He receives the general, the common element, recognizes in himself the possibilities realized by others; what he sees and hears he is apt to reproduce. A man whom he admires has written a book, perhaps, or ridden on two horses at the circus. Forthwith the child pins two pieces of paper together and begins a monumental work, or organizes a circus in the back yard to which admittance is ten pins. We older ones do not so often set about realizing such possibilities. But we feel them for all that: biography gives us an idea of what we can do. And there, educationally, is the great value of biography, that it lays open to one the possibilities of one's own nature.

A wide reading of biography—just because it is interesting and attractive—will open out to one an immense range of possibilities. By showing us possibilities, the reading of biography is educational, it is in a way the fundamental of education, for it serves to give us the idea of the true direction in which we may realize ourself. We see that life was not quite so small as we thought it was; other things may be done well and nobly, as well as the few things that we know about.

When we read of the great chiefs of art and money-making, we see that we had not rightly estimated even what we under-

stood in part. We wanted to be a soldier, but we did not understand what a soldier could be till we read of Grant. We were going to be president or politician, but we did not know what it meant to be politician or president till we read of Lincoln. The man of business will learn something of Peter Cooper and Johns Hopkins, and the poet from James Russell Lowell and William Morris. Franklin is a good man to read about, if you have a feeling that the man interested in literature and science should keep out of public affairs. Franklin, who was the first American to be recognized by the world as a man of letters and science, and who was also the most public-spirited man in the thirteen colonies, a close rival in public spirit to any one who has come after him. Indeed, Franklin is good for any one to read of, because he will show any one how he could rival him at his own general line of life, business, politics, letters, science, and do everything besides, because he did everything in such a fine way and with such a fine spirit. So we not only get from reading of great men an idea of how much men can do, but also a notion of how finely they can do it. We cannot only broaden ourselves, but we can get a little higher up. Of course it is only what we always get by meeting men, but then, we cannot readily meet such men as we can easily read about. In fact, a broad reading of biography is a good step toward a liberal education—and an easy one.

Let us take biography, then, for the help that it is—an immense help in seeing the great possibilities of the human mind, of ourselves as human things, an immense stimulus to make of ourselves all that in any way we are capable of. Here are men who have been soldiers or statesmen, scientists or inventors, men of letters or orators, philanthropists or men of affairs. Here, too, are women who have become eminent in various fields of intellectual achievement and of social service. What great things all these have done for the world, what possibilities they have realized! In one direction or another the same possibility or the same work may lie ahead of any one of us, if we only know just what it is. By the study of the lives of others we come to know what man is capable of, we should come to know what we are capable of. It is very possible that our

present view of our aptitudes, our possibilities, may be limited. Here is a view over the broadest horizon.

And excellent as it is for anybody, it is, perhaps, for the American that it is of most obvious value. For, as has been said, the main value of biography is that it opens to us the possibilities of our own nature and of human nature. Well, America is that country where there is the most general opportunity for people to realize their possibilities. For some small sets or classes in other countries there may be much better possibilities for development in any and every particular direction in which there may be adaptability. For certain classes, also small, there undoubtedly is in America less opportunity than elsewhere for development in certain directions. But for the general mass of the population there is a better opportunity for any boy or girl to become intellectually, socially, politically, spiritually all that it is possible that he or she might become. All the more need, then, that each boy and girl should know, not merely generally what man has done in this world, but more specifically what Americans have done and are doing.

That is why there are so many Americans in the list of names following. It is not because we think that in our century, more or less, of national life we in America have turned out twice as many great men as twenty centuries have done all over the rest of the world. Nor is it because we think that America, in a fairly short space of time, has succeeded in doing two-thirds of the great work of progress accomplished by mankind. No, the present list of names is relative: it is largely American because it is a book for American homes, for the culture and education of American men and women, and boys and girls.

EDWARD E. HALE, JR.

George Washington

By WALLACE WOOD

GEORGE WASHINGTON was born in Westmoreland County, Va., February 22, 1732. Peter the Great had died seven years before. The lives of Catherine II., Maria Theresa, Frederick II., Joseph II., and Louis XVI. cover pretty nearly the same period as Washington's. The same may be said of the lives of Burke, Chatham, Warren Hastings, Clive, Robespierre, and Wesley. The pedigree of the Washington family is still somewhat obscure. They probably emigrated from the north of England. The father of George was a well-to-do man, and at his death, in 1743, left to his family a good estate and other property. George started in life very poorly furnished with school learning; had no Latin, no Greek, no modern language but his mother tongue, and in that little more than reading, writing, and arithmetic. He made some acquaintance with geometry, and its practical application in surveying. In boyhood he was fond of athletic sports, and of mimic military exercises. Among his schoolfellows his character won respect, and appeal was made to him on matters in dispute. After leaving school (1748) he followed up the study of geometry and the practice of surveying, and after a short engagement under Lord Fairfax, his kinsman by marriage, was appointed public surveyor.

His duties were to explore the country, and learn the life of the people, for the purpose of dividing the land into lots to suit the requirements of continually incoming settlers. A journal which he kept of his adventures on this expedition is interesting, as showing the kind of training which was prepar-

ing him for the high destiny to which he was afterward called. It was a life of privation and peril, but at the same time it was full of excitement. Naturally powerful of frame, this adventurous life favored the development of activity and strength. Three years' experience gave him a firmness of muscle and vigor of physical energy which few men ever attain at any age. With such a frame and after such experience, encountered voluntarily, there was no danger either of his being seduced by luxury or deterred by danger from what he considered the path of duty. With the pleasures of society and the luxury of indolence within his reach, he sought for a career weighted with hardship and privation. He believed himself created to play a more manly part in life. As to society, his private journal and even his letters show that he was by no means insensible to the amenities of fashionable life or the charms of feminine conversation. But to such a disposition as his a life of ease and nothing else would have been torture. Peril became his pleasure, and labor his indulgence. Hence it followed that he gained respect and admiration from all who knew him; and herein we see the force of his character.

His experience as a surveyor was, moreover, of great advantage to him as giving him a minute acquaintance with the condition and character of the original settlers—especially of the backwoodsmen who were among the earliest European occupants of Washington's own section. These remarkable people constituted the pioneer circle of the expanding colonies, and at this time formed a large proportion of the whole Southern colonial population. The strip of emigrant occupancy stretching along the coast of the Atlantic consisted of two distinct parts—one the mercantile and seafaring class, occupying the narrow seaboard; the other the exploring backwoodsmen, invaders of the primeval forest. Among the latter Washington spent most of the three years of his surveyor's life. He learned intimately their habits and manners; and when afterward he was called upon to enroll an army drafted largely from this hardy and independent race, he was the only leader thoroughly capable of commanding them.

In 1751 he was appointed adjutant general to one of the

WASHINGTON AND HIS MOTHER

From a Painting by E. Fournier.

military districts of Virginia. The death of his elder brother in 1752 threw upon him large family responsibilities, and in the next year he was chosen to execute a difficult mission to the French commander, whose post was some five or six hundred miles distant. The memorable struggle was beginning between French and English for the possession of the North American continent. In 1754 Washington was second in command in the campaign against the French. In the following year, war having been declared, he served as a volunteer aid under General Braddock, and showed a reckless bravery at the battle on the Monongahela. In 1758, after having succeeded in getting his militia organized as the royal forces were, he resigned his commission because there seemed to be no hope of promotion for him in the royal army.

Washington married in January 1759, and during the next fifteen years occupied himself chiefly with the management of his estates and other private affairs. For some years, however, he was a member of the House of Representatives, and one of the most punctual and businesslike. In the disputes with the mother country about taxation, while resolutely controverting the right to tax, he earnestly deprecated a rupture, until he saw that it could only be avoided by the sacrifice of principle. The first general Congress met in 1774, and Washington was one of its members and in June 1775 he was named commander in chief. Formidable difficulties confronted him. He had had no experience in handling large bodies of men; he had no material of war, nor means of getting it, and there was no strong government to support him. Hence progress was slow, and reverses were frequent. But through all which his patience, his courage, his good sense and sagacity, and his inflexible resolution carried him to ultimate success. Boston was evacuated by the English troops in March 1776; on the fourth of July the same year was made the Declaration of Independence. The battles of Long Island, Trenton, Princeton, Brandywine, Germantown, followed; the French came to the aid of the Americans in 1778, and Philadelphia was evacuated. The struggle was virtually closed by the fall of Yorktown and the capture of the English army under Lord Cornwallis in October 1781.

Success created new dangers and difficulties, against which the commander in chief had strenuously to contend. At length New York was evacuated, on November 25, 1783, and on the fourth of December Washington spoke his grave farewell to his officers. Two days before Christmas he resigned his commission and retired to his estate, Mount Vernon. In 1787 he was a member of the convention which prepared the Constitution, and in 1789 entered upon office as first President of the United States. There is something startling in the juxtaposition, in the same year, 1789, of two such memorable facts as these—the Constitution of the United States came into operation, and the States-General met at Paris; both new beginnings, openings of courses leading to goals still unknown. As President, Washington had troubles enough with his cabinet, which was sharply divided into Federalists and anti-Federalists, the two parties headed respectively by Hamilton and Jefferson. Foreign relations, too, were uneasy and perplexing. Washington would fain check the growth of bitter party spirit, and avert foreign war. He would willingly have retired at the close of his term, but he could not be spared, and was unanimously reëlected.

At length, having done a good life's work, he determined in 1796 to cease from his labors, and issued (September) his memorable farewell to his country. He witnessed the installation of his successor in the presidency, and then retired to his home. In little more than two years the final summons came. Washington died on December 14, 1799.

Jefferson's estimate of the first President is a splendid tribute to a great leader. "His mind was great and powerful, without being of the very first order; his penetration strong, though not so acute as that of a Newton, Bacon, or Locke; and, as far as he saw, no judgment was ever sounder. It was slow in operation, being little aided by invention or imagination, but sure in conclusion. Hence the common remark of his officers, of the advantage he derived from councils of war, where, hearing all suggestions, he selected whatever was best; and certainly no general ever planned his battles more judiciously. But if deranged during the course of the action, if any member of his plan was dislocated by sudden circumstances, he was slow in a

readjustment. The consequence was, that he often failed in the field and rarely against an enemy in station, as at Boston and York. He was incapable of fear, meeting personal danger with the calmest unconcern. Perhaps the strongest feature in his character was prudence, never acting until every circumstance, every consideration was maturely weighed, refraining if he saw a doubt, but when once decided going through with his purpose, whatever obstacles opposed. His integrity was most pure, his justice the most inflexible, no motives of interest or consanguinity, of friendship or hatred, being able to bias his decision. He was, in every sense of the word, a wise, a good, and a great man. His temper was naturally irritable and high-toned; but reflection and resolution had obtained a firm and habitual ascendency over it. If ever, however, it broke forth, he was most tremendous in his wrath. In his expenses he was honorable, but exact; liberal in contributions to whatever promised utility, but frowning and unyielding in all visionary projects, and all unworthy calls on his charity. His heart was not warm in its affections; but he exactly calculated every man's value, and gave him a solid esteem proportionate to it. His person was fine, his stature exactly what one could wish, his deportment easy, erect, and noble, the best horseman of his time, and the most graceful figure that could be seen on horseback. Although in the circle of his friends, where he might be unreserved with safety, he took a free share in conversation, his colloquial talents were not above mediocrity, possessing neither copiousness of ideas nor fluency of words. In public when called upon for a sudden opinion, he was unready, short and embarrasssed. Yet he wrote readily, rather diffusely, in an easy and correct style. This he acquired by conversation with the world, for his education was merely reading, writing, and common arithmetic, to which he added surveying at a later day. His time was employed in action chiefly, reading little, and that only in agriculture and English history. His correspondence became necessarily extensive, and with journalizing his agricultural proceedings occupied most of his leisure within doors. On the whole, his character was in its mass perfect, in nothing bad, in a few points indifferent, and it may truly be said that

never did nature and fortune combine more perfectly to make a man great, and to place him in the same constellation with whatever worthies have merited from man an everlasting remembrance. For his was the singular destiny and merit of leading the armies of his country successfully through an arduous war for the establishment of its independence; of conducting its councils through the birth of a government, new in its forms and principles, until it had settled down into a quiet and orderly train; and of scrupulously obeying the laws through the whole of his career, civil and military, of which the history of the world furnishes no other example."

Some extremists have regarded the liberator of the American colonies simply as a rebel against his king, by which the very patriotism which makes him great becomes the one unpardonable crime of his misguided and mischievous career. But the end to be achieved, its bearing upon the welfare of mankind, must be the final and substantial tests to the value of any political revolution. Whatever may be the influence and function of circumstances over the generality of mankind, it is certain that in some individual cases the current of the world's history is changed, whether for good or evil, by the mental energy of a few individual men. It is, therefore, a fact that George Washington was the controlling spirit of the great revolution known as the American War of Independence. And it must be admitted by all candid and unbiased judgments that the movement was one which under the circumstances could not honorably or even safely be avoided, and that the War of Independence was both necessary and just. In this light the character of Washington receives a luster and his motives assume a dignity to which no mere provincial insurgent could possibly be entitled, however pure his intentions or profound his personal grievances. The grandeur of the event, the vast importance of its issues, the momentous results which success or failure must entail upon the whole population of a mighty continent, have brought down upon the scene a fierce light of scrutiny in which the figure of the calm, silent leader stands nevertheless without blemish. Fearless of any man's censure, his course was direct and unwavering, his integrity unsullied, his justice inflexible.

We know not whether to admire him most in the hour of defeat or in the moment of victory; for in every important crisis the demand upon his greatest qualities as a leader was always fully answered. With each new misfortune he rose to a still higher sense of the great responsibility he had assumed. When he had troops, he fought. When unable to keep the field, he took an advantageous and threatening defensive. When the hopes of the people were at their lowest ebb, and his army had dwindled to a few ragged battalions, he rolled the tide of war back again toward fortune by the most brilliant and decisive series of combats and maneuvers that the whole history of the war has recorded. So high was Washington's bearing, so admirable his control of the most diverse elements, so serenely did he look disaster, obloquy, and suffering in the face, that we can hardly think of him except as the predestined saviour of his country. The time produced no other man capable of confronting each new emergency with the same sublime constancy to the great end and aim of the Revolution. The Congress was at one time ready to declare him dictator. The army, grown desperate in its deep distress and deeper disgust with the half measures of Congress, wished to overturn the existing civil control under the lead of its idolized chief. But in every dark hour Washington's star shone out bright and unsullied by any taint of personal ambition, nor could any sense of personal wrong turn him a hair's breadth from the path of duty. His was a great, a magnanimous soul. When the long conflict was over he laid down the sword that had never been sheathed in dishonor. His old companions in arms wept like children when he bade them farewell. Compared with this, what was the tribute of senates or the applause of the multitude? Indeed it may be said of Washington that there is scarcely another great figure in history whose character and services have been estimated with such unanimous, such high, approbation as his. His mottoes were, "Deeds, not words," and "For God and my country"; and his adherence to these has merited the everlasting verdict of history, "First in war, first in peace, and first in the hearts of his countrymen."

Benjamin Franklin

THERE needs no apology in these latter days for placing Franklin on a pedestal by himself, apart from the group of patriots of whom he was not only one of the most eminent, but was certainly the most versatile, broad-minded, worldly-wise, and in the highest sense the most generally useful member. It would be hard to name an intellectual pursuit or speculation that did not occupy his alert mind, and to which he did not contribute some practical counsel. Franklin was a remarkable man; more truly great in quiet paths than some whose fame was won by spectacular and occasional performances rather than by steady persevering efforts to benefit the people in every serviceable way.

Franklin's name, as he himself states in his "Autobiography," shows that his family belonged to that sturdy race of English yeomen, whose stubborn self-reliance and dauntless courage have contributed largely to England's greatness. For three centuries his ancestors were settled in Northamptonshire, England; but in 1682 Josias Franklin emigrated to America and settled in Boston. He was twice married and had seventeen children, of whom Benjamin, born January 6, 1706, in that city, was the youngest son. At twelve he went to a cousin's to learn the trade of cutler; but when his brother James returned from England to open a printing office, Benjamin was bound apprentice to him. He thought himself decidedly fortunate in being apprenticed to his brother, a printer, a business which promised to afford better opportunities to get at books, his one special desire. Among all the books he had read, voyages and history

From an Old Drawing

FRANKLIN WORKING AS A PRINTER

charmed him most; but he tells us that the two works which exercised the greatest influence on his career were the "Lives of Plutarch" and the "Essay on Projects" by Defoe, which he read about this time.

In the business of printing he soon became an expert, reading with avidity all the books that came within his reach, and tried his hand at verse making. But falling in with some old volumes of the "Spectator," he became more interested in forming his prose style on the model of its articles, and, as he says, was thus prevented from becoming a bad poet. At the age of sixteen he had read Locke "On the Understanding," the "Art of Thinking," by Port-Royal, and Xenophon's "Memoirs of Socrates." Every new faculty which in turn developed itself in him was almost always carried to exaggeration from having no guide to direct its application. He wrote ballads at first in his brother's paper, the "New England Courant," and in other ways practiced his hand as a journalist.

About this time his relations with his brother became unpleasant. He was evidently too smart. Original articles written by him were accepted for publication in his brother's paper, the editor not knowing their source. The brother became jealous, and although his indentures were not out, Franklin determined to leave him and start in the world for himself. He sold some of his books and quietly left Boston in October 1723, being then seventeen years old. He landed in Philadelphia, unknown and friendless, but soon found employment with a printer, a Jew, to whom he rendered himself invaluable by his skill, energy, and fruitful resources for obtaining orders. When his brother James wrote to him begging him to return to his home and friends Benjamin refused. Sir William Keith, Governor of Pennsylvania, having discovered Franklin's ability as a writer as well as printer, suggested that he should start in business for himself, and promised to use his influence on his behalf. Franklin therefore asked his father's assistance; but the prudent father thought him still too young. Keith then proposed that Franklin should go to London to procure an outfit, and furnished him letters of introduction, which proved worthless. Franklin arrived in London penniless, and was obliged

to seek work as compositor and pressman, dieting himself as a vegetarian and abstainer from intoxicants. However, he wrote and printed on his own account "A Short Dissertation on Liberty and Necessity, Pleasure and Pain," and by it obtained some literary friends, including Mandeville and Sir Hans Sloane.

Franklin returned to Philadelphia, after eighteen months in London, and became chief clerk in the store of Mr. Denham, who had been a fellow-passenger in both his voyages. But Denham soon died, and Franklin returned to Keimer as manager of his business. He next formed a partnership, which proved successful enough to enable him in 1729 to buy out his partner and purchase the "Pennsylvania Gazette." The paper had only ninety subscribers; but under Franklin's judicious management this number soon increased. In September 1730 he married Deborah Read, in whose father's house he had lived for some time after his first arrival in Philadelphia. In 1732, under the name of "Richard Saunders," Franklin began the publication of an Almanac, which, being continued for about twenty-five years, became famous as "Poor Richard's Almanac," and reached a sale of 10,000 copies annually.

Early in his career as printer, Franklin formed a club called "The Junto" for discussion of questions of morality, philosophy, and politics. It met on Friday evenings, and was continued for nearly forty years. It was the germ from which sprang, in 1744, the American Philosophical Society. To the same source can be traced the first subscription circulating library in America, which was afterward incorporated, in 1742, under the name of The Library Company of Philadelphia. In 1736 Franklin was unanimously chosen clerk of the Pennsylvania Assembly, and held this, his first political position, during the next year. He was then elected by the people as a member of the assembly, and so continued for ten years. In 1737 he was appointed by the British government deputy postmaster at Philadelphia. In 1738 he organized a police force and a fire company for that city, and procured the paving of its streets.

His next success was in a different direction. In 1752 a kite and a thundercloud rendered him suddenly famous. He had become convinced of the identity of lightning with electric-

ity, and after careful meditation on the subject succeeded in verifying his theory by the ingenious experiment so frequently described. To the upright stick of a kite he fastened an iron point. The part of the kite string he held in his hand was of silk, the remainder of hemp; and where the hempen and silken strings met he attached a key. A thundercloud approached, and Franklin sent his kite to meet it. At first no signs of electricity were apparent, and the disappointed philosopher had all but abandoned kite and experiment in despair. Casting a mortified glance on his apparatus he perceived a sudden movement in the loose fibers of the hempen string, and instantly presented his knuckles to the key. A strong electric spark was the result. The identity of lightning with electricity was established. To the world this descent of information from the clouds gave the lightning conductor; to Franklin it brought celebrity and honors. Though much of his theory about electricity has been superseded by later researches, the fundamental discovery and its important application remain among his proudest titles to fame.

In 1748 Franklin, whose time was becoming engrossed with public affairs, took David Hall, one of his most intelligent workmen, into partnership in the printing business, and was thus released from its active management. In the next year he was the leader in a scheme for the advancement of education, which, starting with a well-arranged academy, has grown into the large and flourishing University of Pennsylvania. The plan which he proposed for this institution in its successive stages has received the highest commendation from professional educators as plainly anticipating many improvements which of recent years have been introduced into practice. Before this scheme was fairly developed, Franklin's public spirit had found another outlet in raising subscriptions and procuring from the legislature an auxiliary grant to establish the first hospital in Pennsylvania. This institution has long been recognized as a model in every department.

In 1750 Franklin was appointed to his first public mission, being sent to negotiate with a tribe of Indians; and in this, as in all his diplomatic missions, he was eminently successful. In

1753 he was appointed postmaster general for the American colonies, with a salary of £300. This oversight of the interests of the colonies easily led the way to his plan for their union against invasion from Canada, when the French War began in 1754. The plan was approved by the first Congress, composed of deputies from six colonies or provinces, which met at Albany in 1754. But the attempt was premature, and the plan, however great its merits, was rejected by the colonial assemblies, as well as by the British Government. Eleven years later a more successful Congress was held in New York City, and again, after an interval of nine years, came the first Continental Congress. But Franklin, who had started the movement, was in England while these later bodies were in session.

In 1757 his growing reputation advanced Franklin to the highly honorable post of agent in England for four of the provincial governments. In an independent state this appointment would be equivalent to that of ambassador. The Proprietaries of Pennsylvania, descendants of William Penn, claimed immu nity from taxation on the large possessions which they held. The Assembly, pressed by the burdens required for the public defense, insisted that all property and property holders should be treated alike. The governor, being appointed by the Proprietaries and responsible only to them, vetoed such bills. After the controversy had continued for some time with increasing animosity, Franklin, in 1757, was appointed a commissioner to visit England and present the case of the people and Assembly. After some vexatious delays he was successful. The Penns gave up their claim, and agreed that their property should bear its proper share of taxation. During the period of five years thus spent in England, Franklin received many honors from learned and scientific bodies. The Universities of Oxford and St. Andrews conferred on him their highest degrees. He was made a fellow of the Royal Society, which thus made amends for its former refusal to print in its "Transactions" an account of his electrical experiments. To the "Annual Register," of which Edmund Burke was then editor, Franklin contributed a paper on "The Peopling of Coun-

tries," which called forth much comment. To Franklin's advice is attributed the withdrawal of certain troops from the continent of Europe and the sending of them against the French in Canada.

After a stay in England of five years Franklin returned to Pennsylvania, and received from the Assembly for his services a £5,000 grant. In 1764 his election to that body was strongly opposed by the Proprietary party, and he was defeated by a small majority. Nevertheless he was again appointed by the Assembly to be its agent in England. He sailed November 1, 1765, and in the next year he was called to the bar of the House of Commons, and underwent a memorable examination which greatly increased his political fame. He defended the cause of the American Colonies with firmness and moderation.

During this period Franklin paid some visits to the continent of Europe, and was everywhere received with the most distinguished and respectful consideration. In Paris he was introduced to many of the literary men; was elected an associate of the Academy of Sciences, and was presented to the King, Louis XV., and his sisters. He was thus prepared for his future diplomatic work at the same court.

The closing of the port of Boston in 1773, and the quartering of troops in that town, defeated part of Franklin's mission. He was at this time agent not only for Pennsylvania, but also for New Jersey, Georgia, and Massachusetts. He was busily engaged in presenting their remonstrances not only before the ministry and Parliament, but before the British people, whose rights, he maintained, were involved in the treatment accorded to the colonists. At length, finding his endeavors to secure an equitable and honorable settlement of the difficulties fruitless, he sailed for Philadelphia on March 4, 1775. The day after he landed he was elected a member of the Continental Congress, then assembled. Shortly after he had entered on his duties there he wrote the famous letter to a member of Parliament who claimed to be still his friend in spite of political differences. This letter is given here, as an example of Franklin's direct method in dealing with men.

PHILADELPHIA, July 5, 1775.

MR. STRAHAN,—You are a member of that Parliament, and have formed part of that majority, which has condemned my native country to destruction. You have begun to burn our towns, and to destroy their inhabitants.

Look at your hands. They are stained with the blood of your relations and your acquaintances.

You and I were long friends. You are at present my enemy, and I am yours.

BENJAMIN FRANKLIN.

Next year Franklin was a member of the committee that drafted the famous Declaration of Independence. The British ministry had now begun to see its error in the harsh treatment of the Colonies. Lord Howe was sent with full powers to concede everything but absolute independence; but Franklin and the other commissioners whom Congress had appointed to confer with him were instructed to insist upon this basis, and the negotiations came to an abrupt termination. Franklin was next dispatched, in company with Samuel Chase and Rev. John Carroll, to persuade the French Canadians to join the American cause. These people had been too recently brought under the British domination to appreciate the causes of the present strife, and the mission was fruitless.

Franklin returned to Philadelphia to become president of the convention for framing a state constitution for Pennsylvania. When this task was successfully completed, the veteran statesman was, at the age of seventy, sent to France, in conjunction with Arthur Lee and Silas Deane, to present the cause of the United States to the favorable consideration of the French government. The French government was finally induced to form an offensive and defensive alliance with the United States, February 6, 1778. Franklin had fixed his residence at Passy, near Paris, and his political engagements were varied by the attention he gave to literary and scientific affairs. He became for a time the idol of the French court and people, but amid all the acclamations and flatteries which attended him he never neglected the interests of his country to promote any private ends. He remained in France until England was

forced to consent to recognize the independence of her late colonies. The definitive treaty was signed on September 30, 1783, by himself and, on the part of Great Britain, by David Hartley. He continued to represent the United States at the French court for two years more. Franklin was then recalled at his own request, and was succeeded by Jefferson. "You replace Dr. Franklin, I hear," said the Count de Vergennes to Jefferson, when they first met. "I succeed him; no one can replace him," was Jefferson's significant and magnanimous reply.

Franklin, on his return, was elected a member of the Supreme Executive Council of Pennsylvania, and was soon made its president. In 1787 he was one of the delegates from that state in the convention called to frame the Constitution of the United States. His long experience in statesmanship and his acknowledged practical wisdom were constantly brought into requisition in the arduous task of forming a permanent Federal Union. His last political act was an address to his colleagues entreating them to sacrifice their own private views with regard to various details on which they desired amendments, for the sake of unanimity in recommending to the people the new Constitution as determined by the majority. He had the pleasure of seeing this document ratified by a sufficient number of states to give it vitality, and of witnessing a revival of prosperity after the depression and exhaustion of the Revolutionary War.

Franklin lived to enjoy the full fruits of his renown. When he returned from France in his old age the streets were splendid with decorations and crowded with citizens eager to welcome him. He was now the man whom, next to Washington, Americans delighted to honor. As commissioner at the court of France, he had brought to a successful issue the difficult and delicate mission intrusted to him. His scientific reputation was European, and his "Poor Richard's Maxims" were in the hands, as well as on the lips, of all his countrymen. And therefore, putting aside for the moment republican simplicity, the inhabitants of Philadelphia received with almost royal honors the man whose abilities and achivements were accounted

extraordinary throughout the civilized world. This prosperity and fame had no ill effect upon the subject of it. Sagacity, sound common sense, and energy were the features that, above all, distinguished the character of Franklin.

Franklin's last printed essay appeared in the "Federal Gazette" of March 1789, and was signed "Historicus." After a short illness he died April 17, 1790, at the age of eighty-four. Franklin made various bequests and donations to cities, public bodies, and individuals. Among his papers, written when he was but twenty-three years of age, was found this original epitaph:—

The Body
of
BENJAMIN FRANKLIN,
Printer,
(Like the Cover of an Old Book,
Its Contents torn out
And Stripped of its Lettering and Gilding)
Lies Here Food for Worms;
Yet the Work Itself Shall Not be Lost,
For It will (as he believed) appear once more
in a New
and More Beautiful Edition
Corrected and Amended
By
The Author.

Franklin shook the dust of England from his feet (says an English writer) as a subject of King George, when he set sail for America in 1775. When he returned to Europe, it was to watch and to baffle from Passy the clumsy efforts of British ministers to make a solitude where they had failed to maintain peace. He was so far a diplomatist that he had studied human character for seventy years. Yet in England his diplomacy had only exasperated. In France he accomplished as much against England as Washington with all his victories. His knowledge of French was so indifferent that on one occasion, during the sitting of the Academy, he was observed to "applaud the loudest at his own praises." He did the work, but he never learned the dialect of diplomacy. He was that strange creature

BENJAMIN FRANKLIN

—a republican at the court of a pure monarchy. In Paris his defects were virtues. His scientific fame spoke for itself in purest Parisian French. As a politician, to the court he was the dire enemy of England; to the jaded society of Paris he was the representative of a new world of feeling and thought. His New England astuteness seemed to Parisian courtiers partriarchal innocence. His naïve stories and illustrations, which a thousand admirers were ready to translate and repeat in every circle of the town, were as bracing as quinine. His very costume, "his hair hanging, his spectacles on his nose, his white hose, and white hat under his arm" in the midst of absurd perukes and brocaded suits, came like a revelation of nature to the victims of fashion. He became, to his own amusement, the idol of Paris. "Mr. Franklin," writes a contemporary Parisian, "is besieged, followed, admired, adored, wherever he shows himself, with a fury, a fanaticism, capable no doubt of flattering him and doing him honor, but which at the same time proves that we shall never be reasonable." He tells his daughter that there have been sold incredible numbers of clay medallions of him, "some to be set in the lids of snuff-boxes, and some so small as to be worn in rings. . . . Pictures, busts, and prints have made your father's face as well known as that of the moon." Versailles was never perhaps quite certain that the New England philosopher was not of red Indian descent. But love does not reason. Paris had fallen in love with Franklin, and in homage to him even grew enamored of simplicity.

No Englishman was ever so caressed in Paris, for the very reason that Franklin was and was not an Englishman. As the American sage and philosopher, he performed as much for his country as he accomplished by his diplomatic skill. But he was a diplomatist, too, and of high rank in the art. . . .

Franklin as a diplomatist, was not peremptory in insisting on the rights of his country, still less on his own dignity. But he studied the French men and the French women who ruled France, and he probed to the bottom the instincts of the governing class, without losing his own. About alliances in general he was not solicitous. Before he started on his mission to

Europe he had in Congress, though in vain, deprecated the sending a "virgin" republic "suitoring" for the friendship of the European powers. "It seems to me," he writes, "that we have in most instances hurt our credit and importance by sending all over Europe, begging alliances, and soliciting declarations of our independence. The nations, perhaps, from thence seemed to think that our independence is something they have to sell, and that we do not offer enough for it." Writing to Jay, at Madrid, in April 1782, he exclaims: "Spain has taken four years to consider whether she should treat with us or not. Give her forty, and let us in the meantime mind our own business."

In fact, he cared little for other European alliances than the American alliance with France. To cement that he was ready to be all complaisance. His tact alone prevented a rupture with the French ministers through the signature, in December 1782—behind their backs—of the preliminary treaty between Great Britain and the United States. His brother commissioners, Jay and Adams, suspected that the French government wished to protract the negotiations for its own objects, however the United States might suffer by the prolongation of the war. Their suspicion was not without foundation; and Franklin, when he understood the facts, acquiesced in their decision to proceed independently. But he had the wisdom, which his colleagues lacked, to be content with starting peace on its route without breaking down the bridge by which it had crossed before he knew whether it might not be useful for a retreat. . . Franklin, who gauged human motives, especially when not altogether noble, with unerring sagacity, was possibly more desirous to convince Robert Livingston than himself convinced when he wrote: "The ideas of aggrandizement by conquest are out of fashion. The wise here think France great enough, and its ambition at present seems to be only that of justice and magnanimity toward other nations; fidelity and utility to its allies."

Thomas Jefferson

By ELBRIDGE S. BROOKS

IN an upper chamber in a plain, unpretentious brick house on the corner of Seventh and Market Streets in the city of Philadelphia a man sat at a table writing. The paper rested before him on a little traveling writing desk; the completed sheets lay beside it, scattered about the table; the quills, "mended" for immediate use, were in the opened drawer; and every now and then the writer, pausing, would catch up a sheet and read, half aloud, a completed paragraph.

He was a tall, slim, somewhat sharp-featured man of thirty-two, over six feet in height, and straight as an arrow, sandy-haired, red-faced, hazel-eyed, frank and earnest of countenance, large and strong of limb. His name was Thomas Jefferson, and he was a delegate to the Continental Congress from the Colony of Virginia, the home of brave, determined, and able men.

There came a rap at the door, and laying aside his pen Jefferson rose, with a cheery "Come in!" to welcome his visitor. The newcomer was a big, stout, impressive, and pleasant-faced old gentleman whose picture every boy and girl in America knows at sight to-day—Benjamin Franklin, of Pennsylvania.

"Well, Brother Jefferson, is the fair copy made?" he asked.

"All ready, doctor," replied Jefferson. "Will you hear it through once more."

"As many times as you wish," responded the smiling "doctor," with a merry twinkle in his eye. "One can't get too much of a good thing, you know."

And settling himself comfortably in a big high-backed easy-chair beside the open window—for it was June in Philadelphia, the time for open windows—Franklin prepared to listen, while in clear, even tones—not the voice of an orator, but rather of one who listens more than he talks—Jefferson read his "fair copy" of one of the world's greatest papers.

You know what that paper was, for you know who wrote it—the Declaration of Independence, written by Thomas Jefferson.

Franklin's delight over the document was unbounded. He had already heard it before, and had suggested, as had John Adams, to whom the first draft was also read, a few slight changes; but the completed and amended paper interested him deeply. Its terse and direct statements, its brief but vigorous sentences, its culminating catalogue of grievances, its merciless censure, and its determination beyond the power of compromise, gave that practical and sympathetic philosopher and patriot satisfaction and content.

"That's good, Thomas; that's right to the point; that will make King George wince," were among his expressions of approval, as charge after charge, and assertion upon assertion, were read to him. "I wish I had done it myself."

It is held by some to have been an excellent thing that jolly Benjamin Franklin did not write the Declaration, and that Thomas Jefferson did. For the cheerful old philosopher, it is claimed, who would have his fun no matter how serious the matter under discussion, would, as one biographer asserts, "have put a joke even into the Declaration of Independence, if it had fallen to his lot to write that immortal document." Read the story of how the great signers, as they put down their names, joked to hide their deep and earnest emotions, and you will see what was "Franklin's way." But Thomas Jefferson, burning with a bitter hatred of tyranny, impressed with the greatness of the step taken, and so determined as to the justice of the course outlined by the Declaration that, as he said, "rather than submit to the right of legislating for us assumed by the British Parliament I would lend my hand to sink the whole island in the ocean," was peculiarly fitted to write such a

THOMAS JEFFERSON.

paper as the Declaration of Independence, and could be counted upon to do it briefly, grandly, and to the point.

His conversion to the cause of independence had been much like that of young John Adams as he listened to the fiery words of James Otis. For as young Thomas Jefferson, aged twenty-two, stood in the doorway of the House of Burgesses at Williamsburg and listened to Patrick Henry's ringing speech which ended, "Cæsar had his Brutus, Charles I. his Cromwell, and George III. —— may profit by their example," he went over body and soul to the necessity of resistance to tyranny, and became as open a "rebel" as Henry or any patriot in the whole colony of Virginia.

The son of a prosperous Virginia farmer, born in a farmhouse in Shadwell, Va., April 2, 1743, and like Washington left fatherless while yet a small boy, Thomas Jefferson was a spirited, wide-awake, earnest young fellow, a great lover of out of doors, and an advocate, through all his long life, of field and forest and a farmer's life.

But he was soon drawn into public life by his success as a lawyer and his interest in the stirring affairs of the day. At twenty-six he became a member of the Virginia House of Burgesses and went deeply into politics, in which, however, he was at once prudent, honest, and clean, living up to a vow, made even as a young man, never to be drawn into speculations nor "jobs" nor any of the questionable "tricks" that too often soil the name of politics and make them distasteful to honest and patriotic men.

When discussion led to protest and protest to threats of resistance Jefferson at once espoused the cause of the people, and in 1774 insisted that the lead in this cause should be taken by young men and not by "old fogies"; while he openly declared in the House of Burgesses that Virginia "must boldly take an unequivocal stand in the line with Massachusetts."

With the bolder spirits of Henry and Lee and Mason, as Jefferson recorded it in later years, "I went at all points"; so it was not to be wondered at that when Washington was sent to Cambridge as commander in chief of the Continental army, Thomas Jefferson was sent to Congress in his place as delegate

from Virginia. There he became so earnest an advocate of independence that, as one of his biographers declares, he would have lost his head "had it been less inconvenient" to get him across the sea to England. Though one of the youngest men in Congress, he was at once appointed on the committee to prepare a Declaration of Independence and was by that committee selected to write that ever-famous document.

With but very few changes that Declaration, on the second of July, 1776, went before Congress just as Jefferson wrote it, and though in the debate upon it he sat silent, not joining in because, as he said, he deemed it his duty to hear and not to talk, history tells us that he was far from comfortable during the discussion in which he would not join and sat "writhing" under the criticism that its bold utterance called out, until good Benjamin Franklin, to calm him down, had to tell him funny stories that fitted the case.

But John Adams came to his side with so strong and splendid a defense of the whole Declaration as Jefferson had written it that even the critics were silenced and the doubters convinced; and at last—on the fourth of July, 1776—Jefferson had the satisfaction of seeing his cherished paper accepted, adopted, and signed, and he himself, though he knew it not, made famous for all time as the author of the Declaration of Independence.

The magnitude of that one act overshadowed all the others of his long, active, and useful life, and yet, so thoroughly was the Declaration a part of himself, so honestly did he live up to his belief, expressed in the opening paragraph of his great Declaration, that "all men are created equal," that he has also been esteemed the Father of American democracy. For generations his name has been used as a rallying cry by millions of men, while his spirit has been evoked as its patron saint by one of the great political parties of America whose members lovingly and loyally refer to their particular political faith as "the true Jeffersonian democracy."

Elected as governor of Virginia while yet the Revolutionary War was at its height, he worked unceasingly to bear up Virginia's part in the great struggle and meet the incessant demand that came to him for men and money, horses, arms, and food.

But arms, money, wagons, and horses were at last exhausted, and he himself realized the harshness of unjust criticism when men took him to task for doing the very thing he was expected to do—sending men out of Virginia to help fight the battles of the country when Virginia herself felt the hand and heel of the British invader. The lot of a war governor is by no means a pleasant one, as Jefferson learned to his sorrow, when, doing his duty, he found himself blamed for what was really a necessity and a right.

Once again he was sent as a delegate to Congress, in 1783, and while there advocated the measures which in time developed into the founding, settlement, and development of the great western section of the United States, then known as the Northwest Territory. He reported, too, a plan of government for that mighty region which contained a grand provision and one which became the foundation stone and glory of the great and prosperous West; this was that "after the year 1800 of the Christian era there shall be neither slavery nor involuntary servitude in any of the said states." For though a Southern man and a slaveholder Thomas Jefferson was a hater of slavery, and in this act of freedom was the forerunner, you see, of Abraham Lincoln, America's great emancipator.

In 1784 Jefferson was named by Congress minister to France in place of Benjamin Franklin, who, after long and remarkable service there, had begged leave to come home. Then it was that the Virginian made his kind and courteous acknowledgment of the greatness of his famous colleague and associate of the "Declaration days."

"You replace Dr. Franklin, I hear," said the prime minister of King Louis of France when Mr. Jefferson was introduced to him at the court.

Jefferson bowed with his customary dignity and courtesy "Sir," he said, "I succeed Dr. Franklin; no one can replace him." And the fame of that appreciative, generous, and kindly recognition of greatness has outlived all the criticism and many of the important actions of Thomas Jefferson.

For five years Jefferson remained abroad as the United States minister to France, and then came home, loving his na-

tive land better than ever. "Go to Europe," he advised his friend James Monroe; "it will make you adore your own country, its soil, its climate, its equality, liberty, laws, people, and manners."

When, in December 1789, he returned to his much-loved farm at Monticello—the "little mountain" just outside the town of Charlottesville in Virginia—he received an invitation from George Washington, who had just been elected the first President of the United States, to enter his cabinet as secretary of state—an honor which, while preferring private life, Jefferson still accepted, because Washington desired it.

His four years as secretary of state were a troubled and stormy time, occupied mostly with his quarrel with his chief rival and political opponent, Alexander Hamilton, the secretary of the treasury. The people of the country sided with one or the other of these great chiefs, and from these factions came the two great political parties of America, which, since Jefferson's day, under different names but with practically unchanging foundation principles, have made the political history of the republic, as Republicans and Democrats.

In 1793 he retired from the cabinet and went to his beloved farm to rest and watch. But in three years' time he was called into service again as Vice-President of the United States, although he declared of himself: "I have no ambition to govern men; no passion which would delight me to ride a storm. My attachment is to my home."

All of these desires, however, he was called upon to forego; by the voters of the republic he was selected "to govern men," "to ride a storm," and to leave his delightful home on a mountain. For, after four years' service as Vice-President, he was elected to the still higher office, and became, in 1801, the third President of the United States. Even upon his entrance to this high dignity he kept his simple ways, for he rode to his inauguration some say in a hired coach, because his own had not arrived from Monticello, others say on horseback, hitching his horse to the capitol fence, and walking into the Senate chamber unannounced to take the oath of office as President. Whichever is true, the fact is that Jefferson liked to make a

display of what he called "democratic simplicity," which is often more ostentatious by its emphasis of simplicity than the usual and customary ceremonies which add weight and dignity to a high office of trust or responsibility.

But that was Jefferson's main desire—to be simply one of the people, not one above the people. He hated anything like "fuss and feathers." Court etiquette, which had prevailed in the White House since the ceremonious manners of Washington's stately days, was entirely done away with, while titles like "Honorable" and "Your Excellency" were most objectionable to him, and even plain "Mr." he regarded as superfluous, aristocratic, and unnecessary. The President of the United States, he declared, was just a man—no different from the humblest citizen; and he said: "If it be possible to be certainly conscious of anything, I am conscious of feeling no difference between writing to the highest and lowest being on earth."

This, you see, was but an instance of what Mr. Ford declares to have been Thomas Jefferson's controlling principle—"the ever-enduring privilege of personal freedom"; it is but a practical carrying out of the assertion with which he opened the Declaration of Independence, that "All men are created equal"; and yet even great truths may be trifled with or strained into too liberal meaning. So we cannot wonder that during his presidency even Thomas Jefferson had occasion to depart from his theories as to the President's office; for when, once, in a famous political trial, one side wished to subpœna the President—that is, call him into court as a witness—President Jefferson indignantly refused, and declared that a court of law could not and should not order the President of the United States to take the stand as a common witness. He was right; but his decision hardly agreed with his broad democratic stand.

As President of the United States Thomas Jefferson sent Commodore Decatur and his sailors across the water to bring the Dey of Algiers to terms and say to him, with voice and guns, "No tribute from America to you and your pirates." He was the earliest advocate of American expansion; for he arranged the purchase of Louisiana from Napoleon Bonaparte, the master of France, and thus added to the United States the

whole western country beyond the Mississippi; and he almost ruined the commerce of the country by the Embargo Act of 1807, by which he sought to bring France and England to terms, and which, he always held, if loyally supported and honestly kept, would have prevented our second war with England, in 1812.

Jefferson served two terms as President, retiring finally in 1809, and seeking the grateful seclusion of private life on his farm at Monticello, after forty years of service devoted to the good of his country. But he was too prominent a man to be allowed this "grateful seclusion." He could not be left alone, and he was kept so busy being hospitable at his great house on the hill that it very nearly ruined him. He got into money troubles, and when he was an old and tired man found himself in such desperate straits for money that he nearly lost Monticello and had to sell his fine library to meet his actual needs.

But when the people of the republic learned in what great trouble he was they would not let the author of the Declaration of Independence suffer from loss or necessity. Public subscriptions were started throughout the country, and money enough was raised to save his home and secure his comfort. Jefferson, who would not listen to the idea of aid from the treasury of his state, was willing to accept help from the American people for whom he had lived and labored, "for," said he, "no cent of this is wrung from the taxpayers; it is the pure and unsolicited offering of love."

But in the midst of this popular effort for his relief the end came, and on the fourth of July, 1826, on the fiftieth anniversary of the day made famous by his greatest work, the Declaration of Independence, Thomas Jefferson died in the great bedroom of Monticello, and on that same day died his old-time friend and fellow-worker, his political opponent of later years, and his predecessor as President of the United States—John Adams, of Massachusetts.

Midway down the forest-fringed mountain road that leads from the sightly mansion of Monticello to the beautiful valley below, within an iron-fenced inclosure, the traveler may see today a plain, simple, ten-foot obelisk of brown stone, already

marked by age and marred by relic hunters. And on the pedestal he may read this inscription, prepared by Jefferson himself: "Here lies buried Thomas Jefferson: author of the Declaration of Independence, of the Statutes of Virginia for Religious Freedom, and Father of the University of Virginia." Those were the acts of his life that Thomas Jefferson counted most notable.

Three miles away in a straight line from the hill of Monticello, and quite on the other side of the picturesque old town of Charlottesville, rise the clustering buildings of the University of Virginia, the child of Jefferson's latest years, endowed by his exertions and ever faithful to his memory.

In view of what has made history for the United States in the closing years of the nineteenth century, it is interesting to read what was Jefferson's dream of America's march of destiny in territorial expansion. It was at the time of Napoleon's greatness, and soon after the purchase of the vast western country that came to us with Louisiana. For the sake of crippling Spain, Napoleon, he said, could be induced to give Florida to the United States.

"But that is no price," he continued, "because that is ours in the very first moment of war. . . . But, although with difficulty, he will consent to our receiving Cuba into our Union. . . . That would be a price, and I would immediately erect a column on the southernmost limit of Cuba, and inscribe on it *Ne plus ultra*, as to all in that direction. Then we should only have to include the north [Canada] in our confederacy, and we should have such an empire for Liberty as she has never surveyed since the creation; and I am persuaded that no Constitution was ever before so well calculated as ours for extensive empire and self-government."

So, you see, Cuba is not a new story with Americans, nor is the widening of our borders a recent aspiration; while as for its being a departure from the Declaration and the Constitution —well! you see what the author of the Declaration himself asserted.

A strong man every way, in mind as well as in body, Thomas Jefferson stands in the history of the republic as a great leader,

a great American, and a great man. With an undying love for the common people and an unwavering faith in them he held to their will as the sole law of the land, and became, for the American republic, the typical Democrat—a believer in the theory of government by the people. Politically he was a mighty factor in American history; he trained the two succeeding Presidents for their high office, and to-day, seventy-five years after his death, he is still a power in the land, and his is a name to conjure by.

Personally Jefferson was a charming character. He was lovable, benevolent, intelligent, cheery of manner, and pleasant in disposition. He was never angry, fretful, or discontented; he was happiest when helping others, and followed out, as one of his chief rules of conduct, his precept: "Never to trouble another for what he could do himself."

The life of no man is perfect. Even the most exalted have their failings, the most brilliant their shortcomings. Thomas Jefferson was no exception to the general rule, but though many differed from him, living, and criticised him, dead, millions of Americans have followed his teachings implicitly through more than a hundred years of the republic's progress, while every American, of whatever political faith, reverences and cherishes the memory of the author of the Declaration of Independence.

Alexander Hamilton

By ELBRIDGE S. BROOKS

ONE after another the orators had spoken and the people had cheered. And yet none of the speakers had touched the root of the matter. The object of this outdoor meeting had been to urge the province of New York to put itself in line with the other American colonies in advocating and demanding a congress of the colonies for consultation and action. It was an important question, and such the New York patriots who had brought about this open-air meeting in the Fields felt it to be. But something was lacking in the arguments or earnestness of the speakers. They had talked and talked, but had said nothing and accomplished nothing. The hearts of the leaders who had arranged for this big public meeting in the Fields were heavy. "Have we no one who can stir the people to action?" they queried. "Can no one here put the matter straight?"

Just then there was a stir in the crowd, and through the throng gathered about the speakers' platform a young man elbowed his way.

He was a little fellow and almost boyish-looking, not more than fifteen or sixteen, you would say. But he managed to force his way through the press and the next moment had leaped to the platform.

"May I speak a few words, sir?" he asked the chairman.

The chairman and those with him looked on the boy in astonishment, while the crowd that thronged about the speakers' stand could only stare and wonder at this rather fresh-looking lad who wished to make a speech.

"Hooray for the little West Injun!" came a voice from the crowd; and as anything was welcome that would create a diversion or arouse the common enthusiasm even this boy might be worth hearing.

The chairman nodded.

"What name?" he inquired.

"Hamilton, Alexander Hamilton, sir," the young orator replied. "I won't keep them long."

Then, looking down into the eyes of the multitude about him, the lad for an instant hesitated as if just a bit stage-struck. It was only for an instant, however. Then the words began to come, and at once this youthful orator had plunged into a flood of speech.

A mere boy he seemed to his audience, small in stature and slight in figure, with brilliant eyes deep set in a swarthy face; but as he talked men forgot his age, his appearance, his boyishness. They could only listen in wonder, query, and conviction to the arguments, the declaration, and the appeals that came from this boy's lips.

This first glimpse that we get of this remarkable man would suggest that he was also a remarkable boy. He was. Born on the Island of Nevis, West Indies, January 11, 1757; an orator and patriot at seventeen, a hero at twenty, a statesman at twenty-three, Alexander Hamilton, "the young West Indian," as people used to call him, was, indeed, one of the world's remarkable boys. Let me give you the record of what was done in the world by this boy and man who, dying at forty-seven, left his impress upon the world as one of the greatest of historic Americans. At ten years old he was forced to take care of himself; at twelve he was confidential clerk for a merchant of Santa Cruz, near to the island of Nevis, where he was born; at thirteen he was business manager of the establishment; at fourteen he wrote a description of a storm in the West Indies that set people to talking; at fifteen he went to New York to seek his fortune; at sixteen he was an advanced student in Columbia College, taking at the same time a medical course in connection with his other studies; at seventeen he was a leader in the debates of his college, and, as you have seen, a popular

orator in the public meeting in the Fields; at eighteen he was a political essayist; at nineteen a captain of artillery in the Continental army; at twenty a lieutenant colonel and Washington's aid-de-camp; and at twenty-three a battalion commander. At twenty-four he was a member of Congress; at thirty, framer and signer of the Constitution of the United States; at thirty-two the first secretary of the treasury; and at thirty-five one of New York's foremost lawyers. At forty he was appointed major general; at forty-two he was commander in chief of the armies of the United States; at forty-five America's leading living statesman of that day; and at forty-seven—dead, cut off in his prime by the murderous bullet of his relentless rival and political adversary, the victim of an unsparing hate and of his own overstrained sense of duty.

Nevis is one of the Leeward islands in the West Indies, and is the property of England. It was so when, on the eleventh day of January, 1757, Alexander Hamilton was born; and from that English colony the boy Hamilton, when he was to strike out for himself in the world, came to another English colony—New York. Friends and opportunities secured for him education and advancement, but he became even early in life, as that sudden speech in the Fields shows, a warm and enthusiastic friend of American independence.

Indeed, while yet in college he was busy with pen and sword; for with the first he wrote unanswerable arguments for liberty, and with the other he drilled the artillery company of which he speedily became captain.

When war actually broke out the little captain was in the thick of the fight. He led an artillery company at the battle of Long Island. He fought at Harlem Plains and Chatterton Hill, at New Brunswick and Trenton and Princeton. His dash and gallantry and the effective manner in which he handled his men and guns early attracted the attention of Washington, who had a ready eye for warlike and promising young men; and Hamilton in 1777 became Washington's private secretary and aid-de-camp, with the rank of lieutenant colonel. He fought through the Revolution, led the last charge at Yorktown where Cornwallis surrendered, and came out of it all, at twenty-five,

Col. Hamilton, one of the best and brightest young officers in the American army.

Alexander Hamilton the soldier was just the sort of a character of whom boys and girls who love action and daring like to make a hero. With a superb dash and an unfaltering courage, and yet with a "rapid-firing" brain and a tender, sympathetic heart, he was the leader of his soldiers and their idol as well. To-day the beautiful battle monument at Trenton stands on the precise spot upon which young Capt. Alexander Hamilton, of the New York artillery, unlimbered his battery that cold Christmas morning and raked the startled Hessians until they went scurrying away to defeat and surrender. On the green slopes of Yorktown you may see to-day the remains of the redoubt up which, in response to his earnest desire to lead the assault, charged Col. Alexander Hamilton, at the head of his battalion of light infantry, "with an intrepidity, a heroism, and a dash," so says Mr. Winthrop, "unsurpassed in the whole history of the war." Up the redoubt he rushed, filled with the joy of leadership and the fury of fight. Obstacles could not stop Hamilton and his men. They leaped over the palisades, they cleared the abatis, they scaled the parapets, capturing the redoubts and driving back Cornwallis' veterans into such dire defeat that, soon after, the white flag was flying from the British ramparts, the drummer boy beat a parley, and, at last, with their bands playing "The World Turned Upside Down," Cornwallis and his men gave up the contest, laid down their arms in surrender, and the victory of Yorktown closed the Revolutionary War.

As tactful as he was sympathetic was this same Col. Hamilton—for only he could secure from the pompous and puffed-up Gates, after Saratoga, the reinforcements that Washington demanded and Gates held back; and only he could soothe Mrs. Arnold, when the shock of her husband's treason and flight drove her into temporary insanity, or soften the rigors of a just but terrible fate for André.

Young Hamilton's impetuosity and offended dignity, however, sometimes led him into error and mistakes. But he who crossed swords with Washington never came off victor. "Re-

quest Col. Hamilton to come to me at once," Washington commanded his orderly one February day in 1781, as he paced his room at headquarters in New Windsor, engrossed with duties that needed instant attention. The orderly hurried with the message, but Col. Hamilton was himself busy and did not at once respond to the summons of his chief, who always demanded one requisite from all who served him—the soldier's duty of instant obedience.

The general was annoyed; the secretary delayed; the general grew indignant; he opened the door of his room, seeking the tardy secretary, and at the head of the stairs they came face to face—the slight, boyish-looking lieutenant colonel and the massive commanding general—great men both, and, therefore, jealous of their own actions; great men both, though one had made, the other had yet to make, his name.

"Col. Hamilton," said Washington, "this will not do, sir. I needed you and you delayed. To keep one waiting, sir, is a mark of disrespect."

The dark young face flushed a deeper brown. The hand came up in salute. "I am not conscious of it, sir," said the young officer; "but since you have thought it we part!" and thus they severed the close connections of years. Both were at fault, perhaps, but Hamilton knew, even though his offended dignity had spoken, that by military laws the general had been right, the secretary wrong.

The general, however, regretted the young secretary's hasty action and did not lay it up against him. Instead, although Hamilton refused to accept his apology, and even, in a fit of boyish dignity, repelled his advances, Washington still interested himself in the young officer, and would not break friendship. For Washington, who was a matchless student of men, knew the abilities and worth of Alexander Hamilton, and would not be upset by a trifle. Besides, he was great enough to forgive; great enough to be helpful even where help was not solicited. He saw that his ex-aid was given a colonelcy; that he was accorded the post of honor at Yorktown; and, years after, when the nation was in running order, with Washington

at the helm, Hamilton was called by him to the important post of secretary of the treasury.

How great a part Alexander Hamilton played in putting the new nation into running order the story of the making of the Constitution of the United States tells. Guizot, the French historian, declares that "there is not in the Constitution of the United States an element of order, of force, of duration which Alexander Hamilton did not powerfully contribute to introduce into it and to cause to predominate."

Gladstone, the great Englishman, also declared that the Constitution of the United States was "the most wonderful work ever struck off at a given time by the brain and purpose of man," and the idea and necessity for such a work was thought out and advocated by Alexander Hamilton. Even before the Revolution had closed in triumph at Yorktown this wise and level-headed young statesman recognized the need of something reliable and binding if the united colonies were really to become united states—a real nation. When he was but twenty-four he wrote a remarkable letter to a friend in the Continental Congress, and in that letter he outlined many of the provisions that, later, found place in the Constitution.

But it was as a financier that Hamilton made his greatest record. At thirty-two, Washington, who had studied his character and appreciated his abilities, called him into his cabinet as secretary of the treasury, and in that position Hamilton not only built up and strengthened the national credit, he actually saved the republic from bankruptcy and failure. He fairly created something out of nothing—resources out of debts and deficit, credit out of no credit. As Senator Lodge says of him: "There was no public credit. Hamilton created it. There was no circulating medium, no financial machinery. He supplied them. There was no government, no system with a life in it, only a paper Constitution. Hamilton gave vitality to the lifeless instrument. He drew out the resources of the country, he exercised the powers of the Constitution, he gave courage to the people, he laid the foundation of national government, and this was the meaning and result of his financial policy."

Daniel Webster, years after, in his eloquent way, put the

same appreciation into one famous sentence in his eulogy on Hamilton, pronounced in 1831, twenty-seven years after the death of this first and greatest secretary of the treasury: "He smote the rock of the national resources and abundant streams of revenue gushed forth. He touched the dead corpse of public credit, and it sprang upon its feet."

How highly Washington regarded the abilities and worth of his former aid-de-camp and somewhat touchy military secretary may be seen from the fact that he retained him in office as his secretary of the treasury for six years, in spite of Hamilton's wish to retire, that he consulted Hamilton on every important question even after his retirement, and that he would only accept the position of commander in chief of the army in the expected war with France in 1798, on condition that Hamilton should be his first major general and practical organizer and leader of the new army. Upon Washington's death Hamilton succeeded him as commander of the army; but war with France was averted and no opportunity was afforded Hamilton to display, as actual leader of the American army, those matchless abilities which he had brought to its reorganization. So he went back to his profession—and his death.

In his profession he was accounted to be, in 1800, the best lawyer in New York. He seldom if ever lost a case, and his success in winning cases was so great that it was the popular belief that neither judge nor juryman could stand out against his pleading. It was considered certain success for plaintiff or defendant to be able to retain Alexander Hamilton. This success followed him also into political life and led to his own undoing. For a great man makes strong enemies, just as he creates faithful followers, and Alexander Hamilton was the object alike of the deepest admiration and the most bitter hatred.

The sea of New York politics has cast up many a questionable, selfish, and designing politician, but it never was dominated by a more unscrupulous, fascinating, utterly disreputable, or dangerous political worker than Aaron Burr—Hamilton's relentless rival. Aaron Burr was nearly as precocious in his boyhood as Alexander Hamilton. A daring and dashing soldier, he too became also, for a time, aid-de-camp to Washington;

but the selfish soldier and the great general did not agree. Washington's searching eye saw through the veneer and glitter of the young aid-de-camp, and he had neither use nor desire for his services or companionship. But step by step Aaron Burr rose until he became Vice-President of the United States and just missed the Presidency itself.

Both Burr and Hamilton mingled in the troubled waters of New York politics. Hamilton was a Federalist, a Nation-lover; Burr was a Democrat—a State-lover. Both were earnest fighters and ardent haters, and, when the nineteenth century came in, Federalist and Democrat were fiercer and more unsparing antagonists than Republican and Democrat to-day. Burr was what we call a ward politician—up to any dodge or trick to gain his end; Hamilton could do nothing small, mean, or underhanded in politics; so, in the contest for the possession of New York, Burr won. Thereupon the quarrel grew still more bitter; but when, failing to capture the presidency, Burr sought to be governor of New York, Hamilton blocked his intrigue and wire-pulling, and the election went against Burr.

Then the disappointed and defeated office-seeker determined to be revenged upon the "little lion," as Hamilton's friends called him, and to drive him out of his path or crush him in it. Bold, shrewd, vindictive, and unscrupulous, Burr knew that Hamilton saw through his designs, fathomed his ambitions, upset his schemes, and thwarted his designs. He set to work deliberately to force a quarrel upon Hamilton, challenge him to a duel, and kill him. The excuse was soon forthcoming. Something that Hamilton had said, criticising one of Burr's actions, was at once distorted and taken as cause for a quarrel; the challenge was sent and accepted.

There is something very sad about this part of Hamilton's tragic story. Hamilton detested dueling and had openly denounced it as useless, unwise, unjust, and barbarous. To refuse to fight a duel could not have made him a coward; for the soldier who fought at Trenton and scaled the ramparts at Yorktown did not need to prove his courage.

But when Burr's challenge reached him Hamilton accepted it against his will, fearing lest people would misjudge his mo-

tives, and, perhaps, interfere with his plans for the good of the republic, which were ever foremost in his mind. He wrote down a statement of the case before meeting Burr, in which, while advancing a strong dislike to the duel as a needless risk of life, and the welfare of his family, he said: "But the ability to be in future useful, whether in resisting mischief or effecting good, in those crises of our public affairs which seem likely to happen, would probably be inseparable from a conformity with public prejudice in this particular." And then he crossed the river, and on a beautiful spot in what was long known as the Elysian Fields in Weehawken, opposite New York, he met Aaron Burr on the morning of the eleventh of July, 1804, and there was murdered. For dueling is murder; and Burr was determined to kill his uncomfortable and objectionable rival, while Hamilton, simply going through the forms of dueling, fired his pistol in the air.

But even great mistakes have their uses. The duel at Weehawken killed Hamilton physically, but it killed Burr morally and politically; for it proved the greatest error of his selfish, mistaken, and unbalanced life. It rounded out Hamilton's fame, and drove Burr into treason and ignominy.

More than this, it was the deathblow to dueling. When Telemachus, the monk, protesting against gladiatorial combats as unchristian, went down into the arena and fell a victim beneath the swords of the gladiators, he died a martyr—but the last fight in the Coliseum had been fought. When Alexander Hamilton, protesting against dueling as unnecessary, barbarous, and unchristian, boldly faced the deadly pistol of Aaron Burr that the people might not misjudge one whose chief desire was the welfare of the republic, he fell; but with him fell the hated code of dueling, for the murder of Hamilton made a duel forever odious.

A great man was Alexander Hamilton. To be loved and honored by Washington, to be hated and assassinated by Aaron Burr, would be in themselves proof of excellence. But Alexander Hamilton was born to be great. The ten-year-old boy in the cramped little island of Nevis, who had already ambitions and aspirations, and told his playmates that, when he grew up,

he meant to be somebody in the world, made himself really "somebody."

John Marshall, greatest of our chief justices, ranked Alexander Hamilton next to George Washington. Certainly no man has made a deeper mark on American history or should stand higher in the esteem of the republic. He was a great orator, a great lawyer, the ablest politician and statesman of his day, a daring soldier, a matchless organizer. He gave the Constitution life; he made the national treasury a power, and laid the foundation of the nation's wealth; he widened and dignified the foreign policy of the republic; he shaped the work and planned the methods of the new nation. He first preached the leadership of the United States on the American continent, and thought only of the glory, the grandeur, and the success of the republic.

Alexander Hamilton's name stands for success, and his remarkable story, short though it was and brought to so tragic a close, is still one that should inspire young Americans by its brilliant passages and show them that worthy ambition, rightly pursued, brings to men merited success and enduring fame.

SOLDIERS AND STATESMEN

Abraham Lincoln

By ELBRIDGE S. BROOKS

IT had been an inglorious and spiritless campaign. The boys who, under the spur of excitement and for the novelty of hunting Indians, had enlisted for a "thirty-days' picnic" had found no Indians to fight; while forced marches, unexplained delays, and the privations of camp had made the short campaign against Black Hawk and his warriors scarcely the picnic they had anticipated.

The Sangamon company in Col. Thompson's regiment of Illinois volunteers was no exception to the rule; they had proved themselves unruly, fault-finding, and careless of camp duties, and as soon as their short term of enlistment was over they became almost mutinous in their demands to be mustered out and be sent home again. Suddenly to these imperfect patriots, at their camp in northern Illinois, came the news of Stillman's massacre, and the sudden foray of Black Hawk and his hostile Sacs.

The brave volunteers shivered in their shoes, for they had not reckoned on the Indians taking the initiative. Their dream of glory had been to chase the fleeing Indian across the prairie, picking off squaw and warrior as they ran, and bringing home trophies instead of wounds, with which to delight the "folks at the store" and the crossroads. There was, however, small fear that the "two thousand bloodthirsty redskins" of Black Hawk's "army"—for that was the strength reported by rumor and fright—would strike the camp of the Sangamon company, and their distance from the real scene of war gradually increased

the valor gained by distance, as it emphasized their threats of what they would do to "them pesky red varmints" if once they had them in their power.

Into the camp of the Sangamon company, thus exercised over their spasmodic valor, there wandered one day a poor, forlorn, solitary, hungry, and helpless old Indian seeking charity. "Injun white man's friend," he exclaimed as he extended his hand in supplication. "See—paper that talks; from big white war chief," and he drew from his belt a letter, which he offered as evidence of friendship.

But the soldiers into whose presence he had thrust himself had no faith in such assurances; they had been looking for Indians; here was one at last—no doubt a spy—perhaps Black Hawk himself.

They swooped down upon the suspected and defenseless redskin.

"String him up! Scalp him! Kill him!" they cried. "He's a sure-enough Injun. He's what we're after. Rush him along—we'll settle him!"

In vain the poor old red man fluttered the letter in the faces of his inhospitable captors.

"Me good Injun," he reiterated; "white chief say so. See 'um talking paper."

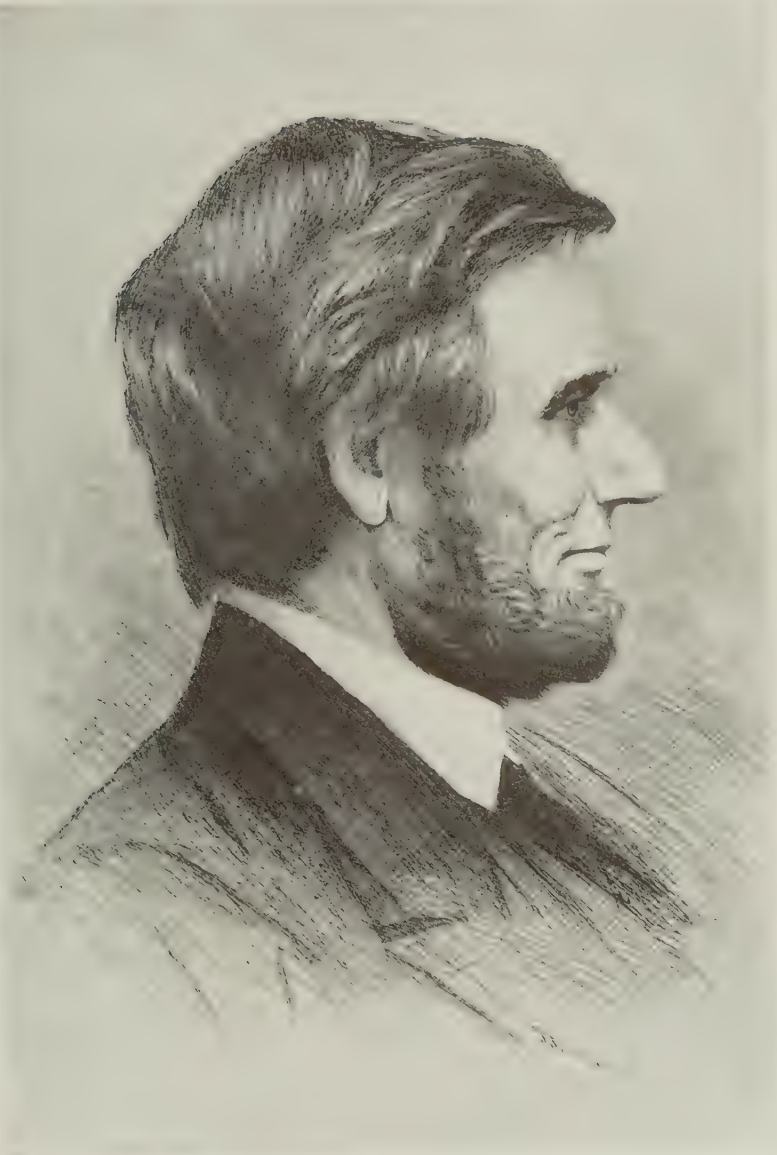
"Get out! Can't play that forgery on us. Shoot him! Shoot him!" the soldiers shouted, and, with that, they hustled the old Indian about so roughly and made so much noise over their prize that they aroused their captain, who came springing from his tent.

"What's all this row about?" he demanded.

He was a tall, raw-boned specimen of the young Western borderer, long-armed, long-legged, awkward, and most unsoldierly looking.

But there was determination in his eyes. He had gained many lessons in discipline from his hard experiences trying to discipline this unruly Sangamon company.

At once his glance fell upon the badgered Indian, and, dashing in among his men, he scattered them to right and left and placed a protecting hand upon the red fugitive's shoulder.



ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

"Stand back, all of you!" he shouted. "Aren't you ashamed of yourselves—all of you piling on one poor old redskin? What are you thinking of? Would you kill an unprotected man?"

"A spy! He's a spy!" cried the discomfited soldiers, gathering again about their prey. The poor old Indian read his fate in their eyes. He crouched low at the captain's feet, recognizing in him his only protector.

"Fall back, men; fall back!" the captain commanded. "Let the Injun go. He hasn't done anything to you. He can't hurt you."

"What are you afraid of?" demanded one of the ringleaders, brandishing his rifle. "Let us have him. We're not afraid, even if you are a coward."

The tall young captain faced his accuser and proceeded to roll up his sleeves deliberately and with unmistakable meaning.

"Who says I'm a coward?" he demanded.

The implied challenge received no response. The Sangamon boys knew the length and strength of those brawny arms.

"Get out, cap'n; that's not fair," they said. "You're bigger'n we are, and heavier. You don't give us a show."

"I'll give you all the show you want, boys," said the captain. "More'n you'll give this Injun. I'll tell you what: I'll fight you all, one after the other, just as you come. Take it out of me, if you can, but you shan't touch this Injun. When a man comes to me for help he's going to get it, if I have to lick all Sangamon county."

There was no acceptance of that challenge, either. The Indian, who proved to be one of the friendly Indians from Gen. Cass's division, was given over to the captain; the men dispersed; the trouble was over; no man in that camp, or all the camps together, had any desire to try a wrestle with Capt. Abraham Lincoln. For the captain who protected a fugitive Indian from the ferocity of that unruly set of raw recruits was Abraham Lincoln of Illinois.

Thus the first introduction to Abraham Lincoln which I shall give you is as the protector of the persecuted and unfortunate, even at the risk of his life; the last view we have of

Abraham Lincoln is as he sacrifices his life in behalf of those whom he protected, defended, and enfranchised.

Indeed, sympathy and regard for all in trouble were among the chief characteristics of Abraham Lincoln. He would go out of his way to relieve the distress of bird or beast, while many an erring man and many a careless soldier have had cause to bless forever the kind heart of Abraham Lincoln, which went out to them in tenderness, protection, and help in time of stress. Helpfulness was the mainspring and stay of that remarkable life.

And a remarkable life it was. Few have been more remarkable in events and none more glorious in results than was that of Abraham Lincoln. Born in the direst poverty in a mean little log cabin on the banks of Nolin's Creek, Ky., February 12, 1809, near to the present town of Hodgensville, about fifty miles south of Louisville, Abraham Lincoln's childhood was as devoid of all the things that make a boy's life attractive as it is possible to imagine. His father was shiftless and poor; his mother was a drudge who died from overwork, old before her time; his home was a log hut on a scrubby hillside farm, or the yet worse half-faced camp on an Indiana prairie. He learned his letters any way he could; he never went to school more than a year in all the days of his life; he was a ragged, forlorn, neglected little son of the soil; but he had in him the instincts of a scholar, the habits of a gentleman, and the yearnings of honorable ambition. He made himself actually out of nothing, and the boy who would do a day's work to borrow a book, who did his studying and his reading by the flickering firelight of the earthern hearth; who faced and conquered all the obstacles of birth, upbringing, surroundings, personal appearance, ignorance, and lack of opportunity, actually made himself the master of his circumstances, and rose to an eminence greater than that attained by any other man of the century.

His story is a remarkable one, and yet it is neither startling in the amount of its successes nor varied in its dramatic details. Beginning life away down in the world, he ended it away up. Other men have done this, but not as he did it. He served a hard apprenticeship to experience, and came out at the head of

his craft—as nearly perfect a man as it is given to man to be perfect. Chore boy, farm hand, flatboatman, railsplitter, clerk, storekeeper, soldier, inventor, surveyor, postmaster, congressman, country lawyer, politician, statesman, President, hero, martyr, saint—these are the steps in the slow but steady progress made by Abraham Lincoln. He was born in 1809; but it was 1859 before he became famous, and all the wonderful happenings of his wonderful record were crowded into six years of heartbreaking endeavor that were suddenly closed by a violent death. The most conservative of men, he became the greatest of reformers; the most unassuming of workers, he became the noblest of patriots; awkward in figure and unattractive in face and appearance, his face has become the most familiar and most glorified in the whole gallery of great Americans, while the fame of the humble railsplitter has overshadowed that of all the kings and princes that ever ruled or made brilliant the world in which they lived. His words have become a part of the proverbs and literature of the nation; his deeds are among the noblest heritage of the ages.

His story is a twice-told tale. But who is there that tires of its retelling? Of few other Americans are so many stories told, and not one but displays some trait or characteristic that stamps him as exceptional and may be taken as a guide or inspiration for those who study his completed story. Think of what this completed story is! A poor boy born amid mean and disheartening surroundings; brought up on a rough frontier among rough people; uncouth and awkward in appearance; failing many times in his attempt to gain a footing in the world, but never giving in; educating himself in spite of difficulties and discouragements; making himself respected and popular among the people, he became in time the chosen representative of those people in their home government, developed himself into their champion and the champion of a great reform, and, at last, in the hour of uncertainty and danger, was selected by the people of the whole country to become the head of the nation and the leader of that nation in its hour of stress and peril. And in that awful hour he was never found wanting. Upon his life through four terrible years of war hung the destinies of

a nation and the redemption of a race. Through them all he displayed an ability for leadership that was only excelled by his marvelous patience and a masterly grasp of public affairs that was only equaled by his knowledge of men and his wisdom in handling them.

He became known to the American people through a failure. In the year 1858 he was "stumping" the state of Illinois with his chief rival, Stephen A. Douglas, for the nomination as senator of the United States from Illinois. The issue was the extension of slavery to the Territories—the thing for which Calhoun labored so heroically as the eloquent champion of a wrong cause.

On the seventeenth of June in that year of 1858 Lincoln made a remarkable speech in which he boldly declared that if America were to be really the land of the free, it must cast off the stain of human slavery. "A house divided against itself cannot stand," he declared. "I believe that this government cannot endure half slave and half free. I do not expect the Union to be dissolved. I do not expect the house to fall; but I do expect it will cease to be divided. It will become all one thing or all the other. Either the opponents of slavery will arrest the farther spread of it and place it where the public mind shall rest in the belief that it is in the course of ultimate extinction, or the advocates of it will push it forward till it shall become alike lawful in all the states—old as well as new, North as well as South."

It was a great speech. It put the plain truth before the people. But the men who wished Lincoln to be elected senator were greatly disturbed.

"You have made a mistake," they told him. "You should not put things that way; you have ruined all your chances; you have killed yourself politically."

One of his friends came to him in much distress as Lincoln sat at his desk after the day was over.

"I am so sorry you made that speech," he said. "I wish it were wiped out of existence. How do you feel now? Don't you wish you had not said so much?"

Lincoln laid down his pen, lifted his spectacles, and looked

at his friend, with a smile on his homely face; but it was a sober smile—the smile of confidence and assurance.

"If I had to draw my pen across my whole life," he said, "and erase it from existence, and I had one poor little gift or choice left as to what I should save from the wreck, I would choose that one speech and leave it to the world unerased."

There was a man who had the courage of his convictions and who, when duty demanded, could speak the truth bravely whatever the consequence!

He lost the election. Judge Douglas went to Washington as senator and Abraham Lincoln returned to his work as a country lawyer.

But that speech roused the land; it went out to all the world; it set men to thinking as they had never thought before, even when Calhoun had spoken his solemn warning; it sent a death-shot straight to the heart of slavery; it made Abraham Lincoln President of the United States.

That is to say, it was the first step toward that result; for it was the first in a series of famous speeches in a great debate which drew the attention of the North to Abraham Lincoln and made them say that the man who could thus put things in the proper light and could see the right so clearly must be a man of ability and power.

So the man who led the strength of the people, and their consciences, too, into such practical and progressive paths was made the standard bearer of the party of freedom, and on the sixteenth of May, 1860, in the city of Chicago, Abraham Lincoln was nominated for President.

In that same city of Chicago, to-day, in a great and beautiful park along the shores of a mighty fresh water sea, there rises a splendid bronze statue of the man who was there nominated for the Presidency. It is the most impressive statue in all America—St. Gaudens' statue of Abraham Lincoln. And at the feet of the splendid statue I saw playing, one day, two negro children, contented, happy, and free because of the great act that man did in their behalf when he was President of the United States of America.

It was in the November election of 1860 that the railsplit-

ter won the Presidency. On the fourth of March, 1861, he was inaugurated in Washington, and, standing before the splendid east front of the Capitol, then incomplete, he made that honest, earnest plea for peace which so thrilled and inspired the loyal North.

"I am loath to close," he said. "We are not enemies, but friends. We must not be enemies. Though passion may have strained, it must not break our bond of affection. The mystic chords of memory, stretching from every battlefield and patriot grave to every living heart and hearthstone all over the broad land, will yet swell the chorus of the Union, when again touched, as surely they will be, by the better angels of our nature."

But his appeal was to deaf ears and hardened hearts. The day that Calhoun prophesied had arrived. The South and North were at odds and civil war was in the land.

But the North had a great man at the helm. Courageous, patient, determined, tactful, sympathetic, watchful, and wise, Abraham Lincoln stood through those four years of civil war, erect and vigilant, until men grew to know and to trust him, recognizing that the great President knew more than his ministers, more than his generals, more than friend or foe of the Union; he alone laid the course to victory, and to him alone the republic came at last to look for safety, security, guidance, and ultimate triumph. Gradually Congress gave him unlimited powers; the people learned to depend upon him for help in dark days and wisdom in bright ones; and whenever they grew impatient, or fearful, or despondent, they looked at that tall, sad-faced, quiet, patient, determined, noble figure of their President, and felt their faith grow strong and their fears subside.

At last, when the war had been raging for two years, he saw that the time had come for the action he had kept in mind so long, but which, in spite of pressure on one side and of criticism on the other, he would not do until he felt the time was ripe.

Emancipation had been urged by impatient statesmen and restless generals. But Lincoln was moved neither by one nor the other.

"My paramount duty," he said, "is to save the Union, and

not either to destroy or save slavery. . . . What I do about slavery and the colored race I do because I believe it helps to save the Union; and what I forbear, I forbear because I do not believe it would help to save the Union. . . . I have stated my purpose according to my views of official duty, and I intend no modification of my oft-expressed wish that all men everywhere should be free."

Patiently, watchfully, prayerfully he waited for the hour which he knew must come when he saw that the emancipation of the slaves was necessary to the success of the Union arms. Step by step he had worked up to this idea. Gradually he paved the way for the final decree. First he prevailed upon Congress to abolish slavery in the District of Columbia; then he offered freedom to all negroes who would serve as Union soldiers; soon after he approved an act of Congress prohibiting slavery in all the Territories of the United States.

Then came the final act. Lincoln was now sure that the people of the North would agree with him that something vital must be done to convince the rebellious South, the wavering border states, and the people of the world that the government of the United States pledged itself to freedom.

On the twenty-second of September, 1862, Abraham Lincoln issued his Emancipation Proclamation by virtue of which, on and after January 1, 1863, "All persons held as slaves within any state or part of a state in rebellion against the United States shall be thenceforward and forever free"; and when on the first day of January, 1863, the proclamation was made fact by an official announcement Lincoln closed the announcement with these solemn words: "Upon this act, sincerely believed to be an act of justice, warranted by the Constitution upon military necessity, I invoke the considerate judgment of mankind and the gracious favor of Almighty God."

The judgment of mankind to-day is that the Emancipation Proclamation of Abraham Lincoln was the bravest, noblest, and most helpful deed of the century. North and South alike so regard it, while the marvelous progress of the republic since Lincoln's day—a progress made because the nation indeed is free—is the best evidence that the brave act of the great Presi-

dent obtained "the gracious favor of Almighty God." And by that one act Abraham Lincoln made his name immortal.

Even as I write these lines there comes the word that disproves the fears of Calhoun and justifies the wisdom of Abraham Lincoln.

The Hon. John D. Long, our successful and efficient secretary of the navy during the vigorous war with Spain—a war for humanity's sake, the outgrowth of Lincoln's policy of sympathy and protection—made this comparative picture in a speech of jubilee:

"As I stood, a few days ago, on the portico of the Executive Mansion, I recalled that in my youth I there met President Lincoln as he came out of the White House door. We were alone. Had I then lost, as I have since lost, the awe which a young man feels on meeting a great one, I should have presumed to speak to him; and perhaps one of the saddest faces on which I ever looked might have been touched, in the passing greeting, with that kindly smile and lighting of the eyes which sometimes transformed it into almost transcendent beauty. The burden of the great war was then upon his gaunt frame. He had emancipated the slave, but the war was not over. The freedom of a race, the issue of equal rights for all men, high or low, black or white, was still trembling in the balance.

"A few days ago I stood with President McKinley on the same portico. We were not alone. Every foot of space—the railings, the grounds—was filled with a crowd of eager, interested people, men and women and children, waiting the march of the Tenth Cavalry, colored troops, who soon came passing in review. They were dismounted and marching in column. They were the heroes of the recent war. They had saved the brave Roosevelt and his Rough Riders. They had stormed and swept the hill of San Juan. They had linked their names with the bravest of the brave. Their uniforms showed service, but it was the uniform of the American soldier. They passed in review, and the President of the United States bared his head in token of respect.

"There and then I saw the consummation of Lincoln's work.

Mayhap that great soul looked down on the scene from the portico of a mansion eternal in the heavens. The issue which trembled in his strong hand is settled; the slave is free; there are equal rights for all; the servile badge of color is forever obliterated; and the black man is the American soldier, and more than that, the American citizen. There is no avenue of business life in which he does not walk; no profession of which he is not a member; no school of learning or of athletics in which he does not rank; and, on the platform, one of his race is to-day the best orator in America."

But before the war was over the day came for a new election of President of the United States. The people of the republic, however, were in no mood for a change. In the terse and characteristic language of this American President who used the homely phrases of the people to emphasize his faith—"it is not safe to swap horses when you are crossing a stream." The stream was not yet quite crossed and there was no swapping of horses. In November 1864 Abraham Lincoln was reëlected President of the United States by two hundred and twelve out of the two hundred and thirty-three electoral votes cast.

And on March 4, 1865, he made that noble speech—his second inaugural. Its closing words have been emblazoned on decorations, carved on monuments, engraved on the hearts of the people. But you cannot read them too often:—

"With malice toward none; with charity for all; with firmness in the right, as God gives us to see the right, let us strive on to finish the work we are in; to bind up the nation's wounds; to care for him who shall have borne the battle, and for his widow and his orphan—to do all which may achieve and cherish a just and lasting peace among ourselves and all nations."

Sympathy, defense, protection—the same attributes of character that led him to shield the defenseless and unprotected Indian in his boyish days of soldiering appear in this noble speech delivered almost in the shadow of death, while around him was being secretly woven the dastardly and bloody coil of assassination.

One month later the blow fell. The great President's work was done. The war was over; the greatest general of the cen-

tury had, in magnanimous terms, accepted the surrender of the Southern armies; the long struggle that had been waged from the very foundation of the republic was triumphantly closed for freedom; the nation was redeemed. And even as the good President, with a heart full of love for the vanquished, was planning measures for their good and was striving to make all Americans brothers once more, an ambitious, vindictive, and harebrained adventurer, the arm and center of a cowardly plot, shot the great President as he sat unconscious of danger, and at half-past seven o'clock on the morning of Saturday, the fifteenth of April, 1865, Abraham Lincoln had ceased to live.

But only in the flesh had he ceased to live. In the hearts of the American people he will live on forever. When he died the whole world mourned, and each year only increases his greatness and the world's recognition of his nobility, his grandeur, and his statesmanship.

More power was given into his hand than king or emperor holds; yet he was never for one instant moved by ambition or the desire for personal power. Abraham Lincoln lived and died a poor man, with no desire to make money out of his nation's distress, and with no time to devote to anything but his country's need and service. He saved a nation and emancipated a race.

Absolutely without vices, he had strongly marked characteristics. He was tender-hearted, but when occasion required, sternly inflexible; he was sunny-tempered, yet his face, as Secretary Long says, was one of the saddest ever seen; simple in speech and life, he was capable of eloquence and of stirring words that will live forever. Brave, broad-minded, just, and true, his humanity embraced all men, his faith in the people never faltered; none knew them better than he; none loved them more truly. There never was, in any age of the world, a leader more directly selected by Providence to guide the destinies of his people and be the saviour of the republic, and as time goes on the fame of Abraham Lincoln will rise above that of his fellows as the greatest, noblest, best, and wisest man of the whole wonderful nineteenth century.

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GRANT'S TOMB, RIVERSIDE DRIVE, NEW YORK.
(Insert) GENERAL U. S. GRANT.

SOLDIERS AND STATESMEN

Ulysses S. Grant

By ELBRIDGE S. BROOKS

IN the battle month of August, 1847, the American invaders were storming at the gates of Mexico. The embattled walls of Churubusco and the fortified camp of Contreras had yielded to the resistless onrush of the northern host; over the stone citadel of Molino del Rey and upon the castle-crowded hill of Chapultepec floated the triumphant Stars and Stripes, until, at last, only the stout walls of the capital city, pierced with its defended gates, held back the conquering soldiers of Scott from the storied "halls of the Montezumas."

But those defended gates were stubbornly held by the valorous but poorly led and outgeneralled Mexicans, and while it was evident that the American cannon would in time blow out a path for entrance, it was desirable to clear this path at once, alike to inspire the besiegers and dishearten the besieged.

It was at this stage of the assault, while the brigades of Worth and Quitman were held back by the aqueduct embankment and the city gates, that a young lieutenant of the Fourth United States Infantry, scouting a bit on his own hook, saw off in the fields a little stone church which he began to study critically.

It was not so much the church as the belfry on the church that attracted him.

"That's the key to the situation," he said to himself. "That church is just in line with the gate. Back of that gate are the fellows we've got to drive off. If I could only get a

gun into that belfry I believe I could drop some shot into the Mexicans at the gate and scatter them double quick."

The plan seemed so promising that the lieutenant resolved to try it at once. He hurried back to the lines; called for a few volunteers; borrowed one of those light cannon called a mountain howitzer, and, dodging the Mexicans, cut across the fields to the church.

The fields were seamed with numerous irrigating ditches filled with water. But these did not disturb the plucky lieutenant. He and his men took the howitzer and its mount apart and, each one carrying a piece, they waded the ditches and at last reached the church. The gate into the city was less than a thousand feet away.

At the church door a priest confronted them.

"This is a church. You must not enter here," he said in warning.

"I fear we must, sir," said the young lieutenant courteously.

"You shall not! I will not let you," the brave priest declared sternly.

But the lieutenant was equally firm.

"Oh, I reckon you will," he said. "You see, we're coming in."

And brushing the protesting priest aside, he and his men forced their way into the church.

Piece by piece the howitzer was carried up into the belfry, put together, speedily loaded and trained directly upon the Mexican defenders of the San Cosme gate, as it was called.

Those defenders, intent on keeping back the besieging Americans, did not notice the little group in the church belfry, until, suddenly, with a spiteful bang! bang! the howitzer in the air sent down its unwelcome shot into the very ranks of the defenders of the gate.

They could not dislodge this new and surprising battery in a steeple, and when, finally, its well-directed shot got the range and became unbearable they retreated from behind the gate.

Gen. Worth heard the shots; he saw the puffs of smoke; he appreciated the strategy of the "embattled belfry."

"That's a bright idea," he said. "Ride over there, Lieut.

Pemberton, and see who's responsible for that. Tell him to report to me at once."

So Lieut. Pemberton jumped the ditches and summoned the fighting lieutenant from his church steeple.

"Ah, Lieut. Grant, it's you, is it?" said Gen. Worth, as the young officer saluted. "Good idea of yours, that. Keep it up. I'll order another gun for you, and you can run that up there and blaze away with both of 'em. It's the best move I've seen. If you can keep the gate clear we can knock it down. I'll have that other gun for you directly."

Lieut. Grant saluted and went back to his battery in the belfry. He did not tell the general that there was only room for one gun in the steeple, because, as he explained years after, it was not proper for a young lieutenant to tell his commanding officer that he couldn't do it, even when ordered to crowd two guns into a belfry that was only big enough for one.

But his one gun did the business. It scattered the enemy, cleared the path for a final assault, and induced the Mexicans to beg off from such an assault by running up the white flag of surrender, and opening the gates of Mexico to Gen. Scott and his conquering northern army

And it brought a promotion to the grade of captain for this young lieutenant, Ulysses Simpson Grant, Fourth United States Infantry. For he was mentioned for bravery, in special dispatches, and though he was as modest as brave the people who admire pluck picked him out as a hero.

Pluck was a distinguishing feature of U. S. Grant. As boy and man he displayed this quality again and again, from his wrestle with the balky colt as an Ohio farm boy to his struggle with pain as the world's foremost soldier.

His story is a simple one, as are the stories of most great men. He was born in a country village of Ohio, known as Point Pleasant, on the banks of the Ohio River, on the twenty-seventh of April, 1822. His father was a successful tanner of that region, who when Ulysses was about a year old moved to the village of Georgetown, about twenty miles away, for the purpose of increasing his tannery plant.

Ulysses Grant—Hiram Ulysses was his real name—was a

strong, healthy, go-ahead little fellow who did not greatly enjoy going to school, and did not at all like the tannery business. But if he had anything to do, either in work or play and whether he liked it or not, he went ahead and did it, because it was the thing to do.

One day a great opportunity came to this Ohio boy, although he really did not desire it; he obtained an appointment to enter the United States Military Academy at West Point and study to be a soldier.

He went even against his will, because he saw it was best for him to do so, and after four years of thorough training he graduated, not very high up in his class, but still with the record of having been a fair scholar and a splendid horseman, and, on the thirteenth of June, 1843, he was commissioned a brevet second lieutenant in the United States Army.

It was when he entered West Point that, by a mistake in entry and by his own silence, as well as the complicated system that makes it hard to rectify a mistake, he was entered on the books of the military academy as Ulysses Simpson Grant—and that is the name by which he went into history.

He fought through the Mexican war with conspicuous bravery, even though he was not obliged to fight, because he was quartermaster of his regiment. But Lieut. Grant was not the man to shirk responsibility or to dodge duty.

After the war he went with his regiment to Oregon, by way of the Isthmus of Panama. On the isthmus the regiment was starved by inefficiency and stricken with the cholera; but Grant, as quartermaster of his regiment, fought the plague, inspired with confidence the panic-stricken men and women under his charge, forced the inefficient contractors to furnish food and transportation, and, at last, got his command across the deadly isthmus and aboard the transports, and not only learned by his experience, but taught by his example those lessons of foresight, determination, and watchfulness that strengthened a character that was to mean great things for his native land.

A doleful experience in barracks on the Oregon coast led finally to his resignation from the army. For eleven years he had been a soldier of the republic, which, for a man who de-

tested war and abhorred fighting, was a good record of devotion to duty. But he had married, and he felt that he owed a duty to himself, as well as the republic, and so, with his brevet of captain made a full commission, he retired from the army in March 1854, and became a farmer near St. Louis.

He was not a success as a farmer; his health was poor, and it takes some time for a soldier of eleven years' experience to settle down to other work. Somehow things did not go his way, and he tried first one thing and then another. He tried lumbering, real estate, and bill collecting with no better success than farming, and, finally, removed to Galena, in Illinois, where he "clerked" for his father and brother in their tannery and leather store. There he lived unnoticed and unknown, until in 1861 the Civil War broke out. Then, as he had been educated by the Government, he felt that he owed a duty to the Government, but, because he was a West Point graduate, he felt also that it was due alike to the Government and to himself that he be placed in a position where his knowledge could be put to the best service.

He tried to get an army appointment, but could not; then he accepted the captaincy of a volunteer company, simply to drill them into shape; and, at last, just as he began to despair of serving his state in the field, he was appointed colonel of the Twenty-first Illinois.

Then he began to show what he could do. His training and ability were soon recognized: he was made brigadier general, and soon after commander of the military district of Cairo, in Southern Illinois. In that position the test of ability speedily came, and U. S. Grant stood it as few others had done. While they argued he acted. He surprised and captured the Confederate camp at Belmont; he captured Fort Henry and immediately afterward Fort Donelson, deemed impregnable fortifications; he turned the battle of Shiloh from a defeat to a victory; and, at last, after cooping up the Southern army in their fortified city of Vicksburg, he besieged it so cleverly and determinedly that, at last, on the fourth of July, 1863, Vicksburg surrendered to Grant, and the Mississippi River was free from the lakes of Minnesota to the Gulf of Mexico.

The tanner's son had become a great and successful general.

This important victory made Grant a major general in the United States Army. He was given command of a great section called the Military Division of the Mississippi, and at once began an active campaign against the Confederates of Southern Tennessee. He won the battle of Chattanooga, said by military critics to have been "one of the most remarkable battles in history"; he relieved the great mountain plateau between the Alleghanies and the Mississippi of hostile troops, and rose to the command of all the armies of the United States, as Lieut. Gen. Grant.

Thereupon he took charge of the war in the East, and, as leader of the Army of the Potomac, he fought the brave Confederates and their able leader, Gen. Lee, for a whole year, in a series of some of the bloodiest battles of history.

Gen. Grant, as I have told you, deplored and detested war. But once engaged in it, he fought to win.

"Give the enemy no rest; strike him, and keep striking him. The war must be ended, and we must end it now."

That was his theory of war, and he fought straight on, never halting in his opinion, never wavering in his actions, saying to those who questioned him: "I shall fight it out on this line if it takes all summer."

Thereupon the people and the President knew that they had a soldier to rely on, a man with a genius for successful war, a general who never took one backward step. In just thirteen months after Grant assumed his command as head of the American army the end came, and, in the apple orchard at Appomattox, the last stand was made, the last gun was fired, the white flag fluttered for a truce, and in the little McLean farmhouse the two great opposing generals met in conference, and the Southern army laid down its arms in surrender.

Then Gen. Grant won a greater victory through kindness. For where he might have been harsh he was magnanimous. He was not one to exult over a valiant but fallen foeman.

"They are Americans, and our brothers," he said. He

THE WHITE HOUSE

gave them back their horses, so that they could plow their farms for planting; he gave them food and clothes, and sent them all home to their families. "The war is over," he said to North and South alike. "Let us have peace."

Of course, his great success made him a hero. He was one. But he bore his honors modestly. He hated to be made a show of, he declared; for he was a quiet, unpretentious, and silent man.

This, of course, made him all the more popular, for the world ranks that man highly who shows himself modest in success and magnanimous in victory. His own land, indeed, thought so much of him that the republic called him to its highest place, and Ulysses S. Grant was twice elected President of the United States.

He served as chief magistrate of the republic in a hard and stormy time—the period of reconstruction. Aiming to deal justly with all men, he made many enemies; he may have made mistakes, but he kept to his course as steadily and persistently as when he was a leader in the field. To-day people begin to realize how wise and able a President he was, and as that time of dispute drops farther into the past, the new America, the real union of states, will be found to have come to grandeur and glory largely because of the determined, unyielding, and noble stand of Ulysses S. Grant, who taught the people at once the value of obedience to law, and the greatness of a patriotism that knew only the republic.

His two terms as President came to an end, and then Grant determined to see the world.

He saw it under great advantages, for whether he liked it or not he was a great man, and the whole world was glad to do him honor. Kings and princes, queens and rulers, invited him to their palaces; the great ones of the earth vied in attentions and respect. He visited the Queen of England at Windsor and the Emperor of Germany at Berlin; he met the President of France at Paris; and was the guest alike of the boy King of Spain and the King of Portugal. The Pope at Rome and the King of Italy saw and talked with him. The King of Denmark and the King of Sweden, the Emperor of Austria and the

Czar of all the Russias, the Viceroy of China and the Mikado of Japan—all met and honored the tanner's son who had been conqueror and President, while everywhere the people thronged the ways to see him and shouted their welcomes to one who, from the people, had sprung into greatness and renown.

Then he came home again, the same simple, modest, clear-headed, practical American citizen and gentleman, the hero of a nation, who had shown all the world how a man can be a great soldier and a great American and yet be a true-hearted, unpretending, quiet, and high-minded man.

But they were to see him fight one other battle. It was the hardest that any man can fight—the battle against wrong, dishonor, and death.

When Gen. Grant came home again after his journey around the world he did not like to be idle, so he put what money he had into business and began, so he thought, to grow rich. He made his home in New York City, in a fine house presented to him by the people who so honored and admired him, and filled with the mementoes and trophies that told of his success and renown.

He had reached the pinnacle of fame. Honored by his countrymen, respected by the world, there was but one thing he desired—to leave his children a heritage equal to his fame.

For their sake he went into business, hoping much; but he failed. An unprincipled investor caught the old soldier in his toils, traded upon the name, the reputation, and the honor of the man who trusted him, and, when the crash came—as come it did—the name, the reputation, and the honor of the great general were dragged in the dust.

He was stripped of everything; he was almost penniless; all his money was gone and, worse still, others who had trusted in him had lost their money too. This thought quite broke the hero down. The general who had never known defeat was well-nigh defeated at last.

It made him sick. It weakened a constitution already undermined by the shock of a fall on the ice, and developed a trouble in his throat that brought him months of suffering, of torture, and of agony.

But just as he had marched to battle courageously, so, now, he faced disaster as bravely. He set to work to make his losses good, and because all the world wished to hear about his great deeds of war he set himself to the task of writing the story of his life and his campaigns.

He kept himself alive to do this. For over a year he fought ruin and a terrible pain as stoutly as he had ever battled with the enemies of the republic, while the pity of the world went out to him, and kings and beggars sent him words of sympathy.

Day after day he labored, while disease battled for the mastery. In June 1885 he was removed to a mountain-top near Saratoga, but still he labored on, now brought very near to death, now snatching from pain and weakness another day of respite.

So he held death at bay until July. At last his book was completed. He had won his last fight. Then, his work finished, his desire for life was gone. Pain and weakness held him a little longer a sufferer, and then, on the twenty-third of July 1885, in the cottage on Mount McGregor, the end came quietly; the news spread over the land and to the uttermost ends of the earth. General Grant was dead.

The world mourned. Men and women everywhere had learned to honor the great general, as much for his victories over disaster, disgrace, and pain as for his conquests in war and his leadership in peace. Amid the tolling of bells and the booming of cannon the republic laid her greatest soldier to rest, and as she had honored him in life honored him also in death.

On the heights of Riverside, overlooking the lordly Hudson and the great and prosperous city of New York, there rises above the ashes of this simple but grand American a splendid monument, which is a landmark for miles around. It seems almost too great a display for one who was himself the most unassuming of men. But it testifies the nation's regard for him who was twice its chief magistrate—the republic's pride in the great soldier whose deeds meant the republic's salvation. And, as time goes on, longer than that great gray mausoleum shall stand above his silent dust, while the words honor, duty, courage, simplicity, will, and loyalty mean anything to the

world, so long will the nation remember and the republic revere the name and fame of Ulysses S. Grant.

No man is perfect; all of us make mistakes; all of us have our shortcomings and imperfections. But, much as his time criticised him, posterity will see that he was both misjudged and misunderstood. Grant was a great man doing great things. But he was also a simple, silent, honest, straightforward soldier, trying to do his duty as he saw it, in his own simple and manly fashion.

Sagacious, resolute, energetic, aggressive, audacious, courageous, indomitable, indifferent to danger or fatigue, relentless in battle, magnanimous in victory, loyal to principle, faithful to friends, honest, upright, patriotic, national, and American—such was Ulysses S. Grant; and these were the attributes that brought him to success and have made his name forever famous and forever historic.

Theodore Roosevelt

By ERNEST INGERSOLL

IT would be hard to find in our history a public man so interesting to American boys as Theodore Roosevelt. He is self-made in a very high sense of the term; for although born into wealth and culture, and gifted with opportunities for education and pleasure, he had from the start to overcome feeble health, and later to school himself to learn and do many things far from his inclination and often fruitful of bitter experiences.

It seems strange to think of Mr. Roosevelt, whose unwearying vigor and energy, and constant praise of hard outdoor exercise, are celebrated, as a delicate child with a small, slender frame, a weak chest, and poor eyes. That was his case; but the lad had an idea that what he needed was steady exercise. So his father constructed a small gymnasium on the back porch of the Roosevelt home in New York City, where Theodore was born on October 27, 1858. In that gymnasium the boy exercised between lessons with his tutor, for he was unfit for regular school attendance. Any child would play with a new gymnasium, but young Theodore kept at it, fun or no fun, struggling every day to do something he had failed in the day before. It took him a weary long while, for instance, to get the strength to climb a certain pole, but he stuck to it until he reached the top.

It was in summer, though, that the boy was happiest, for then the family went to their farm on Long Island, which was close by Mr. Roosevelt's present home at Oyster Bay.

Here, with brothers and sisters and cousins, ponies, boats, and wide fields and waters for roaming, each day was a joy; and here Roosevelt the naturalist began. The spark which kindled his enthusiasm came from his father—one of the wisest and most respected men of his day, representing a family which had been among the foremost in New York since its first ancestor came from the Netherlands in 1649. The elder Theodore was a real nature-lover, but the younger outstripped him in knowledge, for he studied the animals and plants about Oyster Bay, as did Gilbert White those of his Selborne parish, and thus laid a foundation for those wider studies which have made him one of the soundest field naturalists in the United States. These outdoor summers, a winter in Algiers, a season of study in Germany, and, most of all, a summer in the Maine woods, steadily built up the growing lad. He never forgot that in his own resolution, steady work, and good cheer, lay his best if not his only chance for health, and he kept trying at every sort of a new pole which presented itself, until he had climbed it. Thus his health was sufficient for his studies, and in 1876 he entered Harvard among the youngest of his class.

There was nothing remarkable in his university life. He made no attempt at leadership or honors, and was strongest in zoology, looking forward to making that science his life-pursuit. American history also attracted him, and he gathered the materials for his first book—"The Naval War of 1812"—which was published soon after his graduation. He was taken into the best clubs, but had no more friends among the "swells" than elsewhere, and was universally popular. He was never strong enough for heavy team-work, but was interested in athletics, was a good walker, and spent his vacations in the forests of Maine. Boxing was the sport in which he excelled, and his quick-wittedness and agility brought him credit in many a bout with men of greater weight and power. Everywhere Roosevelt, a sturdy, clean-lived, ambitious young sportsman, stood for that pluck and fairness which are the life of sport, and form the basis of a manly character.

Marriage with a Cambridge lady, Alice Lee, and a few years

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THEODORE ROOSEVELT

of European travel and of home life in New York, followed his graduation. Then inactivity began to pall upon him. He had imbibed from his philanthropic father the idea that public service in some form—unremunerative work for the good of his fellows—was the duty of every man who need not labor for his own living. The governments of New York City and State were then in the hands of selfish and in many cases corrupt politicians. A few public-spirited men were trying to improve this condition, but found it hard to arouse citizens of wealth and culture, whose influence might be beneficial if only their enthusiasm could be kindled.

To these reformers young Roosevelt offered himself as a recruit. He was ignorant of political methods and tricks, but he stood up fearlessly for better principles, fair voting, and honest officials; and in 1882 he was elected to the New York legislature. This proved to be a school of politics for the young publicist; and the "bosses" discovered not only that he was an apt pupil but that, being as fearless as he was honest and intelligent, and as able in scornful invective as he was unanswerable in argument, he was a living threat to their selfish plans. So they made his way as hard as possible, yet he became the leader of the minority, and in 1884 headed the delegation from New York to the Republican National Convention at Chicago which nominated James G. Blaine for the presidency. The Democrats won, however, and Mr. Roosevelt soon quit politics for an entirely new field of activity. This was partly due to the death of his mother, speedily followed by that of his wife Weary of New York, ardent in his love of nature, stirred by recollections of a visit to the Rockies, he went to North Dakota for a buffalo-hunt, and ended by buying land and cattle near Medora and becoming a ranchman. From early in 1884 to the fall of 1886 Roosevelt was a hard-working frontiersman, living in a log house different from others only in its great store of books, building his fences and corrals, herding and branding his cattle, handling his half-wild horses and learning to ride anything, controlling his men and aiding his neighbors in keeping general order. He shared with his cowboys the toil and privation of their work, summer and winter, while

doing all he could for their welfare, and every brave and honest man in the region liked and trusted him.

These years on the ranch were probably the happiest in Mr. Roosevelt's life. Grown to sturdy strength and endurance, every day filled to the brim with useful and exciting labor, each long winter evening a feast of reading and writing by the fireplace, he lived almost ideally, and laid up stores of knowledge and force for the strenuous times to come. These, too, were the days of his richest experience as a sportsman, when never a week passed without something falling in fair chase to his gun; and each autumn witnessed glorious hunts through the unbroken wilderness. These hunts called for more than the skill of the deer-stalker, or the quick accuracy which stops a bird spinning through the air like a rocket, for a man might come face to face any moment with a grizzly, a puma or a lynx, or hear hungry wolves baying on his trail. It was these fiercer creatures which Roosevelt most sought, and one needs only to read the vivid pages of his "Hunting Trips of a Ranchman," or his later essays, to know how eagerly and fearlessly he matched his powers against theirs.

A weaker or a more self-seeking man might have continued this wholesome and enjoyable life many years; but in the autumn of 1886 he returned to New York, then went to England, where he married his present wife, an American lady, Edith Kermit Carow, whom he had known from boyhood.

Elkhorn ranch was still his, and the summers were usually spent there, but most of the year was given to public service. When Harrison succeeded Cleveland in the presidency, Roosevelt became one of the Civil Service Commissioners, and soon had lifted the law and practice of this vexed matter into a reality, effective in spite of Congressional opposition. He stayed there through six years of vigorous fighting, and then left a firm and respected institution where he had found a weak-kneed farce. His next appearance was in New York again, as Commissioner of Police. Really he was one of four, but no one cared anything about the rest—least of all the policemen themselves, who found that they had a master, not a political figurehead. It was a merely local office, but the

whole country had their eyes on the man who filled it, and the whole country noted what good results were obtained in directions where progress could never be made before. It was the first public demonstration of the principle of the "square deal."

This work done, Mr. Roosevelt took the desk of Assistant Secretary of the Navy, under Secretary Long, in President McKinley's cabinet, led to do so by his lifelong interest in the navy; and chiefly to him is the credit due that it was so grandly ready when the Spanish-American War came in 1898, and Spain's squadrons were to be annihilated.

With this war actually afoot, it was impossible for a man of Roosevelt's temper to sit still in an office, yet all ordinary ways of serving seemed closed to him. But he was a horseman, and a regiment of volunteer cavalry might be raised. Permission was obtained, a trained colonel provided in Leonard Wood, and Mr. Roosevelt resigned his Navy desk to become its lieutenant-colonel. It was announced that the men most wanted were horsemen from the Plains—ranchmen and cowboys whose hardihood, courage, and resourcefulness Roosevelt knew so well. Thousands responded, from which nine companies were selected, with a tenth made up of athletes and policemen from the East, and by almost superhuman exertions these "Rough Riders," as the people dubbed them, were assembled, equipped, drilled, and sent forward in time to join the first army invading Cuba.

Half the regiment were in the first fight; and when, later, the one hard battle of that frightful campaign was fought near Santiago, Roosevelt (for Wood now commanded a brigade elsewhere) led his men in the action that ended in victory; and afterward it was the common sense, energy, and moral courage of the colonel of the Rough Riders that saved the bad situation in which the army found itself, and forced the dilatory authorities to transport the soldiers to a healthful camp in the North. It was his wise and energetic way of putting the sword of humanity through knots of red tape, and his tireless regard for his men's welfare, quite as much as his personal courage, that made Colonel Roosevelt the hero of the hour.

And now the professional politicians disliked him more

than ever, for the people insisted upon electing him Governor of New York, which was the last thing the politicians wanted—but they couldn't prevent it.

The next two years were unhappy ones for self-seekers at Albany. All the Governor's "good moves" were bad ones for the bosses; moreover, the most important one, a tax on public franchises, was bitterly opposed by many rich men and speculators, whose pockets he touched and whose privileges he meant to shorten. Therefore these and their friends among the politicians obstructed him all they could, but the people of the State backed him up. To get rid of so troublesome a governor, the powerful men in finance and politics schemed to "promote" him into the place of vice-president of the United States—for they thought that there he could do no harm. Mr. Roosevelt promptly declined the honor, but the West looked at the matter differently, arguing that it was next door to the White House, where they wanted their hero to be. Governor Roosevelt felt obliged at last to accept the nomination, and was elected with Mr. McKinley.

A few months later President McKinley was killed, and Roosevelt "reigned in his stead." The West had had its way far sooner than it expected: the selfish schemers were aghast —"hoist with their own petard."

Direful prophecies were heard, but nothing untoward happened. The reins of government were gathered up very quietly, yet more and more the strong, eager, aggressive personality of the young President—he was only forty-two—began to be felt, not only in his freedom from tradition, and his love of interesting people and active sports, and not only in his encouragement of every effort to reduce wrong-doing in the administration, regardless of person or party, but in the skilful way in which he negotiated with a Congress often hostile to his measures by enlisting public opinion in his aid. It has always been Mr. Roosevelt's faith that he knew how the great body of his fellow-citizens felt; and that it was his business to do what was best for the whole country.

He found here and there groups of men who had obtained, legally or otherwise, privileges fortified by special laws which

bore hardly on ordinary folks, and he tried to remedy the evil. He found wrong-doers among high officers of the government, and startled their class by dismissing them or even punishing them severely. Congress shirked the keeping of public promises to Cuba, and elsewhere, for fear certain men would lose business. When the President's protests failed he told the country about it, and the people began to call their representatives to account. He found a circle of greedy mine-owners and carriers refusing justice to the men who dug the coal, and threatening to make fuel dear, and he forced them to deal fairly. He found a combination of railways in the Northwest becoming an oppressive and dangerous power, and he broke it down before its "merger" had been imitated. One says "*he* did it" because without the President's initiative and support these things would not have been done against the terrific resistance made; but the methods were always those of the law, and the action was in behalf of the people.

In another direction President Roosevelt's administration will be memorable for its broad policy looking to the conservation of the country's natural resources—its forests, its waters for interior navigation and for irrigation, and its other possessions belonging to the whole people.

In this spirit Mr. Roosevelt sought to serve his country, and continued to do so for seven and a half years, for in 1904 he was elected President by the largest majority ever recorded.

In his foreign policy peace was the foremost object in view, and it was the constant contention of his supporters that the powerful new navy which he saw constructed was the best possible guarantee of its preservation. This is well recognized abroad, where the crowning glory of his official career is esteemed to be the negotiations and pressure by which, in defiance of diplomatic precedents, he brought Russia and Japan to make peace. It is likely that history will confirm this opinion.

At the close of his term of office in 1909—he having refused a popular cry for his renomination—Mr. Roosevelt went to British East Africa at the head of an expedition to hunt and collect for the National Museum specimens of the large game and other animals of that region.

John Caldwell Calhoun

By FREDERICK G. HARRISON

JOHN C. CALHOUN was born in the Abbeville District, in South Carolina, March 18, 1782. Thus only two months intervened between the birth of this apostle of nullification and disunion, and that of his great antagonist, Daniel Webster. Henry Clay, the third member of the famous "triumvirate" was five years their senior. Calhoun's father, who had emigrated from Ireland when very young, was a rough frontier farmer, an Indian fighter, and revolutionary soldier, and was inclined to regard a classical education with a certain degree of contempt, so that his son John had learned little more than the simple rudiments when he had reached the age of eighteen. After his father's death, however, an elder brother, recognizing his unusual talents, had him sent to an academy, where in two years he advanced so rapidly in his studies that, in 1802, he entered the junior class at Yale, and in 1804 he graduated. He then studied law, at first at Litchfield, Conn., and subsequently at Charleston, and was admitted to the South Carolina bar in 1807. It soon became evident that he possessed in most ample measure those qualities of mind which would fit him to mold the opinions and control the political action of the masses. He rose very rapidly in the estimation of his fellow-citizens, and his election to the State Legislature proved to be but the stepping-stone to positions of wider influence and greater dignity. Throughout his entire life he continued to be an object almost of idolatry to the people of South Carolina. Imperious, enthusiastic, and possessed of wonderful powers of argument, he was eminently qualified to "fire the Southern heart." In the fall

of 1810 he was elected to Congress by a large majority. In the following year he married a cousin, whose fortune was a valuable addition to his own somewhat limited means.

Mr. Calhoun's service in the House of Representatives began in November 1811, at the extra session convened by President Madison on account of the threatened war with England. Henry Clay, then just chosen speaker, placed him on the Committee of Foreign Affairs, and he supported the resolutions in favor of the war with great force and eloquence. He soon became chairman of his committee; but declined the speakership upon Mr. Clay's resignation in 1814. He showed his characteristic independence by opposing the Embargo, which was favored by almost all of the other Democratic congressmen. He was twice reëlected to Congress—in 1812 and 1814.

After the close of the war he became interested in questions of finance, was appointed chairman of the Currency Committee, and in January 1816 he reported the bill for the charter of the United States Bank, which became a law three months later. He also supported in the same year a protective tariff bill, which has since been designated by his name; and, among his latest utterances in the House of Representatives, he favored the construction of roads and canals by the Federal Government. It will be seen that his position at this time upon these questions of public policy was diametrically opposed to that adopted by him in later years when he conceived the fatal dogma that the general welfare of the whole country meant ruin to the South. For the adoption of this dogma by the statesmen of his section, and for its terrible consequences in a later generation, Calhoun was condemned by many of his compeers. A bill changing the salary of congressmen from $6 a day to $1,500 a year, which received Mr. Calhoun's support, was regarded by the people of the country in the light of a "salary grab," and nearly every member who voted for the bill failed of a reëlection. Mr. Calhoun's personal popularity was so great that he easily overcame the slight opposition that was made to him, and he was elected for the fourth time. But he resigned his seat before the meeting of Congress in 1817, having accepted the office of secretary of war from President Monroe.

It was against the advice of friends that he entered upon his new field. He was without previous experience in military matters; but soon rendered himself familiar with the duties of his department, and conducted its affairs ably for eight years. As the presidential election of 1824 approached, six candidates appeared to solicit the suffrages of the people, among them Mr. Calhoun. One of the number died, and Mr. Calhoun withdrew his name before the election; no one of the remaining four received a majority of the electoral vote; but Mr. Calhoun was elected Vice-President by a handsome majority, and took the oath of office in March 1825.

He made a dignified and generally acceptable presiding officer, but was unfavorable to the policy of President Adams. In 1828 he was reëlected, entering upon his second term of office at the commencement of Andrew Jackson's administration. For a while there was apparent harmony between the two highest officers of the nation; both were Southerners, both had been elected on the same ticket, and were supposed to hold the same political opinions. But the harmony was soon to be broken, and a breach to be opened between the defender of the Union and its would-be destroyer which time would not heal. Mr. Calhoun, with the great majority of the Southern people, now opposed the protective tariff; attributing to its operation that marked difference in prosperity between the manufacturing and cotton-growing sections of the country, which was attributed to the lack of enterprise among the Southern people themselves, induced by their evil system of slave labor. This political blunder led to his advocacy of the doctrines of nullification and secession. His wise statesmanship and his integrity of character have been largely forgotten by those who remember him chiefly as the foremost champion of disunion and armed resistance to the authority of the United States. Gen. Jackson's well-known indignation at the course of South Carolina was visited in full measure upon her most prominent son. Henceforth President and Vice-President were enemies. Gen. Jackson ever afterward regarded Calhoun as a traitor. He was, with difficulty, dissuaded from causing his arrest, trial for treason, and execution, and is said to have ex-

pressed regret upon his deathbed that he had not persisted in so doing.

While South Carolina was preparing for rebellion, she elected Mr. Calhoun to the United States Senate, and, having resigned the office of Vice-President, he took his seat in that body in December 1832. Here he continued to uphold the action of his State, until moved by the threats of the President and the persuasive influence of Henry Clay, he yielded a reluctant consent to the compromise measures by which quiet was once more restored to the nation. Mr. Calhoun's opposition to the administration now forced him into the singular position of a semi-alliance with the Whigs; but his subsequent action was largely independent of party. He was reëlected to the Senate in 1835.

As Mr. Calhoun was largely to blame for the spread of the nullification and State Rights doctrines, so also was he for the unhappy agitation upon the subject of slavery, which kept the country in an uproar for the remainder of his life and for a decade after his decease. He opened the discussion in January 1836, by his motion to reject the petitions of the abolitionists, and he never ceased adding fresh fuel to the flames of discord. He did not actively promote the election of Mr. Van Buren in 1836, but gave countenance to the leading measures of his administration, especially to the Sub-Treasury Bill, and, in 1840, supported him in his unsuccessful contest with Gen. William H. Harrison. During the eight years from 1833 to 1841, Clay, Webster, and Calhoun sat together in the Senate. Never, before or since, has such a combination of greatness appeared in that august body, except when in 1849, the same three great master minds again met, for a brief period, in the arena of debate. Mr. Calhoun entered upon his third senatorial term in 1841, but resigned his seat in March 1843 and retired to his home in South Carolina, partly to arrange his disordered private affairs, and partly to look after his interests as a candidate for the presidential nomination. It was an honor which he had long and eagerly coveted; but though he received the unanimous support of his faithful state, he met with little favor outside of it, and suffered a like disappointment with his two famous compeers.

He had already given up the contest and withdrawn his name, when he received the appointment of secretary of state, March 6, 1844, at the hands of President Tyler. His chief duty was to continue the negotiations for the treaty of annexation with Texas, which had been begun by his predecessor, Mr. Upshur, who was killed by the explosion of the "Peacemaker." The treaty was rejected by the Senate; but the President and his wily secretary concocted the "joint resolution" scheme, which made Texas a part of the United States.

At the close of Mr. Tyler's administration, Mr. Calhoun declined the English mission, tendered him by Mr. Polk, and returned to the Senate, the nonentity who had succeeded to his seat being caused to resign.

The personal character of the Great Nullifier was less open to reproach than that of his rivals, Webster and Clay, and his ambition was confined within straiter bounds. It is a matter of profound regret that he should have used his great talents so selfishly for the benefit of his own particular section instead of for the welfare of the whole country. Had he pursued the more noble course, he might have made for himself a name second to none in the annals of American history. But as long as there remained any strength in his tottering limbs, he stood in his place, the champion of the arrogant demands of the South. In his last speech, which was read March 4, 1850, by Senator Mason of Virginia, he being too feeble to deliver it himself, he demanded the complete surrender of the North upon the question of slavery as the only means of preventing the dissolution of the Union. He died at Washington on the last day of March, 1850, and the dread arbitrament of war has since determined that the principles for which he contended during the best years of his life were pernicious and wrong.

Julius Cæsar

By WALLACE WOOD

A GREAT man of his age is, according to Hegel, the spirit the most clairvoyant, the heart the most firm, the hand the most clever; he has perceived, still veiled, but already formed in the bosom of things, the truth which belongs to that age. He it is that shall disengage it, that shall make it triumph: he is formed for that need; he speaks and they listen; he marches, they follow; he is the force around which the other forces naturally group themselves. From this theory of great men and revolutions, Hegel has taken the justification and glorification of Cæsar.

"The great man," says M. Cousin, "the providential man, is a being in which all the world recognize themselves, because he expresses the thoughts of all, clearer and more completely than any other. This is his veritable pedestal. It is from the height of this general spirit, and common to all, that he commands all. That which makes the man great is the intimate, spontaneous, irresistible belief that this man represents the people, the country, the epoch. But the great man does not represent alone his country or his epoch; he represents a special idea, that he is called to make triumph. For that he arrives on the scene of history just at the moment when his presence is necessary; disappears when his work is finished. To these diverse characteristics there is joined a third, which follows the others. To do the work to which he is called, the great man needs a great power. This power he has pushed into the ascendant, which he exercises on the masses, who see in him their

image, their ideal. A fourth characteristic of the great man is that he succeeds: without success there could be no utility; he could not leave great results, he could not be a great man. These four distinctive characteristics complete themselves by a fifth; it is the *glory*, the recompense of great actions, which must surely follow. The great results are visible to all eyes. Glory, the daughter of great deeds, is as manifest as the deeds themselves. Glory is the judgment of Humanity, which is a final judgment."

The birth of Cæsar was a hundred years previous to that of Christ. He belonged to an illustrious patrician family, but was allied to the middle classes, through his aunt's marriage to Marius. He grew up in the midst of civil wars; at fourteen was priest of Jupiter, but being banished some time after by Sylla, joined the army and was sent to Bithynia. Here he saw military service under the Roman pretors, and remained in Asia till the death of Sylla. Then, simply observing the position of affairs at Rome, he passed on to Rhodes to study eloquence under the rhetorician Molo, with whom Cicero also studied.

In 74 B.C. re-returning to Rome, he was elected member of the College of Pontiffs, and set about gaining the good will of the populace by the usual means, neglecting nothing that could pave the way for his elevation. He was named successively military tribune, quæstor, ædile. He astonished the citizens by his profuse liberality, and gained more surely the affections of the plebeians and soldiers by reinstating the statues of Marius, which had been proscribed by Pompey. Although he was suspected of being at least cognizant of the designs of Cataline against the government, he was not indicted, and in 61 B.C. departed to the governorship of farther Spain, Crassus becoming responsible for his immense debts.

Arrived in Spain, he commenced immediately to subdue the inhabitants, and in a short time had enriched himself and his troops with spoil. Returning to Rome, he formed an alliance with Pompey and Crassus for the joint maintenance of power, *the triumvirate*. He married his daughter to Pompey, to cement the political alliance, and beholding Rome given up to factions

and contests between Crassus and Pompey, he departed with an army to gain glory and riches by subduing the Gauls. During the nine years that he engaged in this war, he accomplished the most prodigious results, subjugating the different tribes from Provence to Holland and the Rhine, crossing the mountains of Jura and Auvergne, the oak forests of Gaul, and penetrating even to England. It is said two millions of lives were sacrificed, and that all the riches of Gaul passed into his hands, much of which went to keep up his popularity in Rome during his absence. After showing himself to the Gauls in the light of a terrible conqueror, he changed his policy, and, clement and humane, diminished their tributes, composed a legion of their best warriors, and entirely gained their affections.

But a few Romans, while his liberalities and glorious conquests completely gained the majority, sought to retrench his power, and so far succeeded that the Senate decreed he should disband his legions, giving the defense of the state into the hands of Pompey. Cæsar was at Ravenna when this decree was passed, and though he had but five or six thousand soldiers with him, he determined to march immediately to Rome, to re-establish the tribunes in their dignity, and, as he affirmed, to render liberty to the people oppressed by factions. The Rubicon once passed, sixteen days' rapid marching sufficed to bring him near Rome, but Pompey had evacuated with his forces and a great concourse of magistrates, senators, and citizens, retreating to Brundusium. Here Cæsar followed him, when Pompey took ship for Epirus.

Though Cæsar was master of Rome he had no navy to follow Pompey, so marched quickly into Spain, where his enemies had devoted troops, and in a short time had subjugated the province, returned to Italy, and conducted a part of his army in the captured vessels to Epirus. With a much inferior force he succeeded, at the memorable battle of Pharsalia, in crushing Pompey and his senatorial army, and pursued him to Egypt, where, Pompey having been assassinated, he turned his arms against Ptolemy, and established Cleopatra on the throne. With the same successful rapidity he carried out an expedition against the son of Mithrades, after which he appeared in Rome

and filled the magistracies with his devoted friends, liberally rewarded his colleagues and soldiers, and hastened to Africa to complete the downfall of the republican party, which was accomplished at the battle of Thapsus, 46 B.C.

For the fourth time he returned to Rome in triumph, and so great was his ascendency that he was able to absorb in himself all the power under divers names. He was consul, prefect, perpetual dictator, prince, and imperator. He granted a general amnesty, and pardoned almost all those who had carried arms against him. The following year he completely crushed the party of Pompey by defeating his sons in Spain.

But his victory had not solved any of the problems which existed at bottom, nor brought any remedy to the wounds which were festering in Roman society. There were still the miserable plebeians, military factions, a devouring aristocracy, despoiled provinces, and, lastly, an Italy where invasion and multiplication of slaves had gradually extinguished the free cultivators of the soil, and ruined agriculture. Many of the measures which Cæsar instituted to reform these abuses showed that he was aristocratic by nature as well as by birth; yet he made many useful laws, restrained extravagance, conferred the right of citizenship on those who exercised the liberal professions at Rome, sent poor families to found colonies, revived Carthage and Corinth. He reformed the calendar. Many projects of public utility were not realized on account of his early death. He was surrounded by the most lively envy, and his death was soon brought about by men who had accepted his amnesty, and who had been pardoned and put in positions of honor. They could accept his pardon, but could not endure the signs of his growing despotism, as they called it, and a conspiracy, with Brutus and Cassius at its head, was formed, which treacherously and surely carried out the well-arranged plot, 44 B.C., in his fifty-seventh year.

"Of Cæsar (says Froude) it may be said that he came into the world at a special time and for a special object. The old religions were dead, from the Pillars of Hercules to the Euphrates and the Nile, and the principles on which human society had been constructed were dead also. There remained of

spiritual conviction only the common and human sense of justice and morality; and out of this sense some ordered system of government had to be constructed, under which quiet men could live and labor and eat the fruit of their industry.

"Such a kingdom was the Empire of the Cæsars, a kingdom where peaceful men could work, think, and speak as they pleased, and travel freely among provinces ruled for the most part by Gallios who protected life and property, and forbade fanatics to tear each other in pieces for their religious opinions.

"And this spirit, which confined government to its simplest duties, while it left opinion unfettered, was especially present in Julius Cæsar. From cant of all kinds he was totally free. He was a friend of the people, but he indulged in no enthusiasm for liberty. He never dilated on the beauties of virtue, or complimented, as Cicero did, a Providence in which he did not believe. He was too sincere to stoop to unreality. He held to the facts of this life and to his own convictions; and as he found no reason for supposing that there was a life beyond the grave, he did not pretend to expect it. He respected the religion of the Roman State as an institution established by the laws. He encouraged, or left unmolested, the creeds and practices of the uncounted sects or tribes who were gathered under the eagles. But his own writings contain nothing to indicate that he himself had any religious belief at all. He saw no evidence that the gods practically interfered in human affairs. He never pretended that Jupiter was on his side. He thanked his soldiers after a victory, but he did not order *Te Deums* to be sung for it; and in the absence of these conventionalisms he perhaps showed more real reverence than he could have displayed by the freest use of the formulas of pietism.

"He fought his battles to establish some tolerable degree of justice in the government of this world; and he succeeded, though he was murdered for doing it."

Robert E. Lee

I

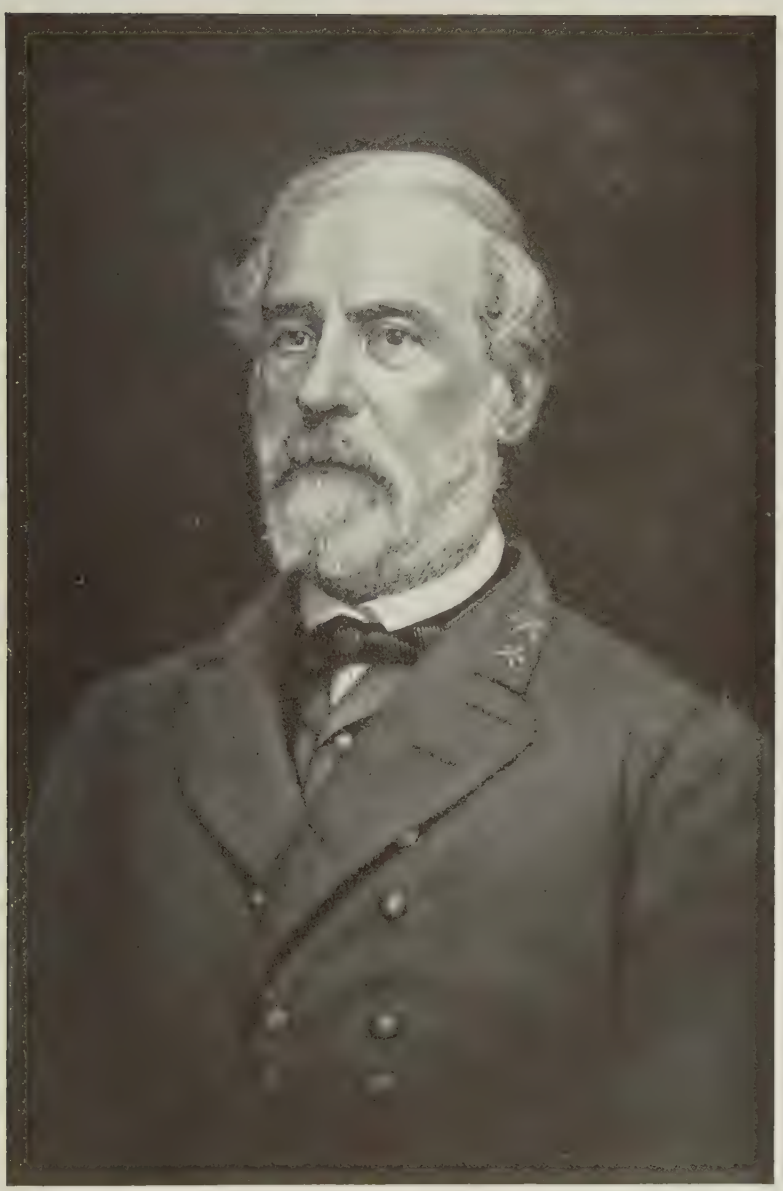
By JOHN T. FARIS

IT was natural that Robert E. Lee should be a soldier. One of his ancestors is said to have fought at the battle of Hastings, another was a trusted lieutenant of Richard Cœur de Lion at the siege of Acre, a third was honored by Queen Elizabeth, and heads of later generations rendered signal service in the early history of Virginia, while the work of "Light-Horse Harry" Lee in the Revolution is familiar to every schoolboy.

Robert E. Lee, the son of "Light-Horse Harry," was born in Westmoreland County, Va., January 19, 1807. He was born in the historic manor-house, Stratford, built by Thomas Lee, a brother of his great-grandfather. The fact that the East India Company and the Queen of England assisted by their gifts in the building of the Virginia home was a treasured tradition in the family.

On the large plantation surrounding the manor-house, Robert had abundant opportunity for the outdoor activities so dear to a boy. While he spent many months of each year at Alexandria, where his parents took their children in order to be near school privileges, the opportunity to return to the country was always welcomed.

"General Lee, in later life, was fond of describing the ardor with which, as a youth, he engaged in open-air sports; how he passed many hours in the chase, not infrequently on



GENERAL ROBERT E. LEE.

foot, and yet without fatigue, as he had become so inured to every form of rough exertion; how he acquired skill in horsemanship, which stood him in such stead as a soldier, by constant exercise on horseback unmindful of the weather; and how he cultivated an eye for topography by exploring field, wood, and stream. Doubtless by these early diversions he increased that natural vigor of constitution which enabled him, in the vicissitudes of his military career, to bear so many hardships, and to endure so many privations without apparent detriment to his health."*

The frequent absence of his father in search of health, and of his older brother at school, threw much responsibility on Robert when he was still quite young. To him was committed the care of his invalid mother; and never did son look after a mother more tenderly. A friend quoted by his biographer said of him that, "discarding schoolboy frolics, he would hurry home from his studies to see that his mother had her daily drive; and might be seen carrying her to her carriage, affectionately arranging her cushions, and earnestly endeavoring to entertain her, and gravely asserting that, unless she was cheerful, she would derive no benefit from her airing. In her last illness, he mixed every dose of medicine she took, and he nursed her night and day. He never left her but for a short time."

This intimate companionship with his mother brought out the best that was in Robert. While he was caring for her, she was giving him a liberal education in those graces of character which combined to make him the Christian gentleman whom all who knew him loved and honored.

But he did not wait for years of maturity to show these qualities of mind and heart. In school he was the joy of his teachers, one of whom said, that "he was never behindhand in his studies; never failed in a single recitation; was perfectly observant of the rules and regulations of the institution; was gentlemanly, unobtrusive, and respectful in his deportment to his teachers and his fellow-students."

In his eighteenth year he entered West Point. His four years there were a triumph. By his integrity of character

*Alexander Bruce.

as well as his scholarship, he made a record for popularity with his comrades and with his professors. It is a tradition at the Military Academy that his record was perfect in every respect. His friends learned to expect great things of him.

Lee's first task after graduation was engineering work in Michigan, Ohio, and Illinois. At the outbreak of the Mexican War, he was a captain of engineers, to whom was committed the task of studying the country for the divisions of the army of invasion advancing under the direction of Generals Wool and Taylor. At the siege of Vera Cruz he took part in the bombardment of the castle of San Juan de Ulúa, one of the strongest fortifications on the continent. The surrender of Vera Cruz was by General Scott attributed largely to the engineering skill of Captain Lee. In later engagements he distinguished himself so greatly that on all sides words of the highest praise were spoken of him.

A glimpse of his character is given by the story that, when the City of Mexico was occupied, a company of officers after deciding that much of the credit for the successful campaign against the city was due to Captain Lee, proposed the health of the modest officer. He was found drawing a map. The officer requested him to join his companions. "The earnest worker," so the account concludes, "looked up from his labor with a calm, mild gaze, and, pointing to his instruments, shook his head. 'But,' said the officer impetuously, 'this is mere drudgery. Make some one else do it.' 'No,' was the reply, 'I am but doing my duty.'"

After the Mexican War, Captain Lee, soon made brevet colonel, was in charge of important engineering operations, superintendent of the West Point Military Academy, and leader of troops engaged against the Indians in Texas. His last important assignment for the United States was as leader of the party sent to take John Brown at Harper's Ferry. In all these tasks he was most successful.

When Virginia joined her sister States of the South in seceding from the Union, Colonel Lee felt that his duty was clear. It was not easy to take up arms against the United

States government, but he considered himself first of all a citizen of his native State. To respond to the call of the Confederacy meant ruin. His beautiful home would inevitably be destroyed. But he did not hesitate.

It has been repeatedly pointed out that a desire to retain possession of his slaves had nothing to do with the decision to fight for the South. His own slaves had already been freed, and provision had been made in the will of Mrs. Lee's father that all his slaves should be freed in 1862.

The Governor of Virginia at once appointed Colonel Lee commander of the Virginia troops. When the Confederate War Department organized the united forces, he was made military adviser of President Davis, and to his genius in directing the movements of troops, the successes of the South in the early campaigns of the war have been attributed.

Later he was appointed commander of the army which was to move against the Federal forces in Western Virginia. Early in this campaign, when a well-laid plan failed because of the unreadiness of subordinates to carry out instructions, "with characteristic generosity he omitted in his report of the operation all reflection on the officer responsible for the failure, one of the first instances of that forbearance in dealing with incompetence and even insubordination devoid of disloyalty to the cause, which he was to show at the critical moments of his military career." Of course, there was unfavorable comment on his failure, which he might have silenced by a bold and really useless attack on the Federals at Sewell's Mountain. But he would not purchase reputation at so great a cost. "I could not afford," he said, "to sacrifice the lives of five or six hundred of my people to silence public clamor."

President Davis, unmoved by the murmurings against General Lee, appointed him to other positions of responsibility. Coast defenses in Georgia and the Carolinas were constructed in such a masterly manner that the war was nearly at an end before the Federals were able to overcome the advantage gained.

In the Peninsular Campaign, when Lee was in chief com-

mand of the forces of the South, he showed the strategical ability for which he was famous. At first he was successful; later, failure followed failure. For some of these he was responsible; again, others were responsible. But the commander was the same gentlemanly soldier in time of failure as of success, ready to shoulder the blame and shield his subordinates.

At Fredericksburg still another side of the great commander's character was revealed. "Stonewall" Jackson, who was associated with him in the direction of the troops, sent to him for instructions. "Go tell General Jackson that he knows as well what to do as I," was the answer, which is called by Dr. Bruce "one of the most generous compliments ever paid by a commander to a general."

When, some time later, General Jackson was severely wounded at Chancellorsville—a battle which, it is agreed, was Lee's greatest success and marked the high tide of the Confederacy—he showed the same greatness as in the days when reproaches were being heaped upon him for his failures; for, in reply to word brought to him from General Jackson, whose left arm had been amputated, he sent a message to the wounded man that the victory was his. Later, he said of him, "He has lost his left arm, but I have lost my right."

At Gettysburg, after three days' hard fighting, the army of invasion under Lee was defeated; then his generosity was as apparent as on the field of Chancellorsville. "It is all my fault, and you must help me out of it the best you can," was his remark to General Pickett. To Jefferson Davis he wrote suggesting that some "younger and abler man" be put in his place; but the President replied that one more fit to command or who possessed more of the confidence of the army or of the reflecting men of the country could not be found.

In the last days of the Confederacy, which had been prolonged by the genius of Lee in the face of a vastly superior force of well-cared-for men, while his own were half-starved and half-clothed, the hopeless Southern troops did not falter in their loyalty to their leader. Colonel Marshall, a member

of his staff, wrote: "I can but describe his influence by saying that such was the love and veneration of the men for him, that they had come to look upon the cause as General Lee's cause, and they fought for it because they loved him. To them, he represented cause, country and all."

Lee's attitude in the supreme hour was heroic. When he might have prolonged the conflict by guerrilla warfare, and was urged to do so, he said: "No, that will not do. It must be remembered we are Christian people. We have fought this fight as long and as well as we know how. We have been defeated. For us as a Christian people there is but one course to pursue. We must accept the situation. These men must go home and plant a crop, and we must proceed to build up our country on a new basis." And when, learning that he intended to surrender, one near him remarked: "What will history say of the surrender of this army in the field?" he replied, "That is not the question. The question is, is it right? If it is right, I will take the responsibility."

The five years following the end of the war were, in many respects, the greatest of the heroic life. He gave himself to serve his State as a part of the reunited country, living at first in obscurity on a little farm, then becoming president of Washington College at Lexington, Va., where his marvelous qualities of mind and heart enabled him to render to the cause of education an unobtrusive but influential service. In the midst of his labors he died, October 12, 1870.

Loyal son of an invalid mother, loyal soldier of the Union for a generation, loyal servant of the South during the war, loyal citizen of the Union after the war, loyal servant of God through his entire life—this is the record of General Robert Edward Lee. History has given its verdict of the greatness of the man who stepped into a position of extreme danger for no other purpose than to lift from the ground where it had fallen to the sheltering branch of a tree, a little fledgeling sparrow; and who paused to speak tenderly to a wounded soldier of the victorious army of the North, who had taunted him as he rode in defeat from the field.

II

By WADE HAMPTON

We must look to the great soldiers of the past, to find fit subjects for comparison with General Lee. An English author calls Lee "the general who stands second to Wellington among the great soldiers of English blood of the present [nineteenth] century; and who, if you enlarge the field and take the world into competition, will acknowledge no superior besides Wellington and Napoleon alone."

Recognizing the justice of this criticism, as far as Napoleon, who stands alone in the art of war, is concerned, it may be questioned in the case of Wellington. Coming as it does from an English soldier, we should receive it as the highest compliment an Englishman could pay to Lee, and I am far from wishing to detract from the merits of the hero of Waterloo. But according to him full praise for his deeds, we of the South claim that our great soldier was his superior.

If we turn from Wellington to Marlborough, the other and greater soldier of English blood, we shall find his achievements surpassed also by those of Lee. . . . Thus we see that in comparing the great soldier of the South with the greatest captains to whom England, justly proud of her martial fame, has given birth, he was not only their peer but their superior. While drawing this comparison between the Confederate leader and the two foremost English soldiers, I have been forcibly struck by the resemblance he bore to them in the best traits and virtues which have been attributed to them, while he was free from the hardness of the one, and the avarice of the other.

When the "Iron Duke" died, the clergyman who delivered the sermon on the occasion of his death said: "It has caused feeling of greater delight than the rehearsal of all his victories, to be informed that those who knew him best speak of his regular, consistent and unceasing piety; of his unostentatious

but abounding charity; and tell us that he consecrated each day to God; that at the early service in the Chapel Royal, he who was no hypocrite, never did anything for a mere pretense, who scorned the very idea of deceit, was regularly, almost alone, confessing his sins, acknowledging his guilt, and entreating mercy in the beautiful words of our own Evangelical Liturgy, not for his own merits, but for the merits of that Saviour who bled and died for him."

Does not this picture of Christian devotion recall to all who knew him best, the fervent, humble piety that marked the life of Lee?

It was the remark of one to whom mankind has given the rare title of Great—Frederick of Prussia—when speaking of another extraordinary man, that "Cromwell did not deserve the surname of Great, which is due only to virtue." If this be so, as it surely should be, we shall search history in vain for one more deserving the appellation than the Christian hero who led the armies of the South. There is one other name holding a noble place in history, which is worthy to be put by the side of that of Lee, the name of one to whom our immortal chief, in his genius, his virtues, and his piety, bore a striking resemblance, that of Gustavus Adolphus, the hero of Sweden. It would be an interesting subject to trace the historical parallel between these two illustrious soldiers and to observe how strangely history sometimes repeats itself, not only in the affairs and fate of nations, but in the character of those whose actions have had a permanent influence on the world. But this discussion would lead into too wide a field, and passing reference can now alone be made to a few of the most prominent points in which these two great champions—the one of religious, and the other of civil liberty—resembled each other. Both of them possessed in the highest degree, not only all those virtues which dignify humanity, but those nobler ones which true Christianity alone can give. Both were, even by their enemies, regarded as sincere, pure, honest and pious. It will be an eternal honor to Gustavus, that he was the first who sought to strip war of some of its horrors by restraining his men from the commission of those atrocities

which too often stain the progress of an army, and by impressing on them, that they fought not for conquest, nor for pillage, nor for vengeance, but for the faith of their fathers. . . .

Great and good as was the noble Swede, we point proudly to Lee as his equal. Few indeed, and far between, are the names written on the page of history, which will live as long in the esteem, the admiration, and the affection of mankind as that of the great Virginian.*

The military career of General Lee has been traced . . . as rapidly as the subject would allow. It has been my object not to embarrass the narrative by any criticisms of my own, but to let the great actions, which marked that career through its whole progress, speak for themselves. From these actions, the verdict of history will, after all, be made up, and that verdict neither the praise of his friends, nor the censure of his enemies will be able to influence. We place him, without one doubt, before that august tribunal, feeling assured that his motives, his deeds, and his virtues, will be judged by posterity, as we, his countrymen, judge them now.

His grandeur he derived from Heaven alone,
For he was great e'er fortune made him so;
And wars, like mists that rise against the sun,
Made him but greater seem, not greater grow.

His ashes in a peaceful urn shall rest;
His name, a great example stands to show
How strangely high endeavors may be blest,
Where piety and valor jointly go.

At the close of General Lee's military service he retired quietly to private life, and though the record left by him as a private citizen is as noble as any portion of his whole career, it was, unfortunately for the South and for the world, all too brief. He lost no time in vain regrets, but set himself resolutely

* In the two sketches here presented the reader finds an admirable summary of the character and talents of the great leader of the Southern armies in the Civil War. Military details cannot, of course, be entered into here; but as given in the lives of General Lee now accessible, the story of his achievements, step by step, forms one of the most important chapters in American history.

to fulfil the duties which were before him. Offers of assistance poured in on him from all quarters; but though deeply touched by this evidence of the love entertained for him, he refused them all, saying, "My friends have offered me everything but work." He felt that it was his duty to work, and with him "Duty was the sublimest word in our language." His own tastes led him to seek absolute retirement, and, prompted by these, he was at first disposed to refuse the presidency of the Washington College. But when it was suggested to him that he could accomplish infinite good in this position, he at once determined to accept the place. Having done this, no offer of pecuniary advantage could tempt him to quit the path where duty led him. As he himself has expressed it, "I have a self-imposed task which I must accomplish. I have led the young men of the South to battle. I have seen many of them fall under my standard. I shall devote my life now to training young men to do their duty in life."

To this task he devoted himself with all the intensity of his great nature, and he was found at this post when he was summoned to the presence of that God whom he had served so long and so well. Surrounded by all that domestic affection could give, or public veneration could bestow, it was the fond hope of our people that he would long be spared to the South, to teach her sons to follow his example and emulate his virtues. But he himself felt that the wounds his heart had received were mortal. When he rallied from his first attack, and we were cheered by the hope that his precious life would be spared, a friend called to congratulate him on his convalescence, and to express the hope that his health would soon be perfectly restored. Shaking his head gravely, and placing his hand on his heart, he replied, "No; the trouble is here." The trouble was indeed there, for the sorrows, the afflictions, and the wrongs of the people he loved so well, were snapping, one by one, his heart-strings, and he fell at last, dying as truly for the South as if he had fallen in her cause on the bloodiest field he ever won in her defense. And thus he passed away from the scene of his labors and his glory, to appear at the bar of that Great Judge who alone can and will decide whether the cause in which he died was right or wrong. But though he

is no longer with us, his example, his fame, and his virtues are still left to us, and thus he is not dead.

But strew his ashes to the wind,
Whose sword or voice has served mankind.
And is he dead, whose glorious mind
Lifts thine on high?
To live in hearts we leave behind,
Is not to die.

Cromwell

By WALLACE WOOD

"THE success by which the English Revolution was crowned," writes Guizot, "has not only been permanent, but has borne a double fruit; its authors founded constitutional monarchy in England, and their descendants founded the republic of the United States. At the close of the eighteenth century France entered on the path thus opened up. Europe now rushes headlong in the same direction. The revolution that took place in Germany in the sixteenth century was religious, not political; that in France in the eighteenth was political, not religious. It was the peculiar felicity of England in the seventeenth century that the spirit of religious faith and the spirit of political liberty reigned together, and she entered upon the two revolutions at the same time."

The master spirit of this double revolution came of a good family in Huntingdon, and was born in 1599. As a child he was sent to school, then passed a short time at Cambridge, and studied law in London. As a youth, it is said, he was turbulent; but at twenty-one occurred his marriage and conversion, when he settled at Ely, and became occupied with the cares of a family and the duties of a farmer's life. He joined the Puritans, became extremely devout. His conversion made him hypochondriac and melancholy. Stories are told of the long prayers in the morning delaying his men from their work, of the midnight summons of the family physician without sufficient reason.

In 1628 he represented his borough in Parliament, and the

meager accounts of his public life at this time show him inveighing with acrimony against popery and prelacy, and defending the poor and wronged against the rich and powerful. But his political history did not really begin until the meeting of the Long Parliament in 1640, when, ranged on the side of his celebrated relative Hampden, he warmly supported all the measures that tended to disarm royalty and invest Parliament with the supreme power. No one foresaw the great future in store for him. He appeared only an ordinary country gentleman, skilled neither in intrigue nor speech, showing himself excessively zealous in his opinions, and often carried to extremes by them. He had a burly figure and ruddy face; his coat was rough and his linen not scrupulously clean; his voice was sharp and irritating, manner vehement, and he had sometimes to be called to order.

The utmost that was aimed at by the Parliament at that time was to draw to themselves more of governmental power, dreaming possibly of the triumph of Presbyterianism over the Established Church. Cromwell, vehement and zealous Puritan as he was, had higher hopes, and though no doubt wishing liberty of conscience for all, he desired the preponderance of his own special opinions. At the beginning of the strife between Charles I. and the Parliament Cromwell obtained a commission as captain of cavalry, and set about raising troops in his own county. He remarked the inferiority of the parliamentary soldiers, who were for the most part mercenaries, servingmen to the gentlemen of the royal army, and then he discovered to what force he must appeal. The chivalrous spirit was wanting, he must appeal to the religious; to fight against men of honor he must have men of religion. On this plan he began to recruit his squadrons from the ranks of the farmers, men hardy and used to labor and fatigue, who went into the war with the ardor of religious conviction. "He sought good fighting men among the godly farmers of the associated counties," and the successes which his Ironsides gained over the Royalists at Marston Moor and Naseby caused him to be named lieutenant general of all the forces.

The Parliament soon became uneasy at this position of

CROMWELL, AS MEMBER OF PARLIAMENT, AMONG HIS ROYALIST ASSOCIATES.

affairs, and tried to curtail his power, and make terms with the half-conquered king. Cromwell, secure in the favor of the army, proposed and caused to be adopted the famous Self-denying Ordinance which interdicted all members of Parliament from military charge. Yet the army could not do without Cromwell, and by a special dispensation he was allowed to keep his own. By the Self-denying Ordinance the army was rid of its grandees, remodeled, and the war pushed forward with fresh vigor.

Charles I., after the battle of Naseby, had been taken and kept a prisoner at Holmby, but continued to negotiate with both Parliament and army, hoping to destroy one by the other. The interception of a private letter, in which the king acknowledged himself as deceiving the Puritans, whom he intended to hang when he came into power, renewed hostilities, and at Pembroke, Preston, Warrington, and Wigan, victories were won by the Puritans and terminated the second civil war, Scotland submitting.

The great year 1648 showed England split into many parts: "a King not to be bargained with, a great Royalist party, a great Presbyterian party, at the head of which is London, and lastly, a headstrong, mutinous Republican and Leveling party." The army, menaced with dissolution by Parliament, raised themselves against it, and expelled over a hundred of its hostile members. "They are malignants," said Cromwell, "and the House must be purged of them. Thou wilt go with a troop of horse and a regiment of foot, and thou wilt take those men away; they may sit no longer." Col Pride, with his soldiers, surrounded the House, and when it adjourned seized the obnoxious members one by one as they passed out, and marched them off. The remainder passed the bill for the king's trial.

Then came the order for execution: "Whereas, Charles Stuart, King of England, is convicted of high treason and sentenced to have his head severed from his body, these are to will and require you to see the said sentence executed in the open street before Whitehall.—Signed, John Bradshaw, Thomas Grey, Oliver Cromwell, and fifty-six others." A deed reckoned by Carlyle as the most daring action any body of men with

clear consciences ever set themselves to do. The king was executed. Parliament proclaimed that "the people of England are hereby constituted, made, established, and confirmed to be a Commonwealth, a free state, and shall henceforth be governed as a Commonwealth, or free state, by the supreme authority of this nation, the representatives of the people in Parliament, and that without any king or House of Lords." "Forasmuch as all power is originally and in reality vested in the collective people of this nation, the free choice of their representatives, and their consent is the sole basis of a lawful government, while the end of government is the common weal." Elections were to be held every two years; the representatives were to legislate, administer, execute, yet only as the servants of the people. There was to be equality before the law; no one to serve in the army against his will; government to have no decision in matters of religion, etc.

Cromwell was chosen one of the four members of the executive council; but he had to set out immediately to quell the rebellion in Ireland. On his return he was received with enthusiasm. Parliament decreed him new honors, and gave him the palaces of Whitehall and St. James' for residences. In accepting all this the Puritan soldier was not dazzled, but continued the same simple hero. In 1650 he was called to Scotland, where Charles II. had been proclaimed king; gained the battle of Dunbar, and, marching south, that of Worcester, settled the disturbances by imposing on all sects mutual tolerance and liberty of conscience, and returned to London. Thus he "tamed savage Ireland, and subdued the haughty Scottish clans. Oliver was Scotland's friend, as he was Ireland's." His correspondence on this point is significant. The Scotch say: "The Lord General shall not limit the preachers that they must not speak against the enormities of civil power"; they object to promiscuous preaching by soldiers and laity. Cromwell retorts, "We look to ministers as helpers, and not lords over God's people." "Are ye troubled that Christ is preached?" he asks. "Truly I think he that prays and preaches best will fight best."

In April 1653 came the dissolution of Parliament. That

House being highly offended at the presumption of the army, the Lord General was compelled to do a thing which, as he said, "made the very hairs of his head to stand on end." Hastening to the House with three hundred soldiers, and the marks of violent indignation on his countenance, he entered; stamping with his foot, which was the signal for the soldiers to enter, the place was immediately filled with armed men. Addressing himself to the members "For shame," said he; "get you gone; give place to honester men; to those who will faithfully discharge their trust. You are no longer a Parliament; I tell you you are no longer a Parliament; the Lord has done with you." Sir Harry Vane exclaiming against this conduct, "Sir Harry," cried Cromwell, in a loud voice; "Oh, Sir Harry Vane; the Lord deliver me from Sir Harry Vane." He then in a violent manner reproached certain of the members by name with their vices. "It is you," continued he, "that have forced me to do this. I have sought the Lord night and day that He would rather slay me than put me upon this work." Then, pointing to the mace, "Take away that bauble!" cried he. After which, turning out all the members and clearing the hall, he ordered the doors to be locked, and, putting the key in his pocket, returned to Whitehall.

He now convened a Parliament, which consisted wholly of godly men—his enemies say "the very dregs of the fanatics," Praise God Barbone, and the rest. This Parliament met on the fourth of July, 1653, and Cromwell gave them a long and earnest discourse, with urgent references to Scripture. "Oh! if God could fill your hearts with such a spirit as Moses had, as Paul had . . . Moses could wish to die for his people; wish himself blotted out of God's book. Paul could wish himself accursed for his countrymen after the flesh," etc.

This "Little Parliament" did not succeed. Finding twenty-three thousand causes of from five to thirty years' continuance lying undecided in the Court of Chancery, they tried to abolish Chancery, and proposed to draw up a new code of law, brief and intelligible, like that of New England. All the lawyers in the land rose up against them, and they resigned. Cromwell now became Lord Protector, and governed for eight months,

assisted by a council of officers; then a new Parliament was convened by election. Four months later it was dissolved, and then for a year and a half Cromwell carried again upon his own shoulders the weight of the government. He partitioned out the country into military provinces, each under the control of a major general, who preserved order and taxed the Royalists.

Another Parliament was called. The title of king was offered and refused. In 1657 he was officially installed Protector, and one year later he fell ill and died.

"The vigor of Cromwell's government in a great measure legitimized his usurpation." In the interior he established liberty of conscience, reorganized the administration, finances, and education, protected civil liberty, and prevented the exclusive domination of any party. His foreign policy was not without glory, and turned to the advantage of England. He terminated advantageously the war against Holland, raised the English navy to a high position, made alliance with Mazarin against Spain, and gained Dunkerque. It was under Cromwell that Admiral Blake vanquished Van Tromp and De Ruyter and floated English vessels in waters never before penetrated. He told the Dutch envoys that God had decided against them; that nothing remained for them but to join the mighty English Commonwealth, and in conjunction with it spread abroad the kingdom of God, and set other nations free from their tyrants.

Of the character of Cromwell it has been the fashion to say that he has merited both the reproaches and the eulogies that have been heaped upon him; that he was a strange genius, a complex character where despotism found itself strangely mingled with love of liberty, ambition with simplicity, and tolerance with fanaticism, etc. After reading Carlyle's "Letters and Speeches," it is impossible not to agree with M. Taine, when he says: "Cromwell (with the Puritans) comes out of the trial reformed and renewed. We had seen clearly that he was not simply an ambitious man, a vulgar hypocrite; but we thought of him as a wrangler and a fanatic. We considered the Puritans as sad fools, with narrow and scrupulous brains. Let us leave these worldly ideas and try to enter into their souls. We shall find there a grand sentiment. 'Am I a just man? And if

God, who is perfect justice, should judge me at this moment, what judgment would He pass upon me?' Here is the original idea which made the Puritans, and by them the English Revolution. We mock at a revolution made on account of surplice and chasuble; but there was a sentiment of the divine under these disputes about vestments. To these poor men, farmers and shopkeepers, earnest believers in a sublime and terrible God, this was a greater thing than the manner of adoring Him."

Cromwell's secret is that of Moses and Mahomet, and one which can only be defined as a *nearness to God*. This appears in every word that he speaks, and in his letters upon every page. Writing from Naseby, he says: "When I saw the enemy draw up and march in gallant order toward us, and we a company of poor ignorant men, seeking our order of battle—I could not but smile out to God in praises, in assurance of victory, because God would of all things that are not bring to naught things that were." His battle cry was "The Lord of Hosts." And again he writes: "This is the Lord's doing, and it is marvelous in our eyes." And again: "Let us look to Providences a little, surely they mean somewhat, they hang so together. Malice, swollen malice against God's people, now called 'saints,' to root out their name; and yet they, the poor saints, getting arms, and therein blessed with defense and more." "Who acts if he resolve not through God to be willing to part with all?"

Earnestness has its degrees; but the degree of Cromwell's was supreme. He was too earnest even to be ambitious. "He goes furthest who knows not whither he is going," was his apothegm, a saying for which Cardinal Retz declared him a fool. Sanford says: "It is the preference for mixed and limited government to absolutism under any name that constitutes the character of Cromwell as a civil ruler." "A readiness for the duty of the hour, and no restlessness beyond it, appears to be the lesson of Cromwell's life," says Forster.

Lastly, it must be added that, like all Puritans, he was a friend to learning; that he supported the two universities "which have not given so good an account of themselves in all categories, human and divine, before or since"; at Durham he founded a college for literature and all the sciences; his son

he directed to the study of history, mathematics, and cosmography. He formed a library, drew to him men of learning, patronized painting, loved music, favored the Davenant entertainments, was tolerant in religion, regarding Catholics without ill will, yet earnestly devised the alliance of all the Protestant states.

Cromwell and the Puritans are the true heroes of England; they manifest the original and most noble characters of the English; the practical piety, the government of the conscience, the strong will and indomitable courage. They have reëstablished England.

Napoleon I.

By WALLACE WOOD

THE founder of the French Empire is the greatest personage of recent times, or at all events the individual who occupies the most conspicuous place in modern history. During a quarter of a century, in a period of revolutions and of unexampled vicissitudes, his name was associated with all public events, on the course of which he exercised an immense influence. It thus happens that the memoirs of this illustrious man are so complicated with general history, as to render them an epitome of the principal events of the times in which he flourished. This observation will be found to apply with peculiar force to the life and achievements of Napoleon I., whose biography, fully narrated, must lose its individuality and become, to a certain extent, the annals not merely of the country which was the theater of his own exploits, but of all the states of Europe and of all the leading characters concerned in their government and administration. We have here only space to indicate some of the more remarkable incidents of his marvelous career.

Napoleon Bonaparte was born at Ajaccio in Corsica on August 15, 1769, two months after the conquest of the island by the French. He was the son of Charles Bonaparte, a noble but not wealthy Corsican, by his wife Letizia Ramolino. Through the influence of the Count de Marbeuf, military governor of Corsica, he entered in 1779 the school of Brienne, from which he passed in 1784 to the military school at Paris. In

1785 he was appointed sublieutenant of a regiment of artillery. Happening to be in Corsica in 1792 he was promoted to the provisional command of a battalion of the National Guard. Proscribed by Paoli, who was then master of the island, and an ally of the English, he resided for a considerable time with his mother and sisters, first at Nice and then at Marseilles, in very straitened circumstances. He was advanced to the rank of captain in 1793, and soon afterward he received orders to suppress the Federalists of Marseilles, an undertaking which he accomplished with complete success. Nominated in the same year adjutant at the siege of Toulon, then in the possession of the English and Spaniards, he caused its surrender by capturing the fort of L'Eguillette, and was rewarded with the rank of brigadier general of artillery. Ordered in 1794 to command the artillery of the "army of Italy," he had already achieved brilliant successes when he was suspended from his functions as a suspected person, after the ninth Thermidor, in consequence of his connection with the terrorists, Robespierre the younger and Ricord. Having been placed under arrest for a short time he was recalled to Paris, and finally his name was struck off the active list.

The insurrection at Paris against the Convention, on the fifth of October, 1795, changed the situation, and Napoleon, being chosen by Barras to take the second command, secured the victory to the Convention in less than an hour of actual fighting. He obtained in recompense the grade of general of division, with the chief command of the army of the interior. In the following year he married Josephine, widow of the Viscount de Beauharnais. Within a week after his marriage he left France, in order to assume the chief command of the "army of Italy," then vanquished, disorganized, and bankrupt (March 1796). In the course of a year he completely routed the Piedmontese army and five Austrian armies, each numerically stronger than his own. Austria sued for peace, and signed the famous treaty of Campo Formio, which was by no means satisfactory to the Directory, as the victorious general had consulted his personal glory rather than the interests of the republic.

In 1798 he embarked for Egypt, took Malta and Alexandria,

gained the battle of the Pyramids, and made (1799) an expedition into Syria, which was signalized by the taking of Jaffa, of Sour, the victories of Nazareth and of Mount Tabor, and the raising of the siege of Acre. Returning to Egypt, he beat the Turks at Aboukir, and then embarked for France. On the ninth of November 1799 he brought about what is termed the Revolution of the eighteenth Brumaire, abolished the Directory, and caused himself to be appointed first consul.

The following year (1800) he placed himself at the head of the army of reserve which he had organized secretly at Dijon, crossed the Alps, gained the victories of Montebello and of Marengo, returned to Paris, and signed in succession (1801) peace with Austria, Naples, Portugal, and Russia, a secret treaty with Spain, a concordat with Pope Pius VII., and finally (1802) the treaty of Amiens with England. In the latter year a *senatus-consultum* conferred on him the title of first consul for life. The treaty of Paris with the United States, the resumption of hostilities with England, the evacuation of St. Domingo (1803), and the execution of the Duke d'Enghien (1804), were the last acts of the consulate, and an organic *senatus-consultum* (May 18) conferred on Bonaparte the title of emperor, under the name of Napoleon I. The new sovereign was consecrated at Paris by the Pope (December 2), and crowned at Milan as King of Italy in the following year (1805).

A third continental coalition was soon formed against him, but the emperor having raised the camp of Boulogne rapidly began a celebrated campaign. The capitulation of the Austrian army at Ulm, the occupation of Vienna, and, lastly, the victory of Austerlitz over the Austrians and the Russians, compelled Austria to sign the treaty of Presburg. But in the meantime the French fleet, united to that of Spain, had been destroyed by Nelson at Trafalgar. The following year (1806) Napoleon placed his brother Louis on the throne of Holland. Prussia and Russia now declared war against the emperor, whose victories of Jena and Auerstadt were followed by the conquest of Prussia, and the defeat of the Russians at Eylau and at Friedland. The treaties of Tilsit with those two powers terminated the war. Napoleon next turned his attention to Portugal and

Spain; Lisbon was occupied by a French army, and Joseph Bonaparte, proclaimed King of Spain, made his entry into Madrid. Then commenced that insurrection which was one of the chief causes of the fall of the empire. A fresh war with Austria (1809), which power, defeated at Wagram, signed the treaty of Vienna; the divorce of Napoleon and his marriage with the Archduchess Marie Louise; the reunion of Holland with the empire; the evacuation of Portugal; the renewal of hostilities with Russia; the disastrous retreat from Moscow; the sixth continental coalition; the victories of Lutzen and Dresden; the defeat of Leipzig; the invasion of France, and the admirable campaign of 1814 are the principal events of the last five years of the empire. On the thirty-first of March, 1814, the allies entered Paris, and the senate decreed that the imperial throne was vacant. Bonaparte was banished to the Isle of Elba, the sovereignty of which was granted to him in perpetuity. Making his escape in February 1815, he landed in France, made his way to Paris, and, having mustered a sufficient force, marched (July 12) to the frontiers, with the design of cutting off the English under Wellington and the Prussians, commanded by Blücher, in the vicinity of Brussels. On the fifteenth hostilities commenced near Charleroi, when the Prussians were repulsed, and Napoleon advanced to Fleurus. The next day were fought the battles of Ligny and Quatre-Bras, when the Prussians were compelled to fall back to Mont St. Guibert and the British to Waterloo. On the eighteenth the great contest was fought at Waterloo, where the French were completely defeated. Napoleon was exiled to St. Helena, where he died on the fifth of May, 1821.

It is upon a military foundation that Napoleon's fame must rest; here he forms the terminal link of a long chain: Alexander, Hannibal, Cæsar, Charlemagne, Genghis Khan, Tamerlane, Gustavus Adolphus, Turenne, Frederick II., Napoleon—the ten greatest warriors of the world. Whenever and wherever war exists, there his name will be held in honor. As a systematic slayer of men he has never been equaled.

Bismarck*

By EDWARD CARY

ON the first of April, 1815, there was born to a quiet Prussian squire of Schönhausen, in the province of Brandenburg, a son, who was destined to make the name of Bismarck more famous than that of any statesman or ruler of his time. It was the year of Waterloo. Prussia was a subordinate member of the German Bund, of which Austria, under the House of Hapsburg, was the acknowledged chief. Exhausted by the efforts it had made in the Napoleonic wars, the ruling house of Hohenzollern conformed its foreign policy to that of the Diet of Frankfort, which was the maintenance of a mild but steady inertia on the part of the Bund, believed then to be necessary to the maintenance of the "balance of power" in Europe. Little did the proprietor of Schönhausen dream that his second son was one day to convert the loosely joined, inert body of petty German states into a vast German empire, instinct with the vital force of nationality, deeply influencing, and often dominating the destinies of the continent, and strongly affecting those of the whole world.

Certainly nothing in the life of Bismarck for the first thirty years gave sign of his splendid future. He passed through the common routine of the education of his time and class, but made slight use of the opportunities it offered. It is even disputed whether the late chancellor of the German empire ever passed the state examination, which is in his country a condition precedent to public employment. In college he was famous

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only for his wild life, his numerous duels, his skill in swimming and in horsemanship, and enjoyed as well as earned the title of a "jolly student." Leaving the university, he adopted rather than practiced the profession of law, traveled frequently, took his turn in the landwehr, and gained a lieutenant's commission, but finally, at the age of twenty-four, with his elder brother, Bernhard, took charge of the family estates in Pomerania, with a residence at Kniephof. Here he succeeded in management, but led the social life of a wild country squire—a mighty hunter, a deep drinker, ready at feast or fight, known to the neighboring garrison as "the mad Bismarck." A dozen years passed in this fashion, at the end of which he won the love and the hand of the Fräulein Johanna von Putkammer, in despite of much natural reluctance on the part of her parents.

Urged by his brother, who was alone in thinking that Bismarck was "by inclination and natural disposition made for the public service, and that sooner or later he must engage in it," he secured an election to the Diet of Saxony, and as deputy went, in 1847, to the first United Diet of Prussia. He immediately took a prominent place in the front rank of the ultra-conservative party. He attacked the Radicals and even the Liberals with tremendous energy, and quickly made himself quoted for the vigor and freedom with which he announced his extreme views, and the trenchant and bitter sarcasm which he rained on his opponents. He held that nothing should be demanded of the king, and everything left to his majesty's goodness; and to the claims of a democratic orator of Berlin, he savagely declared that "all the great cities ought to be destroyed and razed to the ground as the eternal homes of revolution and constitutionalism." Of constitutionalism, which he held in great contempt, he said that it was only democracy in Sunday clothes. He had little respect and less taste for parliamentary life or methods. It was not by debate, he thundered, in one of those bursts of eloquence which occurred in his usually awkward oratory, that the decision could come between authority and revolution; "that decision will only come from God, from the God of battles, when he lets fall from his hand the iron dice of destiny."

His course won him some attention from the king, Frederick William IV. In December 1848 he was elected from Brandenburg to the Second Chamber of the German Diet under the new constitution, and showed himself still not only an extreme conservative, but an ardent partisan of the supremacy of Austria. At this time he took a passing part in journalism, and wrote for the "Kreuz Zeitung," whose motto may, more justly than would at first appear, be regarded as the one he followed through life: "With God for King and Fatherland." He sustained the ministry even in its humiliating concessions to Austria at Olmütz, and was, in May 1851, sent as first secretary of the embassy to the Diet of Frankfort, where, a few months later, he was made ambassador. He thus entered on a diplomatic career which was of immense service to him, though every instinct of his imperious and fiery mind revolted against it. Two things in his experience at Frankfort, which lasted eight years, are of special note. One was the intimate and lasting friendship which sprang up between him and the Count Gortschakoff, the future chancellor of the Russian Empire; the other was the prompt perception at which he arrived of the unfitness of Austria to be the leader of Germany, with the conviction that it was within the duty and the power of Prussia to take that post. As ambassador, with indomitable perseverance, he bent his energies to the task of undermining the Austrian influence, and instilling into the minds of the leaders of Prussia an idea of her possible future.

But his part was still relatively modest, and the interest of the record of this period of his life, for which his letters to his beloved sister, the Countess von Arnim, ten years his junior, furnish ample material, lies in the racy and piquant pictures of the diplomatic world and the actors in it. In 1858 the mind of the King of Prussia gave way, and his brother, afterward the Emperor William I., was declared prince regent.

In the change of ministry which followed, Bismarck foresaw his possible dismissal, and regarded it with his usual rude philosophy.

The "waters" on which Bismarck's ship was to set sail were to be changed; but he was far from being retired, or

allowed to retire. He was sent as ambassador to St. Petersburg, where he arrived April 1, 1859. He remained at the Russian court three years. During that time he cemented yet more closely the friendship with Gortschakoff — one of the most remarkable in the history of statecraft—and made many valuable connections with Russian leaders of politics and society. He labored earnestly to prevent Prussia from siding with Austria in the Italian war of 1859, and was incessant in his representations to his government of the necessity of a change in the relations of Prussia to the German confederation. His efforts, however, were practically in vain. Prussia failed to arm in the cause of Austria only because that power, with fatal insolence, demanded that the troops so offered should be under the command of the Austrian generals; and King William listened with interest and admiration, but without acting upon them, to the vigorous ideas of his ambassador. Bismarck fell sick and was deeply discouraged. "I seem," he wrote in January 1862, "like a sick circus rider," but he would "go on doing his duty in a homespun way." He would like to go to Paris; the "climate would suit the children better"; but "sickness comes everywhere, and misfortunes too. With God's help one withstands them, or bows in submission to His will! Locality has nothing to do with it." He had been spoken of as minister; he was "downright afraid of the post as of a cold bath."

Again Bismarck's theater of action was to be changed, but his rather somber view of his future was not to be justified. William I., now become king (January 1, 1861), had so far yielded to the views of Bismarck—with which, indeed, in this regard, he warmly united—as to place General von Roon in the war office, with orders to bring the army to the highest perfection as rapidly as possible. Bismarck was brought from Russia and sent to Paris preliminary to his appointment at the head of the ministry. In this brief interval he saw Napoleon III. at Biarritz, made a rapid journey to the south, from whence he wrote fascinating letters to his wife and sister, visited London, where he made the most lively impression, and returned to take his place as president of the ministry September 23,

From a Painting by J. Koppay

PRINCE BISMARCK AND HIS SON

1862. His aims were very clear in his own mind, but the task of their accomplishment was herculean. He proposed to himself nothing less than a united Germany under Prussia, from which Austria was to be expelled, possibly by peaceful means, probably and even preferably by force. The first step was the strengthening of the army. The chamber obstinately refused it. It was dissolved, and the work went on without its sanction. The minister was intensely unpopular, and was bitterly denounced for usurpation. He foresaw possible revolution as a consequence of his action, but he did not shrink. He only hastened the events which were to make revolution impossible. He strengthened himself on the side of Russia by a cruel offer of aid in crushing Poland, and in return obtained Russian neutrality in his plan for the dismemberment of Denmark. In this he enlisted Austria, and the two powers seized the duchies of Schleswig and Holstein under the sanction of the German Diet, for the professed purpose of securing satisfaction for the German elements in the population. But Austria had no sooner assumed her share of the joint occupation and administration than Bismarck proceeded to pick a quarrel with her, and to come to an understanding not only with her natural enemy, Italy, but with Napoleon III., her natural ally. Space does not allow the tracing of the complex and crafty negotiations by which the French emperor was induced to withhold his hand. Bismarck's course was astute and unscrupulous. In June 1866 the emperor's intimates at Paris were discussing what should be claimed of one and the other party to the impending war to aggrandize France. On the second of July Bismarck wrote to his wife from the bloody field of Gitschin: "The ground is still heaped up with corpses, horses, and arms. Our victories are much greater than we thought. . . . Send me some French romances to read, but not more than one at a time."

The "French romance" which he had read completely, and to which he had furnished the prodigious *dénouement*, was the one in which Napoleon III. had dreamed of a Europe in which his word should be decisive, and in which Bismarck had been pictured as a "wild diplomat," who could be made useful to France. The "Seven Days' War" closed before the fortress of

Königgrätz; Austria was expelled from the Bund; Hanover, Hesse-Cassel, Nassau, Hesse-Homburg, the duchies of Schleswig-Holstein, the free city of Frankfort, and the principality of Hohenzollern were joined to Prussia, while the remaining states of Germany were embraced in the "North German Confederation," of the armies of which Prussia was to have the command. The instrument was finally ratified on the sixteenth of April, 1867.

The next three years were devoted by Bismarck, who became chancellor of the confederation, to consolidating its powers at home and adjusting its relations abroad. France, under the guidance of the emperor, was bitterly disappointed, chagrined, and sullen. Bismarck foresaw that the necessities of the emperor would impel him to seek a foreign war, and strove, on the one hand, to win him to some sort of understanding which should turn his armies away from Germany, and, on the other, to prepare for the worst if war must come. His efforts in the first direction failed; in the second they were supremely successful. The splendid triumph of his policy with reference to the confederation had given him something like autocratic power, and every particle of it was devoted to perfecting the army, under the sagacious lead of Von Roon and Von Moltke.

In 1870, Napoleon, sore pressed by the "party of action," and desperate at his failure to win to his support the Liberals, whom he had sought to conciliate by the constitutional changes made through the Ollivier ministry, seized upon the incident of the nomination to the throne of Spain of Prince Leopold of Hohenzollern to make demands on Germany, which were repelled, and followed by a declaration of war. It has been often asserted that Bismarck entrapped the emperor into this quarrel. The public records do not sustain the statement. If he did so, he had the consummate art to make every authentic document support the opposite view. The weight of testimony is that Napoleon rushed blindly upon his fate, deceived by his advisers, more deeply deceived by himself.

Bismarck accompanied the armies to the field, and for many months the government of Germany was guided from the headquarters of the king. The result is fresh in the minds of our

readers. Bismarck's "instrument," as he had called the army, worked to the amazement and admiration of the world. In January 1871 Napoleon was a prisoner in Wilhelmshohe; the best army of France was locked in Metz; Paris was prostrate under the German guns; and King William (January 18th), in the stately palace of Versailles, assumed the title of Emperor of Germany. In the next month the preliminaries were signed of that treaty which gave Alsace and Lorraine to the new empire and poured a thousand millions of dollars into the German treasury. Bismarck was made a prince, and, naturally, chancellor of the German Empire, while he retained his position as first minister of Prussia.

The years that followed the great war, by the fiery trials of which the various and varying elements of German nationality were roughly but incompletely fused, were nearly twice as many as those of Bismarck's previous career, but they did not strengthen, they hardly sustained, his reputation as a statesman. Two great problems presented themselves urgently—the consolidation of the imperial political system, and the maintenance of the power and influence of the empire in Europe. With the second the prince was able to deal, for there was no one in public life in any country who was nearly equal to him in force, in foresight, or in the skillful handling of individual men. Slowly and gradually, but with increasing success, he established the position of Germany as practically the arbiter of Europe. He limited her function to the preservation of the peace, but he assumed that that function involved her possession of the best and strongest army that her resources could supply and the most effective alliances that she could form. The first "triple alliance," as it was commonly called, was the fruit of that masterly policy by which Russia had been prevented from interfering in the struggle with France, and it was not until the influence of Bismarck had begun to wane that any serious approaches were made between the republic and Russia. This alliance was followed by the replacement of Russia by Italy, which was the only alternative after Russia became "impossible" It was a much weaker combination, and there is evidence that Bismarck would have preferred to keep Russia as an ally,

and take Italy as an enemy and an ally of France, had he been allowed his choice.

In the course of his efforts to consolidate the political system of Germany, Bismarck came in conflict with the papacy through the reactionary and separatist sentiment of the German Catholics fostered and guided by the priesthood. This end to the famous *Kulturkampf*—an attempt by law to diminish the power of the priesthood by restricting the privileges of the pope, and extending those of the imperial government in the organization of the higher offices of the church in Germany. It was a long and heated struggle, lasting from 1872 to 1886, but in the end, by the concessions of the latter year, Bismarck was substantially defeated. The almost passive but unyielding resistance of the church was, in the long run, invincible to the aggressive and arbitrary methods he employed.

Nor did the great chancellor succeed in forming any permanent party in the imperial legislature on which he could rely. He gained his points, when he did gain them, by a series of shifting combinations; one section after another acting now in his support, and now against him. The one thing that he accomplished was the steady development of the military force of the empire, though he failed to maintain that complete executive control of the treasury as to this object, which was one of the cardinal points of his policy, and several times he brought Europe to the very verge of war to force his army measures through. Meanwhile his strength in the Reichstag was in great part secured by the adoption of a protective tariff, which hampered the development of the national resources, and ultimately became a source of grave political weakness. He also undertook a system of colonial expansion in the South Pacific and in Africa, by which he hoped to turn the tide of German emigration, stimulated by the intolerable exactions of the military system, to lands where the German flag should cover and the German government control the young men who would not remain at home. It has been a very costly experiment.

After the death of the old Emperor William there was a belief that Bismarck would not retain his full influence with Frederick, the successor, whose inclinations were known to be

toward a much more liberal policy. But Frederick's premature death brought disaster to the prince from quite different causes. The present emperor, quite as absolute as Bismarck's ideal required, did not see in Bismarck the safest, much less the sole, guide for the exercise of his power. He had ideas of his own, particularly with reference to winning the affection of the laboring classes and binding them to the throne, which the prince could neither restrain, modify, nor tolerate. After the curious defeat of the government in the elections of February 1890, Bismarck offered his resignation. Possibly to his surprise, and certainly to his deep chagrin, it was accepted as brusquely as it had been tendered. He retired to his estate at Varzin. He soon reëntered public life as a member of the Reichstag, but his course was almost without influence upon the great empire he had, in one sense, created. It was one of peevish opposition, sometimes coming sadly near to being unpatriotic. He soon withdrew to private life almost wholly, and died at Friedrichsruh, on July 30, 1898.

It is impossible to doubt that he will pass into history as by far the greatest of his class of public men in his time, or of the nineteenth century in Europe. His private life, the purity and tenderness of his family relations, his simple and unaffected piety, will always redeem in part what there was cruel and even monstrous in his public ideas and actions. His monument is United Germany.

Robert Fulton

By FREDERICK G. HARRISON

ROBERT FULTON, whose genius first gave a practical value to the wonderful power of steam as a propelling force, was born at Little Britain, Pa., in the year 1765. During his boyhood he exhibited many proofs of his inventive powers, as in the manufacture of pencils with which he made mechanical drawings of actual merit when but ten years of age; and in the contrivance of a set of paddle wheels with which to impel his boat while fishing. In fact this practical bent of his mind interfered to some extent with his studies. He found more pleasure in the workshop than in school. He also began early to develop a talent for painting, and in the exercise of this art he first found the means of providing for his own support. Having made considerable progress in his chosen profession, he went to Philadelphia in 1782, and for four years found ample employment as a painter of landscapes and miniatures, and mechanical draughtsman. By the time he was twenty-one he was able to provide for his widowed mother a comfortable home for her declining years.

In 1786, after a severe illness, he sailed for England, bearing letters of introduction to his famous fellow-countryman, Benjamin West, and for several years he remained the guest and pupil of that eminent artist. But painting was only a means for gaining a livelihood. He found his chief enjoyment in mechanical and scientific investigations, and he felt that in those fields alone he could exercise his highest talents. While making a tour of the art galleries of England he made the ac-

quaintance of the Duke of Bridgewater, a nobleman deeply interested in the improvement of inland navigation. It was through his influence that Fulton was finally induced to abandon the pursuit of art, except as a means of recreation, and to become a civil engineer. He took up his residence in Birmingham, where he became acquainted with Watt, who had just perfected his steam engine. He engaged in the construction of canals and other public works, and invented a number of mechanical contrivances of considerable value. For his suggestions concerning the improvement of canals he received the thanks of two learned societies, and he published a treatise on this subject in London in 1796.

In this latter year Fulton left England and went to France for the purpose of securing patents in that country for his inventions, chief among which, so far, was his inclined plane for transferring canal boats to different levels. His stay in France extended to a period of seven years, during which time he was an inmate of the family of the American poet and statesman, Joel Barlow. Much of his time was now devoted to the study of chemistry, physics, and the higher mathematics, and he also acquired a knowledge of several modern languages. In 1800 he projected the first panorama ever exhibited in Paris.

In 1797 Fulton began a series of experiments on submarine torpedoes, and in 1800 constructed a "diving boat," in which he was able to remain for several hours at a considerable depth under water, and manage the boat in that position with ease. He exhibited his contrivance for the destruction of vessels by submarine explosion to the English and French governments, demonstrating the practical value of his invention by actually blowing to pieces several old vessels which were placed at his disposal for that purpose. He was unsuccessful, however, in interesting either of these governments in his invention to a sufficient degree to be of any pecuniary benefit to himself, probably on account of his patriotic refusal to allow either of these foreign nations the exclusive right to use so powerful an engine of warfare.

During these years he was pondering upon the subject of steam navigation. Many persons, both in Europe and America,

had experimented in this line, some of whom had succeeded in propelling vessels at a low rate of speed, and notable among these was the unfortunate Fitch, who had constructed a stern-wheel steamboat which made regular trips between Philadelphia and Burlington in the year 1790. Fitch enjoyed, by the act of the legislature of New York, the exclusive right to navigate the waters of that state by steam, and after his death in 1798 this right was granted by a new act to Robert R. Livingston, first chancellor of the State of New York. The name of this distinguished man will ever be associated with that of Fulton in connection with the greatest benefaction to the human race since the invention of printing. Livingston was interested in the works of Fitch and other inventors of steam vessels, and was possessed of ample wealth with which to prosecute his experiments. In 1801 he went to France as American minister and there met Fulton, with whom he quickly determined to co-operate. The genius of the mechanic, aided by the liberality of the statesman, triumphed over the obstacles which had hitherto thwarted the ingenious designs of so many inventors. Fulton's first steamboat was constructed in 1803, and made successful trips on the river Seine. It was, however, rather flimsily built and sank during the first trial, and Fulton's personal labors in repairing the damages were fatal to his health.

Fulton returned to America in 1806, after an absence from his native country of twenty years, and at once began the construction of the "Clermont," named in honor of Livingston's country seat on the Hudson. Her engine was built in England. This pioneer of steam navigation was completed in August 1807, and at once began making regular trips between New York and Albany. The success of the enterprise was complete and permanent. During his lifetime Fulton held the monopoly, transferred to him by Livingston, of the steamboat traffic on the Hudson; but he was subjected to a vexatious series of lawsuits in defense of his rights against ambitious and unscrupulous rivals. After his death this monopoly was declared unconstitutional, and, in consequence, his family, to whom he left little else, fell into very reduced circumstances.

He built, besides the "Clermont," many other vessels for

service on the Hudson and Long Island Sound. His first steam ferryboat, built in 1812, connected New York and Jersey City. The next year two boats were built to run between New York and Brooklyn. In 1811 the first steamboat appeared on the Mississippi built from his plans, and the rapid multiplication of similar craft on all the inland waters of the Union was almost phenomenal. He also continued his experiments with torpedoes, receiving some little aid from the government, but he was not destined to achieve any great success in that line, nor did he live to see the completion of his steam frigate, "Fulton the First," which was launched in 1814, its construction being authorized by Congress for the defense of the harbor of New York.

Robert Fulton was married, in 1808, to a niece of Chancellor Livingston. He was a kind husband and father, a genial host, and bore a character above reproach. His death, which occurred on the twenty-fourth of February 1815, as the result of imprudent exposure, was universally regretted, and his obsequies were marked by a degree of pomp rarely accorded to a private citizen.

Samuel Finley Breese Morse

By FREDERICK G. HARRISON

SAMUEL FINLEY BREESE MORSE was born close by the battle ground of Bunker Hill, in Charlestown, Mass., April 27, 1791. He was the son of a Congregational preacher of eminence, and received his education at Andover and Yale. He had a natural talent for portraiture, and while at college he earned considerable money by painting miniatures for the students. He graduated in 1810. He had at this time formed no definite plans for the future, but was possessed of an intense ambition to become a painter. He had hitherto received little or no instruction in art; but a year later his father was able, by rigid economy, to provide the means to send him to Europe, under the tutorship of the celebrated artist, Washington Allston. For about five years he continued his studies in London, under the guidance of Allston and West, and made creditable progress. He was also fortunate in obtaining admission to the society of many of the leading artists and literary men of the great city. His paintings received favorable comment; and, to his surprise, a model in clay of the "Dying Hercules" gained for him a gold medal from the Society of Arts. He returned to America in 1815.

He was now obliged to rely upon the products of his brush for his support. He fitted up a studio in Boston, where his pictures were admired, but not bought; but he met with fair success as a portrait painter. About this time he devised, in connection with a brother, certain important improvements in pumps, and realized something from their manufacture and

sale. He also traveled through Vermont and New Hampshire, making portraits, and soon acquiring celebrity in his profession. At Concord he met with the lady to whom, after making a professional trip to the South, he was married in 1818. He made two other trips as far south as Charleston, and received more orders than he could attend to. Among his sitters at Washington was President Monroe, whose portrait he painted for the city of Charleston.

In 1820 he removed with his family to New Haven, where he exercised his inventive faculties, in his hours of leisure, upon a machine for cutting marble. In 1823, after a short residence at Albany, he established his permanent business headquarters at New York, opening a store on Broadway. In the following year, having been disappointed in the matter of an expected appointment as attaché to the Mexican legation, he again made an artistic tour of New England. In 1825 he painted the portrait of Lafayette for the city of New York. His wife died in the same year. In 1826 he became president of the National Academy of Design, which office he held for nineteen years. Long before the expiration of that period he had forever abandoned art as a profession, and had devoted himself to the investigation of electricity and magnetism, the results of which were to immortalize his name and place it alongside that of Benjamin Franklin. His interest in the subject dated back to his college days; but it was not until about 1826 that he began to think deeply upon it. From 1829 until 1832 he was in Europe, chiefly in Rome and Paris, engaged partly in the study of the old masters, and partly in learning the views of eminent scientific men upon the possibility of conveying intelligence by electricity; for he was not alone in his search. It was on his return voyage that he caught at the sublime idea in advance of any of his competitors.

In October 1832, on board the ship "Sully," a conversation took place upon the subject of electricity, in the course of which it flashed upon Mr. Morse's mind, that since, as was stated, the electric current could be made to manifest its presence instantly at any point in a wire circuit, such manifestations could be used to transmit intelligence. He not only expressed himself to

this effect, but at once began the construction of instruments to prove the truth of his proposition. Drawings were made, and exhibited to the passengers on the "Sully," and the set of signals invented, now known as the Morse alphabet, the telegraphic language of the world to-day.

Hardly had he set foot on shore before he hastened to inform his two brothers of his invention. He was without money his European trip having exhausted his resources. In a little room, furnished by the brothers, he established his workshop. His life for the twelve succeeding years was a constant struggle against disappointment of every kind. At times he was actually reduced to a state of destitution. He had hoped to provide for his needs by painting a large historical piece in the Capitol at Washington; but his failure to receive the desired commission sems to have destroyed all his old artistic ambition, his further efforts in that direction being limited to desultory portrait painting or occasional instruction in art, simply as a means of keeping the wolf from the door. By the year 1835 he had so far perfected his invention that he transmitted messages through a half mile of wire suspended around his room. Two years later he took steps to secure a patent, and made formal application to Congress for a sum of money sufficient to enable him to construct an experimental outdoor line. In January 1838 he publicly exhibited his apparatus, establishing communication through ten miles of wire, and demonstrating the feasibility of doing the same with a wire of any desired length. In the same year he went to Europe, and succeeded in attracting very favorable notice from many distinguished persons; but he failed to obtain a patent in England, and the patent which he received in France proved to be of no value to him.

In this country Mr. Morse was very generally regarded as a crack-brained enthusiast, and his invention as a scientific toy upon which it was not worth while to spend the public money. The four years which followed upon his return to America marked the lowest point in the fortunes of this great inventor. The insensibility of the people to his wonderful achievement was astounding.

At length the tide turned. He had petitioned Congress

time and time again for assistance, without success; but on February 23, 1843, a bill passed the House of Representatives making the desired appropriation. It was so near the close of the session that Mr. Morse despaired of its passage by the Senate; but his despair was turned to joy, when he learned on the morning of the fourth of March that his bill had passed, the last enactment before the expiration of the Twenty-seventh Congress, and that he had $30,000 at his disposal for the construction of a line from Washington to Baltimore. This line was completed in the following year, and one of the first messages announced the nomination of Mr. Polk for the presidency. While in Europe Mr. Morse had met Daguerre, and learned his newly invented process, and on his return to America he constructed a camera, and had the honor of being the first to make a sun picture in the United States. As early as 1842 he had made successful experiments in submarine telegraphy in New York Harbor.

Although he was now reasonably sure of final success, he was yet for several years burdened by lawsuits with persons who attempted to deprive him of the honor and profit so justly his due; and it was some time before he was able to induce capitalists to purchase rights to construct lines of telegraph, the government having declined to assume ownership in connection with the post office department. Wheatstone in England, and Steinhill in Germany, reaped the reward of their labors more quickly than did Professor Morse; in both these countries lines of electric telegraph were in active operation before the electro-magnetic line between Baltimore and Washington was begun; but the European telegraphic systems were much more complicated than the Morse system and made no legible record of their messages. At length, however, fortune smiled upon Morse also, and for once we see an inventor enjoying, in his own lifetime, both honor and pecuniary benefit. In 1847 he purchased an estate at Poughkeepsie, and here the long homeless father and his scattered children were once more united in domestic comfort. Mr. Morse remarried in 1848.

High honors were conferred upon him by almost every nation on the globe. No American citizen before his time ever received such distinguished notice from foreign governments.

Medals, decorations, orders of knighthood, were given without stint to the modest man who could rarely be prevailed upon to display his insignia. In 1856 he visited Europe and was entertained by the King of Denmark, the Emperor of Russia, and a long list of royal and noble personages, as well as by learned societies and civic bodies. In 1857 he went to England in the interest of the Atlantic Telegraph Company, of which he was the electrician until it passed into English hands. He crossed the Atlantic again in 1858, and upon landing in England he was greeted with the intelligence of the successful completion of the cable. He at once prophesied its speedy failure owing to its imperfect construction, and a few days' trial proved the correctness of his opinion. In this year the leading continental governments united in presenting Professor Morse with a purse of 400,000 francs, in recognition of his eminent service to mankind. The winter was spent with a married daughter in the West Indies, and he returned home in 1859.

His last voyage to Europe was made in 1866, and his visit was extended to about two years. The rest of his long life was passed in well-earned ease and comfort. In 1871, being then eighty years of age, he had the peculiar honor to witness the unveiling of his own statue in Central Park, New York. Upon the evening of the same day, the tenth of June, a great gathering was held at the Academy of Music. A wire had been brought into the building by which telegraphic connection was established with all the leading cities of Europe and America. The instrument on the platform was the one he had used during his early experiments, in want and adversity. To the four corners of the earth flashed the message, "Peace on earth, good will to men"; and when the venerable man, with his own hand, signalled his signature, S. F. B. Morse, the thunders of applause betokened the estimation in which he was held by his fellow-citizens. Mr. Morse was very benevolent; was the author of several books, and never lost his keen artistic sense and love for the beautiful. He was last seen in public January 17, 1872, at the dedication of the Franklin statue near the New York City Hall. After that his health declined rapidly, and he died on the second of April.

Elias Howe

By FREDERICK G. HARRISON

THE truth of the old saying, that "necessity is the mother of invention," is, in one sense at least, strikingly illustrated in the achievement which brought both fame and fortune to Elias Howe, a man whose abilities as a mechanic, and whose inventive genius were by no means extraordinary, and were only evoked by the stress of circumstances seemingly fortuitous. He was a native of Spencer, Mass., and was born on the eighth of July, 1819. He began to work when a mere child, being employed at home, with other members of the family, in sticking wire teeth into the strips of leather which constitute the cards used in cotton and woolen manufactories. When he grew older he assisted his father in the mill and on the farm, and in winter went to the district school. At eleven he went to "live out" with a neighbor, but he was not sufficiently strong to endure the toil of farming, and returned home at the end of about a year. In 1835 he went to Lowell, and found employment in a cotton factory, earning about fifty cents a day, until the panic of 1837 closed the mill, when he made his way to Cambridge, and was for a short time a fellow-workman in a machine shop, and a roommate of his cousin, Nathaniel P. Banks. He presently found a situation more to his taste with a Boston machinist, with whom he remained for several years. He one day overheard a conversation in which one of the speakers, a man of wealth, made the remark that he would guarantee an independent fortune to the man who would invent a machine for sewing. It made no impression upon him at the

time, and soon passed from his recollection. In 1840 he arrived at man's estate, and being in receipt of an income of $9 a week he took a wife. In process of time he made the inevitable discovery that his earnings, which had sufficed for his own moderate needs, were all too small to meet the demands of a growing family. His work, too, was very fatiguing and began to undermine his health. One evening, when he had returned to his home pretty well discouraged, he chanced to observe that his wife, with willing though weary fingers, was busily plying her needle. At once the remark about a machine to lighten the toil of the seamstress recurred to him; he seemed to see an opportunity to better his condition, and he determined to seize upon it. The idea took possession of his mind; every moment of spare time was given to thought and experiment, and at length he neglected his business entirely and left the shop. His father, who was now living in Cambridge, made room for him and his family in his garret, and so Elias was once more literally under the paternal roof. In Cambridge there also lived an old schoolmate of his, named Fisher, who had thus far met with better success in life than he, and many conversations took place between them upon the subject which engrossed Howe's mind. After a while Fisher agreed to provide a home for Howe and his family, and to advance $500, or more if necessary, for the purchase of the requisite tools and materials, in return for which he was to receive a half interest in the invention. With this opportune aid, and his father's attic for a workshop, Elias Howe continued his experiments with enthusiasm, heedless of ridicule.

It must not be supposed that Howe was the only person who had up to this time sought to devise a machine for sewing. Many attempts, some of them fairly successful, had been made in England, in France, and even in our own country. Thomas Saint patented a machine in England in 1790, designed chiefly for stitching leather, which contained, in embryo, some of the features of the modern sewing machine; but it was a clumsy affair, using a single thread, and soon fell into disuse. The Watts, the Cartwrights, and Davys of England seemed to think it scarce worth their while to exercise their inventive powers in

so commonplace an art as needlework. In France Barthelemy Thimonier received letters patent in 1830, for a crocheting machine which could be used for sewing, and which was somewhat more practical than Saint's device. In 1841, just about the time when Howe's interest in the subject was awakened, eighty of these machines were in actual use in the city of Paris, for the manufacture of army clothes; but a mob of workmen, in their ignorant opposition to labor-saving machinery, destroyed them all, and nearly took the life of the unfortunate inventor. He nevertheless continued to make improvements; but fortune was strangely against him; he suffered from a second mob, in 1848, and his invention attracted little or no attention when exhibited at the World's Fair at London in 1851, although Howe's machine was by that time known on both sides of the water. Thimonier died in poverty in 1857. English indifference and French prejudice conspired to leave the way clear for American ingenuity and enterprise, to which the world is indebted for the sewing machine.

In the United States several persons were engaged simultaneously with Howe in endeavoring to solve the interesting problem; but all, according to the best testimony, unknown to him, and some among them received patents which antedate his. B. W. Bean, in 1843, patented a machine which made a running stitch, similar to hand work, and which was introduced into England, and extensively used there for basting. It was not until 1844 that Howe, after several years of fruitless experimenting, hit upon the true principles of the sewing machine, a needle grooved and eyed at the point, and two interlocking threads, and it detracts in no measure from his credit that essentially the same principles were embodied in a machine constructed ten years previously by Walter Hunt of New York. This gentleman, whose talents as an inventor were far greater than those of Howe, lacked the energy of the latter, and he laid aside this most valuable of his contrivances, as practically useless. Howe completed his first machine—crude indeed when compared with the perfected wonders of the present day—in May 1845, and in July of that year he made upon it two complete suits of clothes, sewed more strongly than the work of

any tailor, one of which was worn by himself, and the other by his partner. Some improvements were made, and the invention was patented in the United States on the tenth of September, 1846.

Great was the rejoicing of the partners over their success; but their joy was quickly turned to mourning, for upon attempting to introduce his machine to the public, Howe encountered obstacles which were for a time insurmountable. With the appliances for manufacture then available, the machines cost about $250 each, a sum which effectually prevented their use in families, and the tailors rejected it, owing to the prejudices of their workmen. Fisher, whose single suit of clothes had cost him about $2,000, now lost confidence entirely, and refused to incur any further risks, so Howe was obliged to return again to his father's attic, and found employment as a railroad engineer, a position for which he was ill-fitted physically, and which he was soon obliged to relinquish. Finding it impossible to sell his machines in the United States or to interest capitalists in their manufacture, he determined to send one to England by his brother Amasa, who sailed with it in October 1846. He soon found a purchaser in London, William Thomas, a corset maker, who paid £50 for the machine, together with the sole right to control the manufacture in England, and agreed to pay Elias £3 a week for his services in adapting it to his business, and a royalty of £3 on each machine which might be sold. This bargain, which was perhaps as good a one as could have been made under the circumstances, ultimately proved to be quite profitable for Mr. Thomas. Amasa returned to America, and in February 1847 both brothers went to England. Elias entered the employ of Thomas, where he remained for about eight months, when the latter, feeling able to dispense with his services, grew so overbearing that Howe left him. In the meanwhile Howe's wife and three children had joined him, and he now found himself, with a family on his hands, in the great city of London, sick and nearly destitute. Many months of extreme poverty ensued. His only resource was to set about the manufacture and sale of his sewing machine, and this he did, with some little help from a charitably disposed acquaintance.

He at length succeeded in some way, it is hardly known how, in raising enough money to send his family home to America, while he himself toiled on until he had completed another machine, which he sold to a tailor for £5, though it was fully worth fifty. In payment he accepted a note which he was perforce content to discount for £4. The expenses of his own homeward journey entirely exhausted his means, so that upon landing in New York in April 1849 he had but a single half crown in his pocket. Even the remnant of his household goods, which followed him in another vessel, was lost by shipwreck on the coast of Cape Cod. Worst of all, he was met by the sad tidings of the mortal illness of his wife, and was forced to beg his passage to Cambridge, where he arrived just in time to bid her farewell; but this most cruel stroke of adverse fortune was to be the final one.

Howe now found that although capitalists had declined to purchase his invention, they had not scrupled during his absence to steal it. Now that he had discovered the prime secrets, other inventors, quick to avail themselves of the benefits of his labors, combined them with improvements of their own, and at last a demand for sewing machines was created. Having redeemed his original machine and his letters patent which he had been forced to pawn in London, he made a demand upon the infringing parties for a recognition of his rights and a proper recompense; but these rights he only obtained after several years of expensive lawsuits. He was fortunate in getting assistance from a friend, George W. Bliss, who purchased Fisher's interest, taking care, however, to further secure himself by a mortgage upon the farm of the inventor's father. In 1850 Howe began the manufacture of sewing machines in New York, and from that time his prospects began to improve. His income continued to increase rapidly, year by year, during the remainder of his short life. Foremost among his rivals was Isaac M. Singer, who by some chance succeeded in unearthing the long-forgotten remains of Hunt's machine, but Hunt was unable to reconstruct it, even after the most diligent effort, and the courts adjudged that he had forfeited his claims to any benefit from his invention, through his abandonment of them.

Elias Howe's rights were judicially confirmed in 1854, and the rival manufacturers, instead of longer continuing the expensive controversy, wisely decided to unite their interests in a combination. Mr. Howe received from this combination royalties, which enabled him in 1855 to repurchase all the rights which he had sold during his adversity, and which, by the time of the outbreak of the Civil War, had made him a millionaire. At Bridgeport, Conn., he established a large factory, and was active in raising troops and in providing means for their equipment. He volunteered himself as a private in the Seventeenth Connecticut, but his enfeebled health prevented him from remaining long in the service. His coöperation with P. T. Barnum in putting a stop to disloyal "peace" meetings is very pleasantly described by the genial showman in his autobiography. Mr. Howe lived less than a month after the expiration of his patent, September 10, 1867, dying in the city of Brooklyn, October 3rd, at the early age of forty-eight. Only a short time previously he had received the Cross of the Legion of Honor from the Emperor Napoleon. His name will ever be associated by patriotic Americans with those of Fulton, Whitney, McCormick, and the long line of famous men who have contributed to the preëminence of our country in the useful arts.

Thomas A. Edison

By JAMES BURNLEY

UNTIL within the last fifty years America did not count for much in the realm of invention. Fulton had done honor to the country by inventing an improved steamboat; but after Fulton there was a long dearth of inventors of mark. In fact many had come to the conclusion that there was nothing much left to invent, so adequately did that particular sphere seem to have been filled for them by the great labor-saving contrivances which Europe—and particularly England—had placed at the service of those who were concerned in the development of the country's manufactures and industries. In those days America was an ingenious and active adapter of the inventions of other nations, but concerned herself little with inventive problems of any magnitude. There was plenty to do to bring the new country abreast with the older nations in matters of mechanism, without its troubling itself with much else. So the years rolled on, and first in the textile branches, and then in the industries connected with iron and steel and the construction of machinery, America worked herself up and up, extending her operations year by year until in point of quality of production she came not far behind England herself. Then the busy American workers began to think for themselves somewhat, and from being mainly utilizers of other people's inventions, became inventors on their own account, and when once they set to work in this direction it was astonishing how much they accomplished in the course of a decade or two.

In the vast field of the textile manufactures they had had

so much provided ready to their hands in the great inventions of Kay, Hargreaves, Crompton, and Arkwright, that there did not appear to be much of an opening on those lines, but in the newer developments of a scientific order in which electricity was to play such a leading part, they had their opportunities with the rest of the world, and did not neglect to avail themselves of them. In the sewing machine American inventors had already shown how keenly they were alive to the smaller range of domestic inventions, and in the introduction of the typewriting machine and the originating of contrivances in aid of manufacturing processes—particularly in the handling of material and the supersession of manual labor—they achieved much that was of importance. They also got in advance of the rest of the world in the production of innumerable numbers of those smaller inventions which, without adding materially to the industrial greatness of a nation, are still of considerable service in the routine of daily life. Such articles as safety razors, potato peelers, knife sharpeners, egg beaters, carpet sweepers, and a thousand and one other odds and ends of inventive smartness—"notions," as the Americans term them—were put upon the market in rapid succession, and revealed an amount of ingenuity that seemed to foreshadow great things in the time to come. And the time did come, when bolder and more original efforts were made, and America began to be looked upon as a really important contributor to the elucidation of the mightier problems of science and invention.

In this later work of scientific evolution one name has stood out in front of the rest, and that is the name of Thomas Alva Edison, who takes precedence of other American inventors in the domain of electricity and its kindred sciences. Mr. Edison may be said to have swept almost the whole gamut of inventive effort, from cockroach killers to iron smelting, and from toy railways to kinetoscopes, and his fellow-citizens are always expecting some new inventive surprise to be sprung upon them by him. He does not simply confine himself to a solitary laboratory where he sits alone night after night, like old Faust in his studio, asking of heaven and earth to reveal to him their mysteries. He does not waste his time upon the working out of

abstruse theories, or the bringing into harmony of conflicting elements. No; he is an American, and practical from first to last, and in all that he does has a keen eye to the present utility of his labor. He is not one of the noble army of martyrs who sacrifice themselves on the altar of science; he is not solely building up mechanical wonders for the advantage of posterity; he is a man of the time, of to-day, of the present hour, and is in close touch with the workaday world at every point.

Hundreds of inventions stand in Edison's name, and a goodly proportion of them have come into use and are yielding him valuable pecuniary returns. In the estimation of his countrymen he is the great wonder-worker of the day, to whom the appellation of "wizard" or "magician" does not seem to be at all strained. So much has been written about Mr. Edison that his personality is fairly well known, even to the British public. Still, the story of his life as a whole has not been often told, and will well bear retelling at this stage, with the addition of such facts as have come to light within the last few years; for his is a character that it is instructive to study, it is so very exceptional in its main incidents, and includes some of the most striking achievements of modern inventive effort.

Mr. Edison was born in 1847, in a humble home in Ohio. It is not recorded of him that he showed any special gift of invention or anything else during his boyhood. He was smart and active and vigorous, and not over fond of school, getting along anyhow up to the age of fourteen, when he first became connected with the press in the capacity of newsboy on a railway train.

Edison, indeed, has been more interviewed and written about in the newspapers than any man of his time, probably. He seems to enjoy it, and, possessing a ready wit, and perhaps knowing the value of advertisement, is generally good game for the enterprising journalist. For a man so absorbed as he is in the work of invention, who is always engaged upon a number of serious investigations, and who has to direct and control the working of what may be styled an invention factory, in which a large staff of men of inventive ability are kept incessantly employed in carrying on experiments and perfecting schemes

of invention, it is remarkable that he should be able at any moment to lift himself out of his scientific surroundings and enter glibly into the lightest of light conversation, with all the *abandon* of irresponsible youth. As a rule he is a very accessible man, and knows what kind of stuff the people like to read. They want amusing, and he amuses them; they want new "fairy tales of science," and he supplies them; they want to be told laughable tales of his boyhood life, before he had discovered his *metier* and begun to mount the ladder, and he is pleased to relate them; they want to have their organs of wonder excited by hints of wondrous inventions that he is hatching for the revolutionizing of the world, and he is as inventive in this order of work as in the labor of his laboratory.

When, however, Mr. Edison can be induced to indulge in autobiographical reminiscences he is entertaining and happy; nothing seems to please him better than to recall the days when he was a train boy, selling newspapers, candy, books, fruit, and what not, to passengers on the Grand Trunk Railway. His run used to be from Port Huron to various points on the line. In those days Edison had not the remotest notion of ever becoming an inventor. In fact, he had never been brought into contact with inventive effort of any kind. He was a bright boy, full of "go" and fun, and sharp as a needle. The great problems of science were as yet absent from his thoughts.

It was during the Civil War that he made his start in selling newspapers, sweets, and so on. One of his main deals was when the news had been received of the battle of Pitts Landing, when he induced the editors of the Detroit "Free Press" to let him have a thousand copies of the paper for sale on the train. From newsvending he in time got to news-supplying, and possessing himself of an old press and some still older type, he managed to print a sort of an apology for a newspaper on one of the Grand Trunk cars, calling his sheet the "Grand Trunk Herald." It was an ambitious effort, and taxed both his ingenuity and his pocket a good deal; but the passengers fell in with his whim, and paid their money for the unique sheet with the greatest readiness. Thus encouraged, after a time he ventured to bring out a comic journal, which he called "Paul Pry," pub-

lishing it in the same way as his other paper, and from the same publishing house. Into the new sheet he introduced many personalities, sometimes smart, sometimes insulting, and all went smoothly until one day a subscriber took offense at something that had been said about him, and gave the editor an admonishing dip in the river. After that, one misfortune followed fast upon the heels of another, until the climax was reached by his upsetting a phosphorus bottle, which nearly set the train on fire, and led to the confiscation and destruction of the whole of his printing materials, leaving him for the moment despondent and humiliated.

Not long after this incident an event happened which proved to be the turning point of his life. He had the good fortune to rescue a railway servant's child from being run over by a locomotive, and the father, anxious to express his gratitude in some practical way, offered to teach Edison the art of telegraphy, in which the future inventor had already begun to take a lively interest. He proved to be an eager scholar, and soon mastered all there was to master in the matter of sending and receiving telegrams, and a little later on he obtained a position as telegraph operator on the railway.

From that time forward for a few years Edison led a somewhat unsettled career, being most things in turn and nothing long. Most of the time, however, he was connected in some way or other with telegraphy, and at length he made his way to Boston, tramping the whole distance from his home in Port Huron to Boston in four days and four nights. Here he was fortunate enough to obtain employment in the manager's office, and in the course of a few months made many friends, and began to show signs of the inventive genius that was within him. He applied himself resolutely to the study of science, especially electricity, remaining in Boston until he was twenty-one, when he proceeded to New York, arriving at the Empire City in an almost penniless condition. Strolling along Wall Street one day he noticed a crowd assembled near the Exchange, and pressing forward he learned that there was something amiss with the telegraphic communication. Here was an opportunity for him to show his knowledge, so he walked into the office

around which the people were collected—which was the Gold and Stock Telegraph Company—and inquired what was wrong, offering at the same time to put the apparatus in order. He was allowed to try what he could do, and, to the astonishment of the manager, he had the thing in perfect working condition in a few minutes, and, as a result, was engaged there and then as electrician at a salary of $300 a month.

He now found himself suddenly advanced to a position of comparative competence, the salary that he was drawing being far in advance of anything he had previously earned, while his work was not so arduous but that he could spare time to continue his investigations, and it was while in this employment that he brought out his first invention, which was the stock printer. This was followed up by sundry other inventions in applied electricity, and before long the company he was with made him an offer of $40,000 for his patents.

Mr. Edison makes the following reference to this period of his career: "I could have been knocked down with a feather, so astonished was I at the sum, and I concluded there must be some Wall Street trick about the thing, and thought if ever I got a cent I should be lucky. After signing the agreement I received the check and proceeded to the bank with it. I had never been in a bank before, so I hung around in order to see the methods of procedure, then took my place with a row of people at the paying teller's window. When my turn came I presented the check, and the paying teller yelled out a lot of jargon, which I failed to understand on account of my deafness. Again he roared at me, but I could not catch it, so I left my place and passed on. Sitting dismally on the steps of the bank I concluded I was fated never to see the money, and so hopeless did I become that any one might have bought that check of me for $50. However, I went back and told one of the clerks in the company's office, when he explained that the teller evidently wanted me to be identified. He then went to the bank with me, performed the ceremony, and the money was at once paid, greatly to my astonishment. In thirty days I had fully equipped a shop of my own—an investment which left me very little money."

From this point his course was one of almost unbroken success, won by hard work and intense application. Edison's first factory was at Newark, where he employed some 300 men. A few years later he established a still larger concern at Menlo Park, about twenty-four miles from New York, where he spent over $100,000 on new experimenting apparatus alone, building also a large factory, as well as a private mansion, and it is at Menlo Park that he still has his headquarters. In his earlier years at Newark and Menlo Park he devoted much time and study to the perfecting of electrical apparatus, and especially to the introduction of lamps for electric lighting. His achievements in this direction are too well known to need particularization at this stage, but the story of the discovery of his first electric lamp, which was the most practical realization in the way of electric lighting up to that time, should not be passed by. After a very long and anxious period of study, Edison, in October 1879, came to the conclusion that a carbon filament was utilizable, and so convinced was he of this that for four days and nights he refused to leave his laboratory, continuing experiment after experiment with his associate, Mr. Charles Batchelor. On the second night he seemed to be so near the consummation of his task that he said to Mr. Batchelor, "We will make a lamp before we sleep, or die in the attempt!" and on the second day after making this vow a perfect filament was secured, and when at last a lamp was finished and lighted they saw that they had accomplished a magnificent success. This was the Edison incandescent lamp which was afterward put on the market and wrought such a revolution in lighting.

For some years after this invention was evolved Edison devoted himself with rare diligence to the improvement and popularizing of the lamp, and many companies were formed for electric lighting purposes. The invention brought him much fame, and a considerable accession of fortune, but he had his detractors, who sought to prove that his discovery was no discovery at all, the principle of the electric light having been demonstrated long before, but in spite of all adverse criticism, it is generally held that his claim to being the first to perfect a system of practical electric lighting has been adequately sustained.

One of the greatest surprises of Mr. Edison's extraordinary career was the invention of the phonograph, which may be classed with the many remarkable inventions which have been more or less brought about by accident. "I was singing to the mouthpiece of a telephone," says Mr. Edison, "when the vibration of the voice sent the fine steel point into my finger. That set me thinking. If I could record the actions of the point and send the point over the same surface afterward I saw no reason why the thing would not talk. I tried the experiment first on a slip of telegraph paper, and found that the point made an alphabet. I shouted the words, 'Hello! Hello!' into the mouthpiece, ran the paper back over the steel point, and heard a faint 'Hello, Hello!' in return. I there and then determined to make a machine which would work accurately, and gave my assistants instructions, informing them of my discovery. They laughed at me. But I made them set to. That's the whole story. The phonograph, or sound recorder, is the result of the pricking of a needle."

Much remained to be done, however, before the phonograph became the instrument that it is to-day, and its final stage has probably not been reached even yet. It was a long time before the labial and dental sounds could be clearly distinguished, and the sibilants were more refractory still. It is said that Edison, in order to overcome the latter difficulty, spent from fifteen to twenty hours daily, for six or seven months on a stretch, dinning the word "spezia" into the obstinate cylinder; but in the end the instrument was brought into subjection, and the difficult word was given back to him, not in a confused lisp, but with perfect enunciation. The phonograph was first exhibited in England at the Royal Institution and then at the Crystal Palace in 1888, and at the Paris Exposition of 1889 was one of the leading sensations.

Edison has given the world many surprises since then. His work in connection with the development of electricity never stops; it is always going forward, and although many other inventors, both in America and in England, have produced, and are producing, improvements of the first importance in this direction, the field is so vast that Edison is still able to keep a

position that is all his own in the record of electrical science, as well as to form alliances with other electricians for commercial purposes.

Among his later experiments the investigations he has been making into the application of electricity to locomotion are deserving of special mention. The problem that Edison has set himself to solve is that of obtaining electrical force direct from the oxygen and carbon without the heating process which necessitates the employment of the steam engine as a producer. The realization of this dream would, indeed, be an important element in the quickening of electrical application to our railways, and on an electric railway near his factory he is making constant trials with a view to accomplishing this end. The sanguine inventor talks with the greatest coolness of our one day being able to travel at the rate of 150 miles an hour by the aid of electricity.

Mr. Edison has in recent years been the means of greatly enlarging the scope of photography, by enlisting the aid of electricity in its development, and in the various forms of "moving pictures" which have lately been exhibited under different names, his master touch has been largely to be traced. His patents for inventions connected with this class of photography are numerous, but the Supreme Court has decided against one of his main claims in the class of moving pictures. And he also aims at combining the photographic apparatus with the phonograph in an instrument called the kinetophonograph, which, if perfected, will give back sounds as well as scenes and figures. He maintains that one day it will be quite possible to reproduce not only the sound of the voices of great singers, actors, and orators, but their every look and gesture, thus enabling a famous musical or dramatic performance to become a permanent realization, capable of reproduction at any time or in any place.

In all that pertains to scientific discovery and invention Mr. Edison takes an active and participating interest. He is the coworker with, not the rival of, other inventors. Whatever new discovery of importance is made in science, mechanism, or manufactures, he immediately places himself and his "factory

in touch with, and is as eager to help in the development of other men's ideas as in those of his own creation. For instance he has done much to strengthen and render more practicable the important discovery of the Röntgen or X-rays.

Versatile and splendid as have been Mr. Edison's achievements, there remains the possibility of a crowning one. The great series of costly experiments which he has been carrying on for the conversion of low grade ore into material fit for the production of fine steel are being watched with keen interest by experts on both sides of the Atlantic.

Mr. Edison, as will have been gathered, is a man of a strong personality—a thorough American, witty, good-hearted, and, above all, hard working. He devotes himself to his laboratory and factory twelve hours a day—from seven to seven. He lives plainly, abstaining almost entirely from alcoholic drinks, smokes a great deal, and the moment his head is on the pillow he goes to sleep, and sleeps so soundly that, to use his own words, it would take a twelve-inch cannon to wake him up at any other time than that at which he has decided to wake. He is a shrewd judge of character, always selects his own assistants, and can himself work for sixty hours at a stretch if need be. Society might possibly have some charm for so genial a man as Mr. Edison, but, unfortunately, he suffers from deafness, and on that account is not able to join in the flow of conversation which otherwise he would be so well fitted to adorn. Among the many honors which have been showered upon the inventor he is most proud of the Albert gold medal awarded him by the English Society of Arts, and the three degrees of the Legion of Honor which France has accorded him.

Bernard Palissy

By OLIVER H. G. LEIGH

A RARE example of life devotion to "the duty nearest hand," and to a noble art, is found in the career of Bernard Palissy. Born in 1510, at Perigord, in France, he served his apprenticeship with glass workers, having previously learned the art of tile and earthenware-making. The conditions in which the artisan of that period wrought were more favorable to the development of art-craft than they are now. The great cathedrals and abbeys were magnets that drew to them most of the artistic genius and skilled handiwork of an age illumined at least on the material side by creations of beauty, wrought to perfection under the inspiration of pious ambition to give the best to the church, the only center of light, art, and bliss akin to that of heaven accessible to the common people.

The workingman of those days, if he had ambitions, would rove from church to church, from one great city to another, feasting his eyes on the splendors of architecture, the colored windows, the exquisite carvings in stone and wood, and the endless expressions of human genius and skill that left scarcely any spot of these edifices unadorned. Palissy caught the noble infection. He wandered through the country of the Pyrenees, staying a while here and there to indulge his fancy and gain expertness in glass painting, designing windows, and modeling images of saints. He found his pastime in the study of nature, the rocks, earths, and sands used in the making of potter's clay and glass, and the forms and coloring of the flowers. In this way he traveled as a young man all over France, gaining infi-

nitely more precious lore by his untrammeled roving commission than he could probably have gathered from university books. But his example is not wise to follow unless the disciple is sure he has the Palissy caliber.

He returned to Perigord, married and settled down on his savings and a fair trade income. In his thirty-third year he supplemented this with the salary of a government land surveyor.

A chance incident, as we lightly say, suddenly changed the peaceful current of his life. His fate appeared to him in the form of a beautiful cup or vase, of Italian workmanship, so exquisitely enameled that it haunted him day and night, dwarfing all other ambitions by maddening him with the determination to concentrate all his powers to find out the secret of making that enamel. The art was quite unknown in France.

Then began one of the stupendous struggles against adverse circumstances that seem like our nursery romances. Palissy started on experiments, a long string of them, apparently foredoomed to be failures. Gradually they wrought his splendid spirit into a fury of defiant doggedness. It was do or die with him thenceforth. He let his business go to the bad, his wife's pleadings were unheard. From pinched fare his family passed into real destitution; still the sight of their hunger and tattered clothes did not turn his purpose. It stung him into the grim courage of desperation. In smaller natures this might easily have passed the dividing line between noble crankery and semi-lunacy, but Palissy stood on the solid foundation of sound knowledge, gained at first hand by long experience, and such a man may always be trusted to keep himself well within the bounds of rational action and aim, however puzzling his course may appear to outer eyes.

For sixteen weary years Palissy agonized over the effort to make the clear enamel. To keep up the heat of his kilns he broke his furniture into firewood. It was the supreme act of consecration to his purpose. If at this point he had broken down, who knows but what the verdict of a shallow-judging posterity would have been condemnation of a heartless fool. But his hour of triumph came as he staked his last throw. Then

came compensations rich and glorious for the hero of the struggle and, happily, for the much to be pitied unwilling martyrs of his household. Palissy pottery was bought up at any price, and none could be too high for the handiwork of so exquisite an artist and so masterful a soldier of fortune. From his modest home, of late a veritable poorhouse, he was transplanted to a worthy pile of buildings for his home, workshops, and kilns, the gift of his patron, Catharine de Medici, on the spot where afterward stood the Tuileries. His future work was done, much of it, while surrounded by royalties and nobility who delighted to watch him as he fashioned the famous vases which now fetch astounding sums. In the Louvre one saloon is filled with Palissy ware. He placed his art, the once humble potter's industry, on the high level to which the immortal masters of sculpture and painting raised theirs.

The times were stormy enough without these domestic tribulations. The Reformation was in its early stage. So intellectual a man as Palissy could not live through a religious and ecclesiastical convulsion without being stirred in every fiber, a strain on his powers, taken with his long and painful labor over the enamel, which tried his endurance to the utmost. The persecuting mania that culminated in the massacre on St. Bartholomew's Day added its terrors to his multiform plagues. As a friend of the Reformers he came near losing his life more than once. The infuriated mob were for making short work of him and his factory; they stormed his workshop but he had been forewarned and was in hiding. Through the kind offices of powerful friends the king appointed Palissy maker of art figures to the queen, which mark of favor saved the man and his valued art. Goujon, the leading sculptor of France, was less fortunate, being killed while working at the carvings on the Louvre.

These and the many other momentous experiences of his troubled life were recorded by Palissy in his remarkable autobiography which, with other writings of his, is ranked among the classic works of France. He tells how he began his experiments in glazing pottery "I had no means of learning the art of pottery in any shop. I began to search for enamels without knowing of what they were composed, as a man gropes

his way in the dark. . . . I pounded all the materials I could think of. I bought a quantity of earthen pots and, breaking them to pieces, I covered them with the substances I had ground, making a note of the drugs I had used in each; then, having built a furnace to suit my fancy, I put these pieces to bake, to see if my drugs would give any color." But it was all a waste of labor in the dark. "When I had spent several years in these attempts . . . I again bought earthen vessels and, having broken them up, covered three or four hundred of the pieces with experimental enamels and carried them to a pottery, asking the potters to allow me to bake them. I was beginning to lose courage, and, as a last attempt, had gone to a glass-house with more than three hundred different samples. There was found one of these samples which became melted in four hours, which gave me such joy that I thought I had then discovered the perfection of white enamel."

He "was so foolish in those days," that as soon as he knew how to produce the white enamel he began to make earthen vessels, never having learned the trade, and then he built a glass-house furnace with his own hands, "with unspeakable toil," having to make his own masonry, mix the mortar, and draw the water for tempering it.

"I baked my ware for the first firing, but at the second . . . I had to work more than a month, night and day, to grind the materials of which I had madethis beautiful white enamel at the glass-house, and when I had ground these I covered therewith the vessels I had made; which done, I lighted my furnace at the two doors as I had seen the glassmen do; but it was unfortunate for me because, although I was six days and six nights at the furnace without ceasing to throw wood in at the two mouths, I could not make the enamel melt, and I was reduced to despair. Yet though I was exhausted with fatigue, I began to grind more material, without, however, allowing my furnace to cool.

"When I had thus mixed my enamel I was obliged to go and purchase more pots, because I had consumed all the vessels I had made, and, having covered the pots with the enamel, I put them into the furnace, still keeping up the full heat of the fire.

. . . My wood having run short I was obliged to burn the stakes from my garden fence which, being consumed, I had to burn the tables and boards of my house in order to melt my second composition. I was in such anguish as I cannot describe, for I was exhausted with the work and heat of the furnace. It was more than a month since I had a dry shirt on. Then my neighbors laughed at me and reported about the town that I burned my flooring-boards, and by such means they made me lose my credit and pass for a fool.

"Others said that I sought to coin false money, an evil report that made me shake in my shoes. I was in debt in several places. . . . No person helped me; on the contrary, they laughed at me, saying, 'Serve him right to die of hunger, for he neglects his business.'"

He then hired a potter, but had to dismiss him, paying him in clothes for lack of money. Palissy had burned and gashed his hands in pulling one furnace to pieces to build it another way. At last he reached the grand final effort. All went finely; "my enamels were good and the work sound, nevertheless an accident had happened to the furnace which spoiled all." An explosion drove a lot of stone splinters into the half-baked enamel, "fastening them all over the vases and medallions, which would otherwise have been beautiful." His creditors gathered around and wanted to buy the spoilt pieces for a trifle but, says Palissy, "because this would have been a cheapening of my credit I completely destroyed the whole of the articles and went to bed for very sadness, seeing that I had no means of supporting my family. I met with nothing but reproaches at home. My neighbors said I was a madman."

So the brave man kept pegging away, falling short of his ideal yet gradually getting nearer to it, and his wares of diverse colors brought him "some sort of a living." It also brought him infinite "labor and sadness. . . . I thought I should have passed even the doors of the grave, for in the space of ten years I had so fallen away that I could meet with no peace in my own house or do anything that was thought right." His unconquerable spirit was his only friend and stimulus. "The hope which supported me gave me such courage for my work that often-

times, to entertain persons who came to see me, I would try to laugh, although within me I felt very sad. And it has happened to me several times that having left my work, and having nothing dry upon me, I would go staggering about like one drunk with wine."

Persecution followed Palissy to the last. Good Catholic friends of influence resorted to strategy to save him from trial for heresy. They had him detained in the Bastile, to foil the base purposes of an informer who was eager for his condemnation. The king had so high a regard for his illustrious subject, now well in years and feeble, that he visited Palissy in prison. It is recorded that Henry III. addressed him thus: "I am compelled, my worthy friend, in spite of myself, to imprison you. You have now been forty-five years in the service of my mother and myself; we have allowed you to retain your religion amid fire and slaughter. Pressed as I am by the Guises and my own people, I cannot prevent them from putting you to death unless you will be converted."

The prisoner replied: "I am ready to give up the remainder of my life for the honor of God. You say you pity me; it is for me to pity you who have said 'I am compelled.' It was not spoken like a king, sire, and they are the words which neither you, nor the Guises, nor the populace shall ever make me utter. I can die!"

The king met more than his match in true majesty. Coward that he was he compromised with his shred of conscience by refusing the persecutors their coveted prey and refusing a great and noble martyr his liberty. So Palissy remained in the Bastile his presence glorified, until 1589, when he died in his eightieth year.

Gutenberg

By WALLACE WOOD

FOREMOST among our modern engines stands the press, and among all our heroes of modern industry the inventor of printing stands in the foremost rank. Gutenberg was born at Mayence in 1400 of a noble family, his true name being Hans Geinfleisch de Sulgelock. The name under which he is universally known was that of his mother's family, adopted by him on account of the political troubles of his time. In 1420, a disturbance occurring at Mayence immediately succeeding the entrance of the Emperor Frederick III., the young nobleman was forced to quit his native city, and it is generally believed that he went immediately to Strasburg; at least he was in that city in 1434, and two years later formed a partnership for the working out of certain secret processes invented by him, among which must have been nothing less than the art of printing in embryo. Five years later he was involved in a lawsuit, the papers of which are now carefully preserved in Strasburg. These are the earliest documents relative to the art of printing. It was in 1439, at Strasburg, that judgment was pronounced upon the subject of the working out of the secret process invented by Gutenberg. His associates, it appears, had been Andrew Dritzchen, of noble birth like himself, and who, like him, compromised his social position by being occupied in industrial pursuits, but a man full of enthusiasm, as were the other partners, Hans Riffe and Andrew Heilmann, all of Strasburg. In the abandoned convent of St. Arbogaste the first attempt had been made, and the works had been executed

with the greatest secrecy. There is a mention of materials and utensils, of lead, of a press, of a vice for holding the parts together, etc., and that the work should be ready for the coming fair at Aix-la-Chapelle. The wording is anything but clear, the aim seeming to be to avoid revealing to the public anything of which it ought to remain ignorant. At that epoch all industry surrounded itself with secrecy.

About 1446 he returned to Mayence, and permanently located himself there. The great expense involved in his undertakings had consumed all his means, and in 1450 he formed a new partnership with the rich goldsmith Faust, for the further exploitation of his admirable invention, and acquainted him with the results already obtained. Faust made the necessary advances, but later on introduced a third, Schaeffer, as partner or employee, and took such guarantees for the money advanced, that five years after he was able to break the connection by demanding of Gutenberg a reimbursement. The latter, unable to satisfy his demands, was forced to hand over to him his apparatus and nearly all his stock.

After the break in partnership Faust and Schaeffer continued to print, and Gutenberg, on his side, succeeded in again establishing himself in the same city, where he brought out the first printed Bible, the famous "Bible of Thirty-six Lines," begun long before with other partners at Strasburg.

His last years were passed obscurely in the midst of hard work, and unhappily in the embarrassments of poverty. In 1465 Adolphe of Nassau named him Gentleman of the Court, and gave him a small pension. Three years after this occurred his death. Nothing is known of his private life. That he married appears from the fact that in 1437 a complaint was entered against him at Strasburg by a lady of rank, claiming the fulfillment of a promise of marriage, and later her name is identified with his in the register.

The obscurity which envelops the early epoch of the history of printing is rendered more cloudy still by the precautions which the inventor and his partners took to conceal their proceedings. Their books were sold at the same high price as those executed by hand, and the rapidity with which he pro-

duced them gave rise to grave suspicions among the authorities. It was ascribed to magic, and Mephistopheles, rather than either Faust or Gutenberg, got the credit of the invention.

Still greater uncertainty exists in regard to the steps by which Gutenberg arrived at his invention. It is believed that he first printed a little vocabulary called "Catholicon," and a "Donatus Minor," on fixed wooden blocks; that he afterward employed movable wooden characters, and at last found out a way to cast these characters in metal, a process afterward perfected by Schaeffer. But it will always be difficult, perhaps impossible, to determine exactly what belongs to Gutenberg, and what to others, in the labors of so many years at Strasburg and Mayence; labors which at last brought the typographical art up to that point of perfection shown in the "Letters of Indulgence," and the "Bibles" which appeared in 1454. According to Didot, Gutenberg, in his work, probably traversed the following phases: 1. The engraving of movable letters, first in wood, then in lead, and the adjusting more or less regularly these letters for the impression. 2. The casting of the letters, clay, lead, or tin, by means of molds in sand. 3. The retouching of these characters after the casting—*sculpto fusi*. 4. The engraving of the letters on soft steel, tempering it afterward, and striking these letters in matrices of copper. 5. Molds, of which the mechanism was probably at first similar to that the ancients employed in making medallions, and which were afterward perfected by Schaeffer. 6. The composition of a siccative ink, and the preparation of leather pads by which to extend the ink over the characters. 7. The press, chief of all, the embodiment of the whole process, of which it terminates the different operations. The imagination, vividly excited in seeing for the first time entire sheets written by a single stroke of the press, as by a miracle, recognizes in this Gutenberg a mighty magician; but let into the secret by the contemplation of all these tedious stages of preparation for the final result, the reason is tempted to pronounce him a practical mechanic. De Sulgelock the nobleman becomes Gutenberg the inventor, the age of chivalry is transformed into the age of industry.

The inscription at the end of the "Catholicon of Janua," one of the most important of the works which he printed, is a sort of pious hymn in honor of the discovery of printing, and has often been cited in his praise. It commences by acts of grace, which Gutenberg, from a heart full of gratitude, renders to God and the Holy Trinity; then it declares that the execution of his book is due to the supreme direction of Him who, by a sign, renders eloquent the voices of His children, and who often reveals to the least among them that which He conceals from the most profound. "It was," adds the inscription, "in the year of the Incarnation, 1460, that this remarkable book appeared at Mayence, that celebrated city of Germany, on which the Divine clemency deigns to descend to make it shine among all the nations. It is not by the aid of the pen, the style, or the calamus, that this book has been written, but by the admirable accord of stamp and matrice, and their proportion and module."

The following are the first books printed by Gutenberg, and consequently the first ever issued from the press:—

1. A small vocabulary called "Catholicon," printed probably at Strasburg.

2. One or many editions of the "Donatus Minor," printed at Strasburg.

3. The "Letters of Indulgence," 1454–1455.

4. The "Calendar" for 1457, printed in the type of the "Bible of Thirty-six Lines."

5. The "Appeal against the Turks," which appeared in 1454, and forms six leaves in quarto.

6. The "Bible of Thirty-six Lines," three volumes in folio, printed perhaps at Strasburg.

7. The "Psalter of Mayence."

Newton

By WALLACE WOOD

THE little village of Woolsthorpe, in the county of Lincoln, was the birthplace of Newton, who was born in 1642, the year that marked the death of Galileo. His father dying previous to his birth, and his mother marrying a second time when he was three years old, he grew up under the charge of his grandmother. At the age of twelve he was sent to the public school at Grantham, and for a time was rather inattentive to his studies, and the last in his class. But one day an incident occurred which effectually roused his dormant faculties. The boy who stood above Newton in the class gave him a severe kick on the way to school, the thought of which, rankling in his breast during the morning session, induced him at the close to challenge the boy to a fight in the churchyard, and he had the good fortune to vanquish him; but, though beaten in the churchyard, the boy still stood above him in the class, and Newton determined to supplement the muscular victory by a mental triumph; and though the conflict was longer, it was, like the first, successful, and the position once gained was never lost.

Without doubt Newton's indolence arose from the fact that his health was extremely delicate, and he was already occupied with subjects more entertaining to him; for he passed all his leisure in constructing little models of known machines, and amusing contrivances for his playmates. He made a water-clock, the indicator of which was turned by a piece of wood, which rose and fell according to the force of the water. A windmill that was turned by a mouse, and a chair that was pro

pelled by the person occupying it, were others that the "sober, silent, and thinking lad" amused himself by constructing.

After three years at Grantham, his mother, now a second time a widow, returned to Woolsthorpe, and called Isaac from his school to help her in managing the little farm. But his decided tastes for study and meditation prevented him from rendering much service, and, upon the advice of an uncle, it was decided that he should prepare for Cambridge. He was at this time experimenting on the subject of the resistance of fluids—endeavoring to find out the proper form of a body which would experience the least resistance when moving in a fluid. In 1658, on the day of the great storm (the day that Cromwell died), we find the boy of sixteen determining the force of the gale, by jumping first in the direction of, and then in a direction opposed to, the wind; comparing the length of these jumps with the length of a jump made in a calm day, he computed he violence of the storm.

After a year or more of preparation he entered college, followed the mathematical lectures of Barrow, familiarized himself with the geometry of Descartes and Wallis' "Arithmetic of Infinites"; and, as a result of these studies, put to paper his discovery of the Method of Fluxions. He was also occupied with making researches on the decomposition of light, in which he detected the errors of Descartes, and established his own views on the subject.

In 1665, on account of the plague, the students at Cambridge were dismissed for a time; and it is related that while at home, seated in the garden, the fall of an apple directed his mind to the idea of the law of gravitation, which he afterward perfected, to his lasting renown. "It occurred to him that as the same power by which the apple fell to the ground was not sensibly diminished at the greatest distance from the center of the earth to which we can reach, neither at the summits of the loftiest spires, nor on the tops of the highest mountains, it might extend to the moon, and retain her in her orbit, in the same manner as it bends into a curve a stone or a cannon ball, when projected in a straight line from the surface of the earth. If the moon was thus kept in her orbit by gravitation to the

earth, or, in other words, its attraction, it was equally probable, he thought, that the planets were kept in their orbits by gravitating toward the sun."

After the reopening of the university Newton took his degrees, and in 1669 succeeded Barrow as professor of mathematics, and in his lectures exposed his theory of the composition of light and the explanation of the phenomenon of the rainbow. He had at this time constructed his reflecting telescope; but the work which added much to his reputation was his "Universal Arithmetic," probably written for his scholars, and which contains many geometrical problems solved by algebra.

On the exhibition of his telescope to the king and to the Royal Society, he was elected a member of that body, and, three years later, submitted to them his views on the Inflection and Composition of Light. During the years 1686 and 1687 he presented to the society his three volumes of the "Principia," which contained the exposition of the law of gravity, founded on Picard's measure of the earth's diameter, and to which we are to believe the fall of the apple contributed so much.

The publication of the "Principia" saw Newton's life work accomplished at the early age of forty-five. It brought him fame and riches, which he lived to enjoy forty years longer. He had already represented Cambridge in Parliament; now he was appointed warden, then master of the mint, and was elected president of the Royal Society. After he was ennobled he became a great favorite at the court of George I. He had found time, during these years of hard scientific labor, to write a "Commentary on the Apocalypse"; but it does not appear that his researches here were very valuable.

Newton was noted for generosity; and, after his fortune improved, he lived in good style, with six servants, and often gave sumptuous entertainments to his friends and foreigners, and preserved his cheerful, even temper to the day of his death, which occurred in March 1726.

"We owe to Galileo," says Brewster, "the study of the laws of gravity; those which come into play in the fall of bodies on the surface of our globe. Since the time of this great man it

has been discovered that gravity is a force inherent in the matter even of which the terrestrial globe is composed; it is known that the energy with which it is exercised depends on the distance of the body which is influenced; so that the energy increases when the distance diminishes, and decreases, on the contrary, when the distance augments.

"For example, the flattening of the two poles of the terrestrial globe, or what amounts to the same thing, the swelling of the spheroid toward the equatorial regions, causes the distance from the surface to the center of the globe to increase continually as the equator is approached. It should therefore follow, that the attraction of the earth on heavy bodies is exercised with much greater intensity at the poles than at the equator. This fact is abundantly proved by observation.

"The law which regulates this diminution of the force of gravity, when the distance of the heavy body from the center of the earth increases, is as follows:—

"To understand the law well in its simplicity, let us imagine a heavy body placed on the surface of the earth, and, consequently, distant from the center of the length of the earth's radius, or, in round numbers, 4,000 miles. Let us place it twice, three times, four times . . . ten times further away. The action of gravity on this body will be four times less at 8,000 miles; that is to say, at the second position; nine times less at the following position, sixteen times . . . a hundred times less at the consecutive distances; in such a manner that, when the distances increase, following the numbers 1, 2, 3, 4, 5 . . . 10, etc., the force of gravity diminishes in the proportion of the squares of these same numbers, or becomes 1, 4, 9, 16, 25 . . . 100 times less, and so on.

"The force of gravity is measured by the space fallen through during the first second of the body's fall. So that, if experiment shows that a body requires a second to fall from a height of sixteen feet to the surface of the earth, when it is removed to a distance double that of the terrestrial radius, it will not travel more than four feet during the first second of its fall; at a distance sixty times as great as the radius of the earth, it would not fall more than the one-twentieth part of an inch.

"This number gives precisely the measure of the diminution of the energy of terrestrial gravity on a heavy body situate in space at the mean distance of the moon.

"If, then, the earth exercises its action on bodies situated at whatever distances in space, it ought to act on the moon, and its action should be precisely equal to that which we have just calculated. Such is the question which the genius of Newton put to him, and which he solved, when he showed that the moon, in moving in its circular orbit, falls toward our earth that very quantity in a second. It is this incessant fall, combined with the centrifugal movement, which, if left to itself, would impel the moon into space, which produces the elliptical movement of our satellite in her orbit. Such is the bold generalization which served as a point of departure to the great geometer whom we have just named.

"He went farther; he penetrated more profoundly into the secrets of the sublime mechanics which rule the celestial bodies. He extended to all the bodies of our solar system this law, which is sometimes called 'the law of attraction,' but more correctly, 'the law of gravitation.'

"Newton showed, that if the planets moved round the sun, describing elliptical curves, according to the laws the discovery of which is due to Kepler, it is because that they are submitted to a constant force, located, as it were, in the sun—a force the direction of which is that of a radius vector, or a right line which joins the planet and the common focus. He showed also, that all the circumstances of the movements of the planets are well explained by supposing that the force of gravitation is gravity itself, exercised by the sun on the planets in the inverse ratio of the squares of their distances.

"Thus the same force which precipitates onto the surface of the earth bodies abandoned to themselves, is that which maintains the moon in its orbit. It is a force of similar nature, exercised by the preponderant body of the system—the sun—which also maintains the planets and the comets in their elliptical orbits, and prevents them from losing themselves in space, following the impulse with which they are animated, and thus breaking up our system."

George Stephenson

GEORGE STEPHENSON, inventor and founder of railways, the second son of Robert Stephenson, was born at Wylam, England, June 9, 1781.

His first employment was herding cows; then he became a driver to the horses working the colliery gin, and at the age of fourteen was an assistant to his father, then employed as fireman at the Dewley colliery. At fifteen he became fireman, and at seventeen "plug man" at the colliery where his father was fireman. While at this post, during his eighteenth year, he learned to read and write at a night school. In 1801 he became a brakeman at Black Callerton, and anxious to increase his earnings he mended boots in his leisure hours, becoming very expert at this work.

On November 28, 1802, he married Frances Henderson, a servant at the farm where he boarded. He then became engineman at Willington Ballast Hill, and also took up the work of cleaning and repairing clocks and watches, acquiring great skill at it.

His only son, Robert, was born on October 16, 1803, and in 1804 he removed to Killingworth, where his wife died two years later.

The greater part of 1807 he spent at Montrose, being employed as an engineman, and upon his return his prospects seemed so gloomy he thought of emigrating. His father became incapable of active work and so the burden of supporting his parents was added to his own necessities. He was drawn for the militia and in order to avoid service had to find the

money to pay for a substitute. In 1808 he took, with two other men, a contract to work the engines of the Killingworth pit. In 1812, in consequence of the great skill he showed in putting in order a Newcomen engine which failed to do the pumping work it was designed for, he was appointed "engine-wright" to the colliery at a salary of £100 a year.

Meanwhile he devoted much of his leisure to improving his scientific knowledge and his inventive genius was first applied to a safety lamp for miners. Sir Humphry Davy had, unknown to Stephenson, been working on the same subject and practically at the same time brought out his well-known safety lamp. A fierce controversy raged for several years as to whom credit was due. A national testimonial to Davy produced a testimonial to Stephenson, and he was presented with £1,000 and an address.

Stephenson had now turned his attention to steam locomotion, with which his name is permanently associated. He had seen several attempts in progress at Wylam and his interest—always keen in the matter of improving the steam power in colliery working—was aroused and he began to deal with this problem of coal haulage. In 1813 he brought the matter before the owners of the colliery where he was employed, and received financial support from them. His first locomotive was built in the engine shops at West Moor. It was tried on July 25, 1814, and successfully drew a load of thirty tons up an incline of 1 in 450 at four miles an hour. In February 1815 he took a patent for a greatly improved engine, with steam springs for the boiler to rest on. In this locomotive the steam blast was used by him for the first time. Soon after this date he turned his attention to the improvement of the construction of railways.

On April 19, 1821, the project of connecting Stockton and Darlington by a tramroad was approved by act of Parliament. Stephenson offered his services to Edward Pease, the chief promoter of this enterprise, and strongly urged the advantages of steam locomotives over horse traction.

On May 23, 1823, the first rail was laid, and the line was opened for traffic, amid a scene of great enthusiasm, on September 27, 1825. The first locomotive that passed over it

weighed eight tons and attained a speed of twelve to sixteen miles an hour. It now occupies a pedestal at Darlington Station. This was the first railway constructed for public use, and it was at the manufactory established in 1824 by Mr. Stephenson and Edward Pease of Darlington that the engines for the Stockton line were made. Stephenson was next appointed chief engineer of the Liverpool and Manchester Railway. The surveyors encountered the fiercest opposition from the farmers and landowners, and were often subjected to actual personal violence. While the line was being constructed long and anxious consideration was given to the question of motive power, and the directors of the road were in favor of haulage by the use of fixed engines, distributed along the line. Stephenson fought strenuously for the locomotive, and eventually the directors decided to test the possibility of Stephenson's ideas by means of open competition, the prize offered being £500. The chief condition insisted on was that a mean speed of ten miles an hour was to be obtained with a steam pressure not exceeding fifty pounds per square inch. The trial was fixed for October 1, 1829.

Stephenson's engine, "The Rocket," was built at the Newcastle works under the direct supervision of his son. Three other engines were entered for the competition, and the contest, which created extraordinary interest and excitement, began October 6, 1829. On the opening day "The Rocket" was the only engine thoroughly ready for the trial. It ran twelve miles in fifty-three minutes and was awarded the prize, the other engines meeting with mishaps during the various tests.

Stephenson's triumph was complete; his former opponents became his warmest supporters, and the railway system of the world may be said to date from October 6, 1829.

On September 15, 1830, the Liverpool and Manchester Railway was officially opened in great state. The Duke of Wellington, then prime minister, and most of the distinguished men of the day were present. From this time forward until 1845, when he arrived at the decision that he ought to retire from active work, Stephenson's life is a history of the railway progress of the country. The locomotive underwent further

improvements and "The Rocket," with steam jet applied, attained a speed of twenty-nine miles an hour.

Stephenson was chief engineer to the Grand Junction line connecting Birmingham with Liverpool and Manchester which was begun in 1833 and finished by Joseph Locke, his pupil. He was also chief engineer of the Manchester to Leeds railway and that of Birmingham to Derby, Normanton to York, Sheffield to Rotherham and others: all begun in 1836. The Derby to Leeds railway was begun under his supervision in 1837. In fact there was hardly a railway scheme in which he was not consulted, or an important line constructed without his help and advice.

After the completion of the Liverpool railway Stephenson removed to Alton Grange near Ashby-de-la-Zouch, and on March 29, 1820, he married Elizabeth Hindmarsh. He opened large coalpits in this neighborhood and spent much time and energy in developing its mineral resources.

In 1838 Stephenson was vice-president of the mechanical science section of the British Association at its Newcastle meeting. His last great parliamentary struggle was in 1845, in the battle between the supporters of the locomotive and upholders of the atmospheric railway system, led by Brunel. Though the board of trade were inclined to support Brunel in his heresy, Stephenson's party won a great parliamentary victory, and settled the matter forever. This was the final attempt to dispute the supremacy of the locomotive.

Stephenson was the first president of the Institution of Mechanical Engineers, which was founded by him in Birmingham in 1847. He paid several visits to Belgium in connection with railway work, and received in 1835 the honor of knighthood from Leopold I. He also visited the North of Spain in connection with a proposed railway. He steadfastly refused all proffered honors in England and declined to enter public life as a member of Parliament.

His last years were devoted to horticultural pursuits at Tapton House, a place near Chesterfield, which he leased in 1837 and lived in until his death. His second wife died in 1845 and on January 11, 1848, he again married. He died August

12, 1848, in his sixty-seventh year, and was buried at Trinity Church, Chesterfield.

The foundation stone of a fine memorial hall was laid at Chesterfield by Lord Hartington on October 17, 1877, and the building opened in July 1879. A festival in celebration of the centenary of Stephenson's birth was held at Newcastle on June 9, 1881, when a medal was struck in his honor.

With his high mental attainments Stephenson possessed great physical strength and powers of endurance. In his younger days he was fond of showing his muscular development by feats of strength, and even when very advanced in life he was a good wrestler.

The services that he rendered to the well-being of mankind by his invention and improvement of steam locomotion and railways place him among the world's greatest benefactors.

Edgar Allan Poe

By FREDERICK G. HARRISON

AMONG the great writers of America there have been few men of more brilliant genius than the unfortunate poet and novelist whose life we are now to consider. Conflicting accounts have been given both of the date and place of his birth, but it appears to be definitely settled that it occurred at Boston on the nineteenth of January, 1809. His parents, who were actors, died at Richmond, Va., within a few weeks of each other, leaving him, at a tender age, utterly destitute—the exact date being again in dispute. A gentleman of wealth, named Allan, who had been familiar with the Poes, adopted the orphaned boy, and provided generously for him. While yet very young, Poe attracted much attention by the ease with which he committed to memory long passages of verse, and the charming manner in which he recited them. In 1815 he was taken to England by the Allan family, and was placed at school at Stoke-Newington, one of the suburbs of London, where he remained for the space of about five years. After returning to America, he continued to reside with Mr. Allan at Richmond for five years longer, during which time he attended a classical school. He was an apt scholar, active and strong, an expert swimmer, and made many friends. He began also, thus early in life, to develop a remarkable talent for extemporaneous story-telling.

Poe entered the University of Virginia in 1825, and during the year which he spent at that institution he laid the foundation of those habits which have been charged against him, im-

parting to many of his writings a weird and ghoulish character. He was expelled from the university for intoxication and gambling, and with regard to the next few years of his life we are once more puzzled to reconcile the different authorities. One account sends him, after leaving his guardian's house in a rage because the draft to pay his gambling debts was dishonored, to Europe, fired with the desire to emulate Byron by fighting for the Greeks, only, however, to get himself into trouble at St. Petersburg and be sent home by the American minister. Another and probably a more reliable account states that he entered the United States army under an assumed name, in May 1827, and having risen to the rank of sergeant major, effected a reconciliation with Mr. Allan, through whose efforts he received his discharge in April 1829. It is certain that he temporarily regained the favor of his patron, and that he was admitted to a cadetship at West Point in 1830. He published a volume of poems anonymously at Boston in 1827, and another with his name, at Baltimore, two years later.

Poe's life at the military academy was only a repetition of what it had been at the university; he was a favorite with his mess and even with the officers, but he indulged his habits of dissipation without restraint, to the total neglect of all study. He left West Point in December 1830, resigning, according to his own statement; but in the following March he was formally dismissed the service, having been found guilty of neglect of duty and disobedience of orders, by a court martial. Shortly afterward he published, by subscriptions obtained principally from the corps of cadets, another small volume of poems, one which seems not to have added very largely to his reputation, and which has shared the common fate of such immature productions. None of Poe's biographers has done any more than to guess at what he did during the next two years; but the summer of 1833 found him in Baltimore, where he made his home with an aunt, a widow with one daughter, Virginia Clemm, then a girl of eleven. In October of this year he was the fortunate winner of a prize of one hundred dollars which had been offered by the proprietors of the "Saturday Visitor," for the best tale which should be sent to them. One of the judges in

the contest was John P. Kennedy, who, moved with compassion on account of Poe's poverty and distress, provided him with clothes and other comforts, and found for him such literary hackwork as kept him from starvation for a year or two. His writings now began to be received with considerable favor by the public, and friends were not lacking to assist and encourage; but, unhappily, the power of his will was insufficient to resist the habit of intemperance, and he became increasingly subject to fits of deep mental depression.

In September 1835 Poe accepted the assistant editorship of the "Southern Literary Messenger" at Richmond, and it is said that before removing from Baltimore he was married to his cousin Virginia, though the story is hardly susceptible of proof. The Clemms accompanied him to Baltimore, however, and he continued to reside with them, and on the sixteenth of May, 1836, the two penniless cousins were publicly married, the bride being but fourteen years of age, while Poe was nearly that many years her senior. His constant devotion to his child wife, already stricken by the insidious hand of disease, forms the brightest page in his mournful history. For some time he worked diligently, contributing to the "Messenger" a profusion of tales and critical reviews; but various causes combined to produce a misunderstanding between the eccentric subeditor and his chief, and in consequence Poe withdrew in January 1837. During the ensuing year he was without regular employment, but wandered with his wife to Baltimore, Philadelphia, and New York, selling the products of his fertile brain to whoever would pay him for them. At this time he wrote the longest of his novels, "The Narrative of Arthur Gordon Pym, of Nantucket," which was published by the Harpers early in 1838, and was republished in England, where some of the country editors were so misled by the peculiar gravity of Poe's style, as to print extracts from the work as genuine "discoveries" of an actual navigator.

In the fall of 1838 he went to Philadelphia, and became a contributor to the "Gentleman's Magazine." In May 1839 he assumed the duties of editor at a salary of ten dollars a week, being obliged, however, to devote but two hours a day to

the management of the magazine. This left him much leisure time, which was sedulously employed in writing fiction for which he was but poorly paid. It was a hand-to-mouth existence at the best, and during his intervals of reckless indulgence, he was in a state of abject poverty. Among this year's productions were his "Tales of the Grotesque" and his "Conchologist's First Book." In 1840 the magazine was enlarged and the name changed to "Graham's," Poe being retained as editor. The subscription list increased rapidly, and soon "Graham's Magazine" stood in the front rank of American periodicals. Some of Poe's most powerful fiction and most caustic criticism appeared during this time. "The Murders of the Rue Morgue," which was written in 1841, was pirated by two different French writers, and a lawsuit between the rival journals in which the translations were published led to the discovery of the real author, who soon acquired great popularity in France. One of Poe's whimseys was the idea that no cryptogram or cipher could be devised which could not be unraveled by human ingenuity, and he actually deciphered several very intricate ones which were sent to him for the purpose of testing the correctness of his theory. It was also in the year 1841 that Poe first met Griswold, the earliest and most unkind of his biographers, and who, most unfortunately for the memory of the former, was intrusted with the disposal of all his papers after his death.

Poe's employers in Philadelphia manifested great kindness toward him, and repeatedly overlooked his irregularities and his querulous moods; but the limit of forbearance was reached in the fall of 1842, and he was compelled to resign his position. In addition to his other causes of distress, his wife was now a confirmed invalid, requiring constant attention; the certainty of a fatal termination to her illness greatly aggravated his fits of despondency, and his own health became sadly undermined. A year or two of struggles and deprivation now ensued, in the course of which he composed one of his most remarkable stories, the "Gold Bug," for which he was awarded a prize of a hundred dollars by the proprietors of the "Dollar Monthly." At length, toward the close of 1844, he removed from Phila-

delphia to New York. His fame as a writer had preceded him, and so, alas, had the reputation of his failings; but he succeeded in obtaining the position of subeditor and critic on the "Evening Mirror," then owned by Nathaniel P. Willis. He disappointed all expectations by his punctuality, and his close application to duty, and the brief period of his connection with the "Mirror" was rendered memorable by the appearance of the greatest of his poems, the one which gave him enduring fame, and which has taken its place among the classics of the language—"The Raven."

In the spring of 1845 Poe joined the editorial staff of the "Broadway Journal," a periodical whose course, then just commenced, was quickly run. In July he assumed its sole supervision, and in October he became its nominal owner. His attention to business became more and more spasmodic. He would frequently reprint some of his old productions rather than exert himself for fresh efforts, and he occasionally appeared in public on the platforms. A lecture on American poets was well received in New York in March 1845, and in the fall of that year he entertained a Boston audience with a long and incomprehensible poem, which he supplemented with a very fine rendering of "The Raven." In January 1846 the "Broadway Journal" ceased to exist, and Poe was again reduced to a dependence upon chance purchasers of his literary compositions. A series of articles on the "Literati of New York" proved quite popular with the reading public, but was hardly relished by those authors who became the objects of his pitiless criticisms. In the summer of this year he took a small cottage at Fordham, admirably suited for a poet's home, and there for a few months he enjoyed the last gleams of happiness which were to fall to his lot, beclouded as they were with poverty, sickness, and suffering. The family became so destitute that in December 1846 the contributions of friends and admirers in their aid was found to be a necessity.

The death of the young wife in January 1847 was a blow which, though long expected, fell with crushing effect upon the poet's highly sensitive organization. During the next year he accomplished little if anything beyond the composition of his

so-called prose poem, "Eureka," which bears evident marks of an intellect deranged by poignant grief. Poe was never able to stand alone, and the loss of his idolized companion was fatal, although he was watched over with the most tender solicitude by his aunt, his wife's mother. In 1848 he delivered a few lectures in New York and other cities for the purpose of raising money to start a magazine of his own—always a darling project with him. After this time he wrote nothing of importance; his debauches became more frequent and his periods of sobriety more limited. Late in the summer of 1849 he left his home at Fordham for a Southern tour, but he fell, through the temptation of evil companions in Philadelphia, and was obliged to depend on charity for the means to continue his journey to Richmond. In the latter city, after repeatedly yielding to the baser impulses of his nature, he was taken in charge by his friends, decently clothed, and furnished with an office in which to write.

Apparently a reform had been accomplished. He delivered a lecture on temperance which was patronized by the *élite* of the city, and once more he found a welcome in good society. Furthermore, his addresses were accepted by a widow lady with whom he had been on friendly terms in his more youthful days, and preparations for a wedding were nearly completed when he undertook a short business trip to Philadelphia and New York. He reached Baltimore on the third of October in a state of delirium. While in this condition he was seized by a gang of roughs, and, it being election day, he was forced in as many polling places as he could be dragged to, and then left to his fate. He was discovered insensible, and conveyed to a hospital where, four days later, October 7, 1849, he died, having reached only his forty-first year: a sad closing to one of the saddest careers which the biographer was ever called upon to record.

Nathaniel Hawthorne

By FREDERICK G. HARRISON

NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE (or Hathorne—the "w" being a fancy of the novelist's own) was born in Salem, Mass., July 4, 1804. His father, a sea captain, having died abroad when the son was only four years of age, the boy's education was cared for by a maternal uncle. He manifested a taste for reading while quite young, and began to invent stories of his own. He seems to have been a cheerful boy, joining heartily in the sports of his companions, except when an unfortunate accident, rendering him for a time a cripple, confined him to the house. Not until his fourteenth year, during the temporary residence of the family in a new settlement on the shores of the Sebasco Lake, in the State of Maine, did he begin to acquire his "cursed habits of solitude." After about a year he was sent back to Salem to continue his studies under a tutor, but he was left largely to his own resources during his leisure hours, and so developed the solitary and unsocial disposition which clung to him through life. He amused himself for a while with a little weekly journal which never got beyond the manuscript stage. At seventeen he entered Bowdoin College, at Brunswick, Me., from which he graduated in 1825, in the same class with the poet Longfellow. Not much can be said with regard to his college life, except that his English compositions were admirable. He calls himself an "idle student," and was upon one occasion fined half a dollar by the faculty for playing cards.

After leaving college he returned to Salem, and for the next

ten or twelve years lived a very retired life in his mother's house. Occasionally he made excursions to the White Mountains, to Niagara, and elsewhere, and being a fine and sharp observer of men and things, he found material for many a tale in these journeys.

He appears never to have had any definite aim in life, beyond putting his thoughts on paper. Any other kind of work was irksome. And so he dreamed and lived along into middle life without trade or profession, but possessing a rare imaginative faculty, writing much, publishing some of his works, with little or no profit, but destroying much more in fits of despondency. His first publication, "Fanshawe," he disowned in his later years. But though meeting with but little success, he wrote on with a dogged perseverance. For a short time in 1836 he filled the uncongenial position as editor of a Boston magazine from which fiction was carefully excluded. Finally, in 1837, he collected his best works into one volume under the title of "Twice-Told Tales." So little was he known, and so little were his writings valued by the public, that he could not find a publisher willing to take the risk of bringing the book out, and it was only accomplished at last by the kindly aid of sympathizing friends; but he was fortunate in securing the favorable notice of his friend Longfellow for his venture, and after this his writings gradually worked their way into popular favor.

His literary labors yet afforded him but scanty income, when George Bancroft, the historian, then collector of the port of Boston, appointed Hawthorne as weigher and gauger in the Boston customhouse. The duties of this office, though far from agreeable, were performed faithfully from the early part of January 1839 until General Harrison became president in 1841, and then Hawthorne gladly yielded his place to the needy Whig who had to be provided for. The pecuniary benefits of the position were very welcome to the author, and he found sufficient leisure time to complete another series of tales, which were published under the title of "Grandfather's Chair." Soon after leaving the employ of the government, he joined that company of transcendental socialists who had established,

near Boston, the once famous but long since forgotten "Brook Farm." The cultured members of this community pleased themselves with the idea that a little work would provide for their physical needs, and then they could devote the greater part of their time to study or contemplation. But they soon made the sad discovery that even to gain a bare living called for a greater amount of labor than was agreeable to persons of such refinement. Hawthorne himself, having arrived at the conclusion that labor is brutalizing, abandoned the experiment after about a year's trial, in the course of which he had sunk the thousand dollars he had laid aside while in the custom-house.

In July 1842 Hawthorne married Miss Sophia Peabody, of Salem, and for the next four years made his home at Concord, Mass., where he had rented the old Emerson parsonage to which he gave the now well-known name of the "Old Manse." This was one of the most pleasant periods of his life. His romances, abounding in scenes and incidents drawn from the history and life of New England, steadily gained in popularity but did not yet sufficiently provide for the support of his family, and he was glad to accept another government appointment when his party returned to power, for Hawthorne, while despising politics, called himself a Democrat. In March 1846, through the influence of Mr. Bancroft, now in the cabinet, he was made surveyor of the port of Salem by President Polk. The story of his life in the Salem customhouse, and of his queer, old-fashioned associates, is most delightfully told in the introduction to "The Scarlet Letter"—the most original and most successful of his novels, which he published in 1850, shortly after he was released from the drudgery of the surveyorship, being again rotated out of office by a change in the administration.

The profits from the sale of "The Scarlet Letter," and a generous donation from some of his friends (which he considered as a loan and afterward repaid) compensated him for the loss of his official income. In July 1850 he settled with his family at Lenox, Mass., and there continued his story-writing, his literary reputation being now thoroughly established.

Early in 1851 he published "The House of the Seven Gables." In the following November he left Lenox and took up a temporary abode at West Newton, writing while there the "Blithedale Romance," founded upon his Brook Farm experiences. The summer of 1852 saw the Hawthorne family (now including three children) back in Concord in a house of their own, purchased from Bronson Alcott, to which they gave the name of "The Wayside."

One of Hawthorne's college associates and his lifelong friend, was Franklin Pierce. When the almost unknown New Hampshire statesman received the Democratic presidential nomination in 1852, he requested Hawthorne to prepare a sketch of his life for use as a campaign document. Hawthorne, who well knew that Pierce, if successful, would find an office for him, complied with the request. Whatever may be thought of the merits of the production it is certainly a loyal tribute to a friend. Pierce was elected, and Hawthorne's reward was the most dignified consulate in the gift of the government—that at Liverpool. He sailed for Europe with his family in June 1853, and entered upon his consular duties in August. The next four years were passed in the dull routine of official business and constitute a blank in his literary life; but the emoluments of his office placed him above any fear of want for the rest of his life. He resigned his office in June 1857, and spent the remainder of the year traveling in England. He then proceeded to the continent, where he resided for a year or more, chiefly at Rome and Florence, and resumed his pen, to commence the last of his three greatest novels, "The Marble Faun." It was published in March 1860, after he had again returned to England.

The Hawthornes came back to their home at Concord in July 1860, after an absence of seven years. The author was eager to make up for lost time, but from various causes he was hindered in his work. The state of his health, affected unfavorably by his European residence—the tumults of civil war, the criticisms excited by the lack, real or imaginary, of patriotic tone in his sentiments as expressed in his later writings, and the unfavorable reception in England of his last completed work,

"Our Old Home," continued to make him grow more and more melancholy. Early in 1864 he attempted a Southern trip, but the shock caused by the sudden death of his traveling companion, W. D. Ticknor, in Philadelphia, hastened his own end. In May his faithful friend, ex-President Pierce, although just bereaved of his wife, planned an excursion for Hawthorne to the White Mountains, and taking him under his care, started with him on the journey. On the eighteenth they stopped for the night at Plymouth, N. H.; on the following morning Pierce found that his friend had ceased to breathe. Nathaniel Hawthorne was dead.

Washington Irving

By ELBRIDGE S. BROOKS

THE street echoed with the sound of martial music—the rattle of the drum, and the shrill quaver of the fife; a flash of color and a flutter of flags filled the nearest street; and a small boy on the doorstep could not resist the temptation. Darting from his perch on the "stoop" of his father's house, he whisked about the corner and was soon forcing his way into the crowd.

It was a joyous and jubilant crowd into which this runaway six-year-old had thrown himself. It was evidently out for a holiday, and yet it seemed to be a holiday of exceptional significance. The flags and the music, the soldiers and the crowd, were but a part of the accessories of the pageant, while the pageant itself finally became, for this small spectator, simply a large, impressive-looking man standing on a balcony, plainly dressed in brown short-clothes, to whom another man in black robes handed an open book which the big man in brown fervently kissed.

Then the small boy in the crowd heard the man in black robes call out in loud, triumphant tones, "Long live George Washington, President of the United States!" Whereupon the people, packed in the street below, cheered themelves hoarse, the drum and fife played out their loudest, all the bells in all the steeples rang a merry peal, the guns boomed out a salute, and young Washington Irving, aged six, had witnessed the inauguration of George Washington as the first President of the United States of America.

Seventy years after, in a beautiful vine-embowered home on the banks of the noble Hudson, an old man wrote "The End" to a long and exhaustive work upon which he had expended a vast amount of research, time, and labor. Sick almost unto death, he still gave to the work a devoted and unremitting attention, and when at last it was finished, the last "copy" turned in to the printer, the pen with which it was written given to an admiring friend, the last task of a long and busy life was concluded, and the famous author gave to the world the life story of the man for whom he was named, the patriot for whom he had an enthusiastic reverence, the big man in brown whom, as a small boy, he had seen made President of the United States, and whose story as told by him has become world-renowned as Irving's "Life of Washington." Irving was born in New York City, April 3, 1783.

There is a story told to the effect that, when this small boy was first "put into trousers" the Irving maidservant who was charged with his care followed the dignified and awe-inspiring first President of the United States into a shop, dragging the boy after her.

"Please, your honor," said the Scotch Lizzie, with the inevitable courtesy of those days as her "manners," but with an evidently exalted opinion of the Irving family as well—"please, your honor, here's a bairn as was named after you."

And the great Washington, punctilious in small matters as he was in great affairs, stooped down and laid his hand upon the head of the small Washington.

"I am glad to know you, my little man," he said; "grow up to be a good one."

He grew to be both good and great—good in his character, great in the service he did to American letters. For as surely as George Washington was the Father of his Country so surely was Washington Irving the Father of his Country's Literature.

He was a boy of old New York—that quaint, picturesque, yet cosmopolitan city of the close of the eighteenth century, when Fulton street was uptown, Canal street far in the country, and Central Park an unclaimed wilderness; when Dutch ways and Dutch manners still controlled the city's domestic

life, and the growth and bustle of the mighty nineteenth century had not commenced—even in prophecy. Washington Irving's father was a prosperous merchant of the town, and the boy, being of a delicate constitution, was not held to strict accountability either in school, pursuits, or recreations—though he has put on record a glimpse of the overstrict discipline of those days, when he remarked, "When I was young I was led to think that, somehow or other, everything that was pleasant was wicked."

One thing, certainly, he did not find to be pleasant—books and study. Learning came hard to him; he had not sufficient application to do well with the dull routine studies of those days of stupid text-books and stupider methods of teaching, and so, gradually, he became, as he confesses, a "saunterer and a dreamer," with just two fixed desires—to keep out of college and to go to sea. It is well, however, to add here that he awoke later to see and acknowledge his error; for he always regretted that he had not "gone through" college.

So, at sixteen his father decided, much against his own will, to make a lawyer of young Washington; for he had wished the boy to be almost anything else. But law books were, if anything, dryer than schoolbooks, and young Irving lost no opportunity to turn from reading law to essays, novels, and poems. He loved, too, the life in the open air, and he tramped and hunted all the section along the Hudson above New York, until the region became dear to him with a charm that never forsook him. He loved to hear the stories that haunted that romantic country that had been the bloody borderland of the Revolution and which teemed with the legends and traditions that this careless, dreamy boy was later to give to literature and fame.

Opportunity, at last, came to him to go abroad. This was due to the affection and forethought of his eldest brother—"the man I loved most on earth," Washington Irving said of him—who feared for his brother's delicate health and appreciated the benefit that would come to one of his disposition if he were able to see the great world beyond the sea.

The voyage and the travel had precisely the effect this wise

elder brother desired: they braced the young fellow up mentally and physically, and after two years abroad he returned filled with the new thoughts and new desires that opportunity and a broader culture created in him, laying thus the foundations from which sprang his literary career.

This career commenced soon after his return to New York. He began with sketches and personalities—a sort of magazine work—and then, suddenly, blossomed into real achievement with his familiar and ever-famous anonymous travesty, "Knickerbocker's History of New York." It was the forerunner of the American humor which in the next century was to become so original and marked a feature of American literature, and although it has been so mistakenly accepted as fact as to work a serious and harmful influence on the real and valuable story of the beginnings of New York history, it still has become an American classic—a humorous masterpiece, with no appreciable rival until the appearance, almost sixty years after, of Mark Twain's "Innocents Abroad."

The leaderless war of 1812 found Washington Irving (even as the war of 1898 found so many good Americans) regretting its necessity, but an ardent patriot.

One night as the regular steamboat was puffing down the river, and the cabin was filled with sleepy, reclining passengers, a man came on board at Poughkeepsie and electrified the company with the dreadful news of the British capture of Washington and the destruction of the public buildings.

"Well," said a voice in sneering comment from one of the dimly-seen benches, "what else could you expect? I wonder what Jimmy Madison will say now?"

The patriotic but not overstrong Irving fairly sprang at the partisan and critic.

"Sir!" he cried indignantly, "do you seize on such a disaster only for a sneer? Let me tell you, sir, it is not a question now about 'Jimmy' Madison or 'Jimmy' Armstrong or any other 'Jimmy.' The pride and honor of the nation are wounded, the country is insulted and disgraced by this barbarous success, and every *loyal* citizen should feel the ignominy and be earnest to avenge it."

The whole cabin broke into applause at this patriotic outburst, and the selfish partisan had not a word to say.

"I could not see the fellow," Irving explained, "but I wouldn't stand what he said, and I just let fly at him in the dark."

Then he went at once to the governor and offered his services. They were readily accepted, and Irving, being made the governor's aid and military secretary, became at once Colonel Washington Irving.

He served as aid and secretary until the close of the war, and his duties were neither as light nor as decorative as one is apt to regard those of these staff warriors. He really was a worker and a vigorous one, but he hailed with joy the completion of the war, and also the opportunity for another trip abroad.

The second visit to Europe gave him fresh stores of experience and material, but he was scarcely yet ready to take up literature as a profession. Life was too easy and too enjoyable.

Suddenly, however, he was brought face to face with duty. Misfortune fell upon the Irving family: his brothers failed in business and he was compelled to look out for himself. But what then appeared a great disaster actually proved, as have so many other disasters to men, a real incentive, "a fortunate failure"; for it made Washington Irving a purpose-filled worker, and gave him to American literature.

His "History of New York," and his scattered sketches, had made him known in England as one of those apparent impossibilities—an American author. So, when he was forced to take up his pen as a breadwinner he determined to carry on his work in London and at once began writing those delightful papers which make up the "Sketch Book" and which were published serially both in England and America.

Success did not come without a few first "hitches," but, once started, it came uninterruptedly, and Irving found a market for all that he could write. In 1820 appeared the "Sketch Book," in 1822 "Bracebridge Hall," in 1824 "Tales of a Traveler," and then Irving was able to change his atmosphere and

go to Spain, where he wrote the "Life of Columbus," published in 1828; the "Conquest of Granada," in 1829; and the sketches known as "Tales of the Alhambra."

Then, having gained both fame and fortune by his pen, he determined to return, and in 1832 he arrived in New York, after an absence of seventeen years. He was famous, popular, and honored. America hailed him as her first man of letters—the American who had fairly won English recognition and respect. Indeed, the rush of hospitalities upon him was so great that, finally, he was obliged to turn his back upon his social successes and "take to the woods."

He did this literally; for in the fall of 1832 he made a journey into the prairie land of the West and Southwest, gaining material and "local color" for his books of American travel and adventure which appeared soon after—"A Tour on the Prairies," in 1835; "Astoria," in 1836; and the "Adventures of Captain Bonneville," in 1837.

While at work on these books he had been able to purchase a "little Dutch cottage" and ten acres of land on the river-bank just below Tarrytown on the Hudson. That little stone Dutch cottage, in which once had lived the Van Tassells, of Sleepy Hollow fame, grew, with some modest additions, into Sunnyside, the best-known literary residence in America next to Longfellow's house at Cambridge.

In 1842 Washington Irving was made United States minister to Spain. The appointment reflected great credit upon President Tyler, but still more upon Daniel Webster, who advocated and secured the appointment, and who looked upon it as a distinct and merited recognition of the work of Irving in the cause of American literature.

The appointment was most unexpected to Irving. He scarcely knew what to say or do.

"Washington Irving," said Daniel Webster, "is now the most astonished man in the city of New York."

"What shall I do?" he said to his nephew and later biographer. "I don't want to go and yet I do. I don't want to leave Sunnyside, and yet a residence at Madrid would let me do some work I must undertake. I appreciate the honor and

distinction, but—good heavens! it's exile—it's exile! It is hard, very hard," he added, smiling upon his nephew, "and yet I suppose I must try to bear it. 'God tempers the wind to the shorn lamb,' you know," and thus, making merry even in his struggle over a divided duty, he accepted the unsolicited appointment and made ready to go to Spain.

He remained in Madrid as minister to Spain four years, from 1842 to 1846, but he did not do the literary labor he expected to perform there. He had it on his mind, however, and the "work" he referred to while considering his appointment he really planned and arranged there. This was to be his greatest work—the "Life of Washington." His attention to the affairs of his post, however, occupied much of his time, and Daniel Webster, who was then secretary of state, used to say that he always laid aside every other correspondence to read a diplomatic dispatch from the United States minister to Spain.

It was the nineteenth of September, 1846, when Irving found himself "home again" at Sunnyside. He was overjoyed to be once more in what he called his "darling little Sunnyside," and he intended to get to work on his proposed books at once. But he did not. Leisure was too pleasant, and was one of the things he could now afford; but he wrote at last to his nephew, begging him to come and spur him on, for, said he, "I am growing a sad laggard in literature, and need some one to bolster me up occasionally. I am ready to do anything else rather than write." But after a while he got to work again, and published in 1849 his "Life of Goldsmith"—his favorite author; in 1850 he issued "Mahomet and his Successors," and in 1854 "Wolfert's Roost." He had also through these years been at work on his "Life of Washington," the first volume of which appeared in 1855, and the fifth and concluding volume in 1859.

So, for just fifty years, from 1809 to 1859, had Washington Irving been making a name for himself, and a place for American literature. Before his day little that could be called literature had appeared from American writers. Theology or politics were the only themes that could inspire the American pen and, at the best, the result of this inspiration was dry and dull

enough. Washington Irving put life and strength, sentiment and sinew into the dry bones of American letters, and created a school of writing in which, however, few scholars could equal the master, whose work stands at this day strong in its influence, captivating in its style, enchanting in its humor, and simple in its pathos.

Irving was a most companionable man, fond of society and of his friends, enjoying a good time, but always curious to hear and see what was going on in the world.

"I never could keep at home," he declared, "when Madrid was in a state of siege and under arms, and the troops bivouacking in every street and square; and I always had a strong hankering to get near the gates when the fighting was going on."

This quality was almost that of the newspaper man and special correspondent; it was this that made him *see* things wherever he was—in midocean, in European capitals, in the heart of the Catskills, amid the silent ruins of the Alhambra, or in the mighty lonesomeness of the Western plains.

But, with all his love of society, his friendly ways, and his personal popularity, Irving was one of the most modest and retiring of men—fearing nothing so much as an after-dinner speech, as witness his comical experience when called upon to speak at the famous Dickens dinner in 1842.

"I shall certainly break down—I shall certainly break down," he kept saying before he was called upon to speak, even though his speech was all written out and lay beside his plate.

"There! I told you I should break down, and I've done it!" he exclaimed, as he resumed his seat with his speech only half delivered, but with all the table loud in its applause of the neat way in which he got out of the scrape.

Dickens loved him, Scott loved him, Moore loved him, Motley and Bancroft loved him. In fact, every one who knew intimately this gracious, kindly, lovable, and friendly man loved him, from kings to children, and from great men to gardeners.

He never married. The woman whom he hoped to make his wife died early in his life and he remained a bachelor until his death. But his home was the Mecca of all the children of

his kindred families, and he had always a kindly greeting and a cheery word for every niece and nephew who came to see him; a letter written to his nephew, Irving Grinnell, is one of the things that every boy—especially every young American—should read.

It is claimed by some critics that though Washington Irving was one of the chief ornaments of American literature he was not really an American author; that he conformed too closely to English standards and was an English rather than an American writer. And yet nothing was more distinctively American, in humor and conception, than his "Knickerbocker's New York"; while such stories of his as "Rip Van Winkle" and the "Legend of Sleepy Hollow"—American both, in subject and manner as well—hold their place among the famous specimens of American literature.

Whatever he may have been in style and method he certainly showed his countrymen what American writers could do. He lifted American literature out of the deadly ruts into which what there was of it persistently stuck, and he inspired younger men to follow his example and be natural, creative, and original.

Unaffected, loyal, courteous, kind-hearted, refined, and unconscious, he put the stamp of sincerity, artistic finish, clear and easy narrative upon whatever he wrote. His history, instead of being dry and stilted, is picturesque and attractive; his biography is at once direct, poetical, and intellectual; while the pathos, the humor, the vividness, and the beauty of his shorter sketches have made them outlive a host of pretentious and overstrained attempts at story-telling; so that Washington Irving, to-day, is read by thousands with the same delight though with a clearer sense of his excellences as well as his imperfections, as when, years ago, he came, a new star in the intellectual firmament, leading and lighting the way to endeavor, success, progress, and development in the field which he had discovered as the founder and father of a real American literature. He died at Tarrytown, November 28, 1859.

John G. Whittier

By FREDERICK G. HARRISON

JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER, the sweet singer of New England and its home life, was born on the seventeenth of December, 1807, in Haverhill, Mass. He was the second of the four children of John and Abigail Hussey Whittier, worthy members of the Society of Friends, and to the faith and practices of that branch of the Christian Church in which he was reared, the poet ever remained faithful. His parents were the owners of an Essex County farm, which by dint of hard work and self-denial on their part, provided for the family a decent living, but few, if any, of the luxuries. He was sent to the district school when about seven years of age as a matter of course, and before long he began to show signs of his peculiar talent, by scribbling verses instead of attending to his lessons. It is a familiar story, retold in the boyhood life of nearly every versifier; but Whittier's devotion to the poetic muse, which was much encouraged by an elder sister, did not interfere to prevent him from becoming an industrious worker upon the farm, and, if some accounts are to be trusted, something of a shoemaker as well. Nothing occurred to distinguish him above other country boys until his nineteenth year, when he found courage to mail a copy of some of his verses to a Newburyport weeekly, the "Free Press," whose editor was William Lloyd Garrison, then just beginning his famous career as an Abolitionist. The favorable reception of this first poem led to further contributions, and the editor sought out the modest anonymous author and earnestly encouraged him to

improve his talents as a writer. In 1827 Whittier spent six months in attendance at the Haverhill Academy, and he must have well improved his opportunities, for during the ensuing winter he taught school at the neighboring town of Amesbury. His faculties were rapidly maturing; none of his time was wasted in the ordinary frivolities of youth.

He was already a contributor, both in prose and poetry, to several periodicals, when, in the winter of 1829, he went to Boston, for reading and study, and was entrusted with the editorship of a protective tariff paper, known as the "Manufacturer." He was for a time a roommate of Garrison, who, in his crusade against slavery, found a warm supporter in Mr. Whittier, and the two became close friends for life. Early in 1830 he returned to Haverhill and became editor of the "Gazette" at that place, resigning the position after about six months to accept the unexpected and flattering offer of the editorship of the "New England Weekly Review," at Hartford, Conn. He supported the political views of Henry Clay and the National Republicans on questions of tariff and finance, while favoring the most advanced reforms with regard to slavery and temperance. He did not, like his friend Garrison, eschew politics, and denounce the Constitution; but his connection with public affairs was limited, for the most part, to the writing of essays and editorials, and to voting, which he always considered the sacred duty of a freeman. He visited his home in March 1831, and remained there until his father's death in June. In this year also appeared Mr. Whittier's first book, "Legends of New England," partly poetry, which the author was afterward inclined to disown, and partly somewhat better prose. On the second of January, 1832, he retired from the "Review," on account of failing health, and because his presence was now needed on the farm at Haverhill, of which he was, for the following five years, the manager.

His pen did not remain idle; it was at this time that he began to use it in behalf of the antislavery cause, thus deliberately casting his lot with a people who for thirty years were to be subjected to social ostracism, personal insult, and even bodily injury. The earliest of his writings on this subject was a

pamphlet entitled "Justice and Expediency," which was issued in the year 1833. It was in this year, which witnessed the downfall of slavery in the British dominions, that Garrison visited England, and upon his return took measures to establish the American Antislavery Society. A convention was held for this purpose in Philadelphia, to which Mr. Whittier was a delegate, and of which he was chosen one of the secretaries. Early in the following year he aided in organizing a branch society in his native town; but the unpopularity of the cause in which he was engaged did not prevent his fellow-townsmen from electing him a member of the general court. The year 1835 is long remembered on account of the disgraceful acts of violence perpetrated in the free State of Massachusetts and elsewhere, at the North, upon peaceful men, by mobs of pro-slavery sympathizers. One such mob, armed with a cannon, broke up a gathering at Haverhill upon a Sabbath evening in August. Mr. Whittier was at the time in Concord, N. H., in company with the English Abolitionist, George Thompson, and upon the Sabbath evening was personally assaulted and injured by a mob who forced him to leave the town with his English friend. So great was the popular rage against Mr. Thompson that he was concealed by Mr. Whittier at Haverhill during the next two weeks. Two months later, while Mr. Whittier was in Boston attending an extra session of the Legislature, he witnessed the famous mob of respectable Whigs and Democrats who sought William Lloyd Garrison's life. Mr. Whittier was a member of the Legislature of 1836, but appears not to have taken his seat, owing to the pressure of other duties.

In 1836 Mr. Whittier published "Mogg Megone," a poem based upon incidents in Indian life. Much of his time during the next three years was spent in Philadelphia, he having been appointed secretary of the American Antislavery Society; but from May to December 1836 he again edited the Haverhill "Gazette," and for three months in 1837 he resided in New York City. In 1837 he also began to write for the "Pennsylvania Freeman," of which he became, in the ensuing year, the editor. Hardly had he entered upon the duties of this latter office when he had another disagreeable experience with North-

ern sympathizers with slavery. The friends of free speech had erected Pennsylvania Hall, that they might have a place in which to discuss the great problems which were stirring society so deeply. The new building was dedicated on the sixteenth of May, 1838, amid the threatenings of the mob. On the next day an appeal was made to the mayor to protect the property, but that official not only declined to interfere, but actually incited the rabble to further violence, and during the following night the hall was burned to the ground; the firemen "nobly" (as a Southern journal expressed it) refusing to throw water upon the flames. The entire outfit of the "Freeman" was involved in the common ruin; but new quarters were found and new type procured, and Mr. Whittier pluckily remained at his post for two years. In the summer of 1839 he made a journey into Western Pennsylvania in the interest of the Antislavery Society.

Mr. Whittier resigned his position in February 1840, leaving Philadelphia for Massachusetts in May, and during the rest of his life remained so constantly at home that he has been called by some a "recluse" or a "hermit"; misnomers both of them, for there was about our beloved poet no trace of the churl which these titles hint at. He chose a life of retirement that he might devote himself without restraint to literary pursuits, and his innumerable admirers are thankful that he elected so to do. He held no further political office except that of presidential elector, he having enjoyed the rare, if not unique distinction, of twice casting his ballot for Abraham Lincoln for the office of President. Mr. Whittier did not, however, return to the old farm at Haverhill, for it had just been sold; but took up his residence at Amesbury, whither the family had removed. The household, beside the poet, who never married, consisted of his mother, his sister Elizabeth, and an aunt who died in 1846. Mr. Whittier was a large contributor to periodicals, besides issuing from time to time the numerous volumes of his poems, which are known wherever the English tongue is spoken, and to which further extended reference is unnecessary. Many of his prose writings do not possess an interest for the present generation equal to that which they excited in the times for

which they were specially prepared. In 1844 he resided for six months at Lowell, while writing for the "Middlesex Standard," and his experiences at that time were embodied in "The Stranger in Lowell." From 1847 to 1859 he was a contributor to the "National Era" of Washington, and was for some time its associate editor. Later, when the "Atlantic Monthly" was established, he became one of its brilliant corps of writers. In 1857 his mother died, after having lived to see her distinguished son well along upon the highway of fame.

Mr. Whittier continued to be a resident of Amesbury for a portion of the year, at least, until the close of his life, and there he has been laid to rest. After the death of his sister in 1864 a niece came to preside over the household, which was finally broken up at her marriage. After 1876 he made his home principally with relatives at Danvers or with friends at Newburyport. His publishers dealt generously with him, enabling him to spend the evening of his days surrounded by every possible comfort, and in the possession of moderate wealth. With a constitution far from rugged, he succeeded by the exercise of judicious care in preserving his health and strength beyond the allotted time of man. In 1889 a new edition of his complete works was published, to which he added many new notes. Harvard conferred upon him the degree of A.M. in 1860, and of LL.D. in 1886. His eighty-fourth birthday was celebrated in December 1891, at the residence of Mr. Joseph Cartland, at Newburyport, and as usual on these anniversaries, he was the recipient of numerous tokens of affection from friends in all parts of the country. Advancing years brought with them no diminution of poetic fire, and there is no trace of senility in his last bits of verse, birthday tributes to Dr. Holmes, written only a few weeks before the end of his well-spent life. Mr. Whittier died September 7, 1892, at Hampton Falls, N. H., while visiting friends, and there is none to take his place in the affections of the people.

Henry Wadsworth Longfellow

By FREDERICK G. HARRISON

HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW, the most popular of American poets, was born on the twenty-seventh of February, 1807, in Portland, Me., and in that town he passed his boyhood and received his schooling. His early surroundings, if not marked by affluence, were at least those of comfort and culture, well calculated to develop and foster his inherent genius. He had hardly entered his teens, when his first poetic attempts found a place in the local newspaper. In 1821 he became a student at Bowdoin College, and a classmate of Nathaniel Hawthorne. His standing was high, and while he was not unsocial, yet he showed no disposition to engage in the sports and pranks of his less studious fellows. During his college course he continued to write verses which were accepted by magazine editors, and sometimes paid for, and some of them received the high compliment of being attributed to Bryant, who indeed influenced the young poet, as he himself acknowledged many years later. He graduated in 1825.

Longfellow's father, who was a lawyer, wished his son to adopt a profession, preferably his own, but the young man's passionate desire to rise to literary eminence caused him to look with some disfavor on this proposition. A fortunate solution of the difficulty was found immediately after the graduation. The newly-established professorship of Modern Languages at Bowdoin was offered to Longfellow, with the understanding that he should spend some years in Europe in preparatory study, and was readily accepted. He sailed from

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"CRAIGIE MANSION," LONGFELLOW'S HOME AT CAMBRIDGE, MASS.

New York in May 1826, and arrived in Havre a month later. He passed nine months in France, eight in Spain, a year in Italy, and six months in Germany, diligently studying the languages of these countries. The account of his travels during these three years, as depicted in his letters and in the first of his prose works, "Outre Mer," published in 1835, present to the reader a perfect ideal of a student's life. The romantic memories of the scenes and experiences of this delightful period ever lingered in the poet's brain, and doubtless added sweetness to his songs. A brief visit to England rounded out his pleasant and profitable tour, and he returned home in August 1829.

Longfellow resided at Brunswick, Me., for five and a half years, engrossed in the duties of his professorship. During that time he contributed a number of reviews to the "North American," and published several French and Spanish textbooks, but he wrote little poetry, although, in 1833, he published a volume of poetic translations from the Spanish. He was married in September 1831. In December 1834 he accepted the chair of modern languages at Harvard, and in the following April, accompanied by his wife, he went a second time to Europe, with the intention of studying the German and Scandinavian tongues. This tour, which occupied a year and a half, was saddened by the illness of Mrs. Longfellow, which terminated fatally at Rotterdam, on the twenty-ninth of November, 1835. In January 1837 Longfellow entered upon his duties at Cambridge, and in the same year he resumed the composition of poetry, which he had almost entirely neglected since his college days.

Very few among those who have earned for themselves an honorable name, have attained eminence with less apparent effort than Henry W. Longfellow. The course of his life may appropriately be likened to that of a majestic river, which flows on, ever gaining added momentum, but meeting with few impediments. It is true that on one or two occasions, he experienced severe affliction, but it is also true that no one ever found greater wealth of sympathy in his time of sorrow. His daily familiar intercourse was with people of the highest cul-

ture, while his simple and unaffected courtesy and high scholarly attainments made him the center of a charmed circle. His official duties were such as to give him just a sufficient amount of work to prevent his suffering from the inactivity which he dreaded, and at the same time they left him just a sufficient amount of leisure in which to indulge his poetic fancies as he might feel disposed, and they were relinquished after eighteen years, just at the time when routine labor became irksome. Truly his lines fell in pleasant places. His poetry was spontaneous; not a line of it was ever written in response to the calls of necessity or avarice. As his beautiful thoughts came to him, so he gave them to the world; but none of his verse was written to order. How well he loved to exercise those talents with which he was endowed above his fellows, is shown by the fact that only two out of the forty-six years which measure the period of his literary activity, that only closed with his death, witnessed any cessation of the labors of that pen whose productions were, and still are, the delight of two great peoples, speaking one common tongue.

Shortly after going to Cambridge Professor Longfellow took rooms at the "Craigie Mansion," which had been the headquarters of General Washington for the nine months intervening between Bunker Hill and the fall of Boston. Six years later he became its owner, and made it his home, and probably no private house in America, save Mount Vernon, was so familiarly known for the next generation, to the people of this country, nor an object of such deep interest to visitors from abroad. Two of Longfellow's earlier works were prose writings. One of these we have already noticed; the second, a novel called "Hyperion," with just enough of a plot to serve as a kind of common bond for a series of exquisite descriptions founded upon his second European experiences, appeared in 1839, a month or so previously to his first book of original poetry, "Voices of the Night." This latter book includes five of his early poems—all that he considered worth saving of his youthful effusions, though a number of them were, at a subsequent time, collected and published without his approbation. It was about this time that Longfellow received

and declined the offer of a professorship in the University of Alabama.

It is fair to presume that every reader of this sketch is, to some extent at least, familiar with the writings of Longfellow, and many a gem among his shorter poems has been indelibly impressed upon the memory of his admirers (and who is not among the number?) from the days of childhood. We will therefore confine our notice to a few of the more celebrated of his works. A second collection, published in 1841, contained the "Village Blacksmith" and "Excelsior," and met with a quick sale. In the ensuing year Longfellow was allowed a six months' vacation, about three months of which were spent at a water cure on the Rhine. While journeying thither he visited the Belfry of Bruges, which formed the theme of a poem, and gave a title to a third collection, published several years later. Returning by the way of England he was for a time the welcome guest of Charles Dickens. To beguile the tedium of the homeward sea voyage, he wrote a series of "Poems on Slavery," which were immediately published. He thus publicly put himself on record on the then unpopular side of the controversy, though in such mild and gentle terms that the more violent Abolitionists received the "Poems" but coldly. By some of the moderate of them, however, he was offered a congressional nomination, and among this number was our lamented Whittier, who wrote to him, "Our friends think that they can throw for thee one thousand more votes than for any other man." It is needless to say that the honor was declined. The year 1843 was marked by the appearance of the drama of "The Spanish Student," and also by the poet's second marriage, which occurred on the thirteenth of July. For the next year or two much of his time was occupied in preparing for the press a volume of poems by European authors, with critical notices.

As the years passed away, they brought not only prosperity and fame but domestic felicity as well. Sons and daughters were added to the household, and every day the hospitable mansion sheltered some old friend or some new guest. Even the stranger was courteously received by the distinguished author, whose patience was often severely tried, but who never

willingly wounded the sensibilities of another, while children ever met with the poet's kindliest greetings. His correspondence grew to enormous proportions, yet, as far as was possible, he tried to make some reply to even the most obscure writer, who did not make an unreasonable demand upon his time. His reputation was fully established by the publication, in 1847, of "Evangeline," for the incidents of which he was in some degree indebted to his friend Hawthorne. Among all his works, only "Hiawatha" disputes the preëminence with this sadly beautiful tale. "Hiawatha" was published in 1855. In the interval between these, his most famous works, he printed two volumes of poetry, and his last novel, "Kavanagh," and in September 1854 resigned his professorship.

Untrammeled by affairs, he continued to give free play to a fruitful imagination, controlled by perfect taste. "The Puritan Maiden Priscilla," the heroine of "The Courtship of Miles Standish" (1858), was the poet's ancestor, seven generations removed. Longfellow was well pleased with the distinction which came to him through his literary successes; but he had no desire for political honors. His sympathies were, however, strongly with the party which opposed slavery, especially after the dastardly attack upon his most intimate friend, Senator Sumner. During the eighteen years of his married life he was rarely long away from his family, either at Cambridge, or else at his summer home by the sea at Nahant. He was eminently a home lover, and the

> ". . . pause in the day's occupations
> That is known as the Children's Hour,"

was an ever-welcome relief amid the constant activity to which his position subjected him. His happiness was at length sadly and suddenly overclouded by the loss of his wife, who, in July 1861, met death in the terrible form of burning.

In March 1863 Longfellow's oldest son, not then twenty years of age, went to the war as a lieutenant of cavalry. Late in November in the same year, just after the publication of the first series of the "Tales of a Wayside Inn," Lieutenant Longfellow was severely wounded in battle and was brought home

by his father, who had hastened to Washington to receive him as he was brought from the front. On the twenty-seventh of May, 1868, just as the "New England Tragedies" were coming from the press, Longfellow sailed from New York on his last journey to Europe. He was absent about eighteen months, and in England, France, and Italy he was received with honor as one of the foremost men of letters of the age. Oxford and Cambridge conferred upon him their degrees—Harvard had done so years before—and at their own request he was presented to Queen Victoria and the Prince of Wales. After his return home he continued to work upon a translation of Dante, which had occupied him for several years and which was published in 1870. Two years later appeared "Christus," in its complete form. During the last ten years of his life he published five volumes more, closing with "Ultima Thule" in 1880. Some of the single poems of his later years brought extraordinary prices from willing publishers. The Harpers paid one thousand dollars each for "Kéramos" and "Morituri Salutamus," while Robert Bonner, of the "Ledger," gave four thousand dollars for the "Hanging of the Crane." The incidents of his closing years, the present of the chestnut tree chair, by the children of Cambridge, the general celebration of his seventy-fifth birthday, and many others, are still fresh in the minds of all and do not require repetition. On the twenty-fourth of March, 1882, the bells of Cambridge tolled out the sad news that Henry W. Longfellow was dead: that the beautiful, useful, and blameless life was ended. Portions of his works have been translated into every civilized tongue, and a memorial in his honor has been placed in Westminster Abbey, while "his memory is in the keeping of those whom his song has charmed and blessed."

James Fenimore Cooper

By FREDERICK G. HARRISON

JAMES FENIMORE COOPER imbibed that love for nature which afterward found expression in his wonderful tales of Indian life and adventure, during his earliest childhood, in the wilds of Central New York. Here his father had founded a little settlement to which he gave his own name, and hither he removed with his family, about a year subsequent to the birth of the future novelist, which took place at Burlington, N. J., September 15, 1789. His name was originally simply Cooper, and not until 1826 was it extended, by act of the New York Legislature, into Fenimore-Cooper, in order to preserve his mother's family name from extinction. In his later years the use of the hyphen was entirely discontinued. In due course of time the young man was sent to Yale, and should have graduated in 1806; but having been dismissed from college for neglect of his studies, he was sent to sea in that year in a merchant vessel bound from New York for England. Although his father was now a man of consequence, and had been in Congress, James was shipped as an ordinary seaman. The voyage was continued to Gibraltar, and he did not return to America until September 1807. Many of the incidents of this period have been reproduced in those sea tales of his which still continue to interest thousands of readers. On New Year's Day, 1808, he was commissioned midshipman in the navy. On New Year's Day, 1811, he was married to a member of the noted New York Tory family of the De Lanceys. His intervening three years of naval service were marked by no event of impor-

tance, and a few months after his marriage he resigned his commission. The next nine years were also uneventful ones. He lived, sometimes at Cooperstown, sometimes in his wife's native county of Westchester. What little work he did was of an agricultural nature, overseeing and improving his little estate.

In 1820 he entered suddenly, and without preparation, upon his career as an author, and he continued his literary labors with little or no interruption for thirty years. Having become dissatisfied with a novel which he was reading to his wife, he threw the book down with the remark that he could make a better story himself, and forthwith, having previously manifested no aptitude for such work, he proceeded to write "Precaution," in two volumes, which was published in November of the above year. His first novel, in which he followed the beaten track of contemporary English fiction, met with no very flattering success, nor did it deserve it; but "The Spy," which followed a year later, was hailed with delight by the reading public, and its gracious reception determined Mr. Cooper to devote himself to the profession of letters. In 1822 he removed to New York City, and applied himself unremittingly to his work. He was possessed of a remarkable fertility of invention, and the "Pioneers," the "Pilot," and the "Last of the Mohicans" followed each other in rapid succession. With the publication of the latter tale in 1826 his reputation was established, and he was now in receipt of a good income from the products of his pen. His fame had gone abroad, and his works were published in England, and translated into the continental languages. He was acknowledged to be the greatest of American novelists, and no other has yet arisen to dispute his preëminence in the realm of fancy. He went to Europe with his family in 1826, and for more than seven years he made his residence in various parts of the Continent. He held the post of American Consul at Lyons until January 1829, but the office seems to have been wholly a sinecure, and without emolument. Each new year during his sojourn in Europe he produced a new novel; his popularity remained undiminished, his books were eagerly read as soon as they appeared. Some of his works were even republished in Constantinople and in far

Eastern Persia. They are so well known to all Americans that further reference to their titles is unnecessary. Cooper always loyally sounded the praises of his native country, and bitterly resented the low estimation in which his countrymen were at that time held by many of the English people. Yet, strange to say, after his return from Europe, in 1833, he included among his writings many strictures upon his fellow-countrymen, and also certain political utterances, all of which combined to bring down upon him a storm of abusive criticism, and to criticism, even from the most insignificant persons, he was always morbidly sensitive. During the greater portion of his remaining years his home was at Cooperstown, and the closing period of his life was to be embittered by controversy. Unfortunately, we are yet obliged to depend largely upon the testimony of his enemies for our account of these troubles, as it was his dying request that no memoir of his life should ever be published, and, consequently, all his private memoranda, from which might be evolved his own side of the story, have to this day remained sealed to the public view.

It happened that a certain portion of his father's Cooperstown estate, of which he was the executor, situated on the banks of Otsego Lake, had been for so long a time used by the public, with his tacit permission, as a pleasure resort, that it had come to be regarded by the townspeople as common property; and when Mr. Cooper very properly warned trespassers against injuring the shrubbery, he was treated with insolence. A newspaper in the neighborhood gave an account of the affair with distorted facts, and some reflections upon the novelist. Mr. Cooper brought suit for libel, and in May 1839 obtained a verdict of four hundred dollars. Thus was begun the famous series of Cooper libel suits, which, oddly enough, soon assumed a semi-political character. The editor against whom the first suit was brought chanced to be a Whig, and many other newspapers of that political faith took up the quarrel, charging Mr. Cooper with an attempt to restrict the freedom of the press. One after another suits were brought against them, and, in some instances, several suits against the same journal; not only against country weeklies, but also against the leading Whig

newspapers of Albany and New York City: Thurlow Weed and Horace Greeley being among the distinguished defendants. In almost every case Cooper was successful, pleading his own case and winning it from an unfavorable jury. These remarkable suits covered a period of about four years.

In 1839 he brought out his "History of the United States Navy," which will probably always remain the standard work for the period of which it treats, closing with the second war with Great Britain. This, too, brought its libel suit. A writer in the New York "Commercial Advertiser" having taken exceptions to Cooper's account of the battle of Lake Erie, in language grossly discourteous, suit was brought against the paper, and the case was tried in May 1842, the novelist scoring another triumph over his calumniators. These vexatious affairs did not interfere with Mr. Cooper's literary activity, which he continued almost to the time of his death. During the last ten years of his life he produced seventeen complete tales, besides contributing to magazines. He also wrote one drama which was soon withdrawn from the stage and never published. He died at his home at Cooperstown, September 14, 1851, only one day before he would have completed his sixty-second year.

George Bancroft

By FREDERICK G. HARRISON

GEORGE BANCROFT was born at Worcester, Mass., October 3, 1800. His father, a clergyman, who had in his younger days carried a musket at Lexington and Bunker Hill, was desirous that he should be educated for the ministry, and accordingly the naturally studious disposition of the lad was carefully encouraged. When eleven years of age he was sent to the Phillips Academy, at Exeter, N. H., that nursery of distinguished men, where he remained two years, entering Harvard when only thirteen. In 1817 he graduated with good standing. Edward Everett, who was at that time in Europe fitting himself for the duties of his Greek professorship at Harvard, suggested that another graduate be sent abroad to receive the benefits of instruction at the great German universities, preparatory to becoming a tutor. The suggestion was acted upon, and Bancroft was the fortunate man upon whom the choice fell. In the summer of 1818 he went to Europe and became a student at the University of Göttingen, where he entered upon a very comprehensive range of studies, including ancient and modern literature, European and Oriental languages, natural history and Greek philosophy, under the direction of the ablest living teachers.

Mr. Bancroft possessed a vigorous constitution, well calculated to endure the strain imposed upon it by his severe mental application. He soon began to look upon the prospective Harvard tutorship as only a temporary expedient, and determined to devote himself to historical investigation and composition,

to which object his whole course of study was made subservient. In 1820, having been made Doctor of Philosophy, he left Göttingen for Berlin, where, in spite of his extreme youth, he met with a favorable reception from Wilhelm von Humboldt, and for Heidelberg, where he continued his studies with the historian Schlosser. The closing portion of his four years' residence in Europe was given to travel, in the course of which we see this young man, who had barely attained his majority, holding familiar intercourse with such master minds as Goethe, Manzoni, Bunsen, and Humboldt. In 1822 he visited Lord Byron at his residence near Leghorn, and soon afterward returned to America. He now taught Greek at Harvard for a year, and likewise made a few attempts at preaching, but quickly gave up all intentions of adopting the ministerial profession. In 1823 he established, in connection with a fellow-tutor, a school for boys at Round Hill in Northampton, Mass., which attained great celebrity in its day. The institution was beautifully situated, and the boys, each of whom superintended the construction of a cabin for his residence, were contented and happy. The educational venture was a success in every way, except financially. Mr. Bancroft was connected with it for seven years, retiring in 1830. Two years later the school was abandoned. While at Northampton Mr. Bancroft printed a volume of poems, wrote reviews of high literary merit, and published several educational works for the use of his pupils, and also began to write that history of his country which was destined to bring enduring fame to its author, and of which Edward Everett wrote, "It does such justice to its noble subject as to supersede the necessity of any future work of the same kind."

Politically Mr. Bancroft was a Democrat, while the greater portion, if not the whole of his family connections were Whigs, and it was out of deference to the feelings of these relatives that he declined the seat in the Massachusetts Legislature to which he was chosen in 1830 by Democratic votes. In 1834 he published the first volume of the "History of the United States." So extensive and elaborate was his research, and so painstaking his composition, that nearly half a century was to

elapse before he wrote the final chapters of his great work For the three following years, Mr. Bancroft was a resident of Springfield, and during that time he completed and published a second volume. The history met with a very favorable reception from the reading public, and several editions were quickly disposed of.

While attaining distinction as a man of letters, Mr. Bancroft was likewise becoming prominent as a political writer in the interest of the Democratic party. He was honored by the approbation of President Jackson, and in 1838 President Van Buren made him collector of the port of Boston. He held the office for three years, gaining a knowledge of commercial affairs which was of great value in connection with his subsequent career as a diplomatist. The third volume of his history, which appeared in 1840, completed the account of the colonization of America. In 1844 he was a candidate for the governorship of Massachusetts, and though defeated by his Whig opponent [Governor Briggs] he received a larger vote than had up to that time been given to any Democratic candidate for office in the Bay State.

When Mr. Polk made up his cabinet in 1845 Mr. Bancroft received the appointment of secretary of the navy. Through his orders the Californian ports were occupied by American naval vessels, and while acting temporarily as secretary of war in 1846 he issued directions to Gen. Taylor for an aggressive movement of the land forces, and so it will be seen that he bore a conspicuous part in precipitating the war with Mexico. His most important action, while at the head of the Navy Department, was the establishment of the Naval Academy at Annapolis, Md. This institution was opened by his authority on the tenth of October, 1845. Mr. Bancroft retained his seat in the cabinet for eighteen months, when he resigned it upon being accredited as minister to the court of St. James, which office he held during the remainder of President Polk's administration. While performing his public duties in the most satisfactory manner he availed himself of the courtesies which were freely extended to him in England, to obtain, both from the public archives and from private sources, a large amount of

valuable historical material. After returning to the United States in 1849 he took up his residence in New York City, and did not again hold office until after the close of the Civil War.

He now devoted himself for some years almost exclusively to the great business of his life, and between 1852 and 1860 published five additional volumes, covering the colonial period, and bringing his history down to Bunker Hill and the Declaration of Independence. He was loyal during the war, and delivered a eulogy upon President Lincoln, at the request of Congress; but he favored President Johnson's reconstruction policy and accepted from him in 1867 the appointment of minister resident to Prussia. It was fitting that the distinguished scholar and statesman should be selected to represent his government at the capital where his education had been finished, and it was considered highly complimentary by the Prussian court. Mr. Bancroft, upon his arrival in Berlin, was received with unusual honors, both as an eminent man of letters and as the representative of a nation which had just demonstrated its strength by crushing the most formidable revolt in history.

Hitherto all European governments had denied the right of any of their subjects to renounce their allegiance and become citizens of the United States. Naturalized Americans returned to visit their native lands only at the risk of suffering arrest and being forced to perform military duty. The treaty with Prussia, by which that country agreed to recognize the rights of Germans naturalized in the United States, is a lasting monument to the diplomatic skill of Mr. Bancroft. Great Britain and other European powers hastened to follow the example set by Prussia and entered into similar agreements, whereby the honor and dignity of our country was greatly enhanced. Mr. Bancroft continued to reside at Berlin for seven years as envoy successively to Prussia, the North German Confederation, and the new Empire of Germany, which was established in 1871, and it was at his own request that he was at length recalled in 1874, by President Grant.

He returned to America at the age of seventy-four and for ten years longer he was actively engaged upon his history and in other literary work. A ninth volume had appeared in 1866,

and the tenth was published in 1874, the two latter covering the period of the Revolution. Two volumes more, the story of the formation of the Constitution, in 1882, were followed two years later by a revision of the entire work, and then the hand of the venerable historian rested from its labors. During these closing years of his life his winter residence was in Washington, and his summers were spent in Newport, where he enjoyed the soft breezes of the sea in his beautiful villa with its famous conservatory of roses. Mr. Bancroft died at his home in Washington, January 17, 1891.

Oliver Wendell Holmes

By FREDERICK G. HARRISON

OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES, the son of Rev. Abiel Holmes, a Congregationalist clergyman of good New England lineage, was born in the town of Cambridge, Mass., on the twenty-ninth of August, 1809. He was a bright lad and had a most amiable disposition, but was highly sensitive, and in his childish imagination were pictured curious fancies about the quaint old mansion, only recently taken down, which was the home of his infancy and youth, and about many of the familiar objects surrounding it, some of which fancies have been preserved in those charming autobiographical sketches which have been, and still continue to be, the delight of thousands of readers. His earliest education was acquired in the schools of his native town; for five years he attended one at the "Port," where Margaret Fuller, afterward Countess Ossoli and Richard H. Dana were among the number of his companions. He was no marvel of propriety or precocity, but confesses to about the average amount of whispering and idleness during the hours of study.

At the age of fifteen, Oliver was sent to Phillips Academy at Andover, to prepare for college. Probably the elder Holmes cherished the hope that his firstborn son would there be attracted toward his own sacred profession, but the young man's tastes were found not to lie in that direction. While at the academy he showed unmistakable signs of a poetic genius by his versified translations of the "Æneid" of Virgil. He remained at Andover only a year, and in 1825 he entered Har-

vard, in a class, many of whose members attained distinction, among whom we may name S. F. Smith, the author of "America," James Freeman Clarke, Unitarian divine, and Chief Justice Bigelow. Charles Sumner entered the class just below him, while the historian Motley and his own second cousin, Wendell Phillips, entered during his junior year. Dr. Holmes was an excellent scholar, but had a very respectable share in the pranks of the students, and did not attain a specially high rank. He began to write, however, and at his graduation, in 1829, delivered the class poem.

For a year after graduating Holmes was engaged in legal studies at the Dane Law School, of Harvard University, and was also a contributor to the "Collegian." In the autumn of 1830 he abandoned the law and took up the study of medicine, of which he made final choice for a profession. It was in this year that his name first became widely known as a writer, through publication, at first in the columns of the "Boston Advertiser," of those ringing lines which have been declaimed by every schoolboy for two generations:—

"Ay, tear her tattered ensign down!"

called forth by the proposed razing of the most noted of American vessels of war, the frigate Constitution, then at the Charlestown Navy Yard. The poem, copied into nearly every journal in the land, and issued as a broadside, not only brought fame to its young author, but it also deterred the secretary of war from carrying into execution the plans for the destruction of the honored relic. After having continued two and a half years under the best medical instructors of Boston, he sailed for Europe, in April 1833, and spent an equal length of time in the Old World, chiefly in the hospitals and lecture rooms of Paris, mingling to some extent in the diversions of the gay capital.

Although Dr. Holmes rose to some eminence as a practitioner and a writer on medical subjects, and to very much higher eminence as a teacher, his reputation in this direction has been almost entirely overshadowed by his fame as a poet,

a philosopher, and a wit. One admiring critic has credited him with the creation of a new species of literature, while another has suggested that the exquisite humor of his writings may have done more good than his doses or prescriptions. In 1833 he was one of the authors of a collection of miscellanies called the "Harbinger"; in 1836 he published his first volume of poems. In the latter year, after receiving from his alma mater the degree of M.D., he began practice in Boston, the city of his affections, whose praises he has loyally sung, which he has declared to be the central point of the solar system, and its state house the very hub around which that system revolves.

After two years of professional life in Boston, he accepted the professorship of anatomy and physiology at Dartmouth College, which he held until about the time of his marriage, in 1840, to Amelia Lee Jackson, a niece of the distinguished physician under whom he had pursued his preliminary medical studies. He then returned to Boston, and for the following seven years devoted his whole attention to the duties of his profession. In 1847 he was installed in the Chair of Anatomy and Physiology at the Harvard Medical School. This position he held for thirty-five years, lecturing to four classes weekly during eight months in each year. His demonstrations were clothed in the most attractive language, and often enlivened with the keen wit for which he has become so celebrated the world over. He was eminently popular with the students, and it was no uncommon thing for the favorite professor to be greeted with hearty applause upon entering the class room or during his lecture.

In 1849 Dr. Holmes relinquished his practice, and was thus enabled to devote a much larger portion of his time to literary composition, in which he took increasing pleasure. In 1852 he delivered a lecture on the "English Poets of the Nineteenth Century," in the leading Northern cities, and for several years subsequently he enjoyed a fair degree of popularity as a lyceum orator. It was not until his fifty-eighth year that he gave to the world the first of the famous "Breakfast Table" series, which are the most widely known of his writings. It was in 1857

that he began the publication of the "Autocrat" papers, in the first number of the "Atlantic Monthly." The title of "The Autocrat of the Breakfast Table" was identical with that of a collection of his forgotten youthful efforts, but the similarity ceased with the title. The work was issued in book form in 1858. It was in 1858, also, that he left the house in which he had resided since his marriage, and in which his three children were born, and took up his abode on Charles Street, in a house overlooking the river, and commanding a distant view of his old home at Cambridge.

That Oliver Wendell Holmes holds the highest position among American humorists few will be inclined to deny; but his writings likewise include many essays and poems in a more sober vein, biographical notices of Emerson and Longfellow, two novels, "Elsie Venner," published in 1861, and the "Guardian Angel" six years later, as well as numerous papers read before medical societies or contributed to medical journals. His severe strictures upon homeopathy will perhaps be regarded by many at the present day in the light of witticisms rather than of scientific essays. The greater portion of his productions made their first appearance in the "Atlantic Monthly," of which periodical he was the sponsor, notably the "Professor at the Breakfast Table," in 1859, and the "Poet," in 1872. He possessed a versatile genius, and was especially happy in poetry prepared for special occasions.

In 1871 Dr. Holmes removed to Beacon Street, Boston. The completion of his seventieth year, in 1879, is memorable by a breakfast given on the third of December by the publishers of the "Atlantic Monthly" at the Hotel Brunswick. On this occasion the *literati* of the country vied with one another in doing honor to the genial physician whose wise and witty sayings have driven dull care away from so many of his fellow beings. Three years later he resigned his professorship and retired from active life, though not from his literary labors. He met his last class on the twenty-eighth of November, 1882, receiving from them a "loving cup," with emotions too deep for utterance. In 1886 The Autocrat visited England, and was received as a brother by the most distinguished men of learn-

ing and letters. A pleasant account of this trip is to be found in his "Hundred Days in Europe." While abroad he received the doctorate of laws from Edinburgh, of letters from Cambridge, and the degree of D.C.L. from Oxford. Dr. Holmes died on October 7, 1894.

Elihu Burritt

By FREDERICK G. HARRISON

ELIHU BURRITT was born in New Britain, Conn., December 8, 1810. Though his educational advantages during childhood were not great, his fondness for study and his eagerness to acquire knowledge were remarkable. At the age of eighteen he was apprenticed to a blacksmith, and in due time became an expert workman. His spare moments, early and late, were given to his books, and while laboring at the forge he subjected himself to severe mental discipline by working out intricate arithmetical problems. At the close of his apprenticeship he attended for three months an academy taught by an elder brother, although he could ill afford the consequent loss of wages. The greater part of the term was devoted to mathematics, but after returning to his anvil he took up Latin, Greek, and French, thus beginning a patient and persistent course of study, pursued indeed without any definite aim beyond the enjoyment which it afforded, the result of which was to make him one of the world's most noted linguists.

In the winter of 1831, desiring to spend another three months exclusively in study, he went to New Haven, where he could find superior facilities for so doing, made himself to some extent the master of several of the Continental languages, translated the "Iliad" without assistance, and began to learn Hebrew. Returning to New Britain, he tried teaching, but after a year he found that his health was suffering, and sought a more active occupation. He now became a traveling salesman for a manufacturer of his village, and after some time set

up a grocery store on his own account; but in the general bankruptcy of 1837 his little capital was swept away. Forced by this disaster to resume his original calling, he proceeded on foot to Boston, where he proposed to take passage for some foreign port, but, not finding a suitable opportunity, he settled in Worcester, Mass., where he found both work and easy access to books. With one after another of the languages of Europe and Asia he became more or less familiar, until he was able to read in thirty-four of them, ancient and modern.

Such a remarkable intellectual development gave Mr. Burritt far more than a local reputation. In 1838 the Royal Antiquarian Society of France appropriately acknowledged the receipt of a communication from him, correctly written in the obscure Celto-Breton dialect. He was commonly spoken of as the "Learned Blacksmith," and is indeed most widely known under that appellation at the present day, although it was not as a linguist, but as a reformer that he won his most enduring laurels. He was proffered the advantages of Harvard University by Edward Everett and others, but regard for his health compelled him to decline. In 1839 he edited for a short time a periodical called the "Literary Gemini," designed to aid students in French, and printed partly in French and partly in English. In the following year he made his first appearance as a lecturer, his subject being "Application and Genius." He modestly instanced his own accomplishments in proof of his assertion that genius is a myth, and that by hard work and application alone can success be achieved. The lecture attracted marked attention, and was many times repeated, in various parts of the country.

It was not long after this that Mr. Burritt's attention was called, in an indirect way, to the subject which for many years lay nearest to his heart—the promotion of universal peace among the nations of the earth. Bidding a temporary adieu to his favorite studies, he devoted his time and energies to the welfare of his fellow-men with a rare forgetfulness of self. In 1844 he established, in Worcester, the "Christian Citizen," which he conducted for nine years, either personally or by means of assistants, in the interest of peace, anti-slavery, tem-

perance, and like reformatory movements. He also made use of the lyceum platform to disseminate his principles, and sent out slips of paper containing brief printed essays devoted to the cause of peace to newspapers throughout the land for republication. These slips were headed by a dove and olive branch, and were known as "olive leaves." Some of them, finding their way across the water, fell into the hands of the advocates of peace in England, at a time when many hot-headed politicians were clamoring for war as the only means of settling the Oregon boundary difficulties. Of course such a war would have been ruinous to the commerce of both countries, so some of the leading merchants, making common cause with those who opposed war from principle, resolved to send friendly addresses to the merchants of the American cities urging peaceful arbitration. Elihu Burritt was selected as the agent through whom to send these communications, and he received a cordial invitation to visit the mother country.

He had long cherished a desire to make a tour through England on foot, and it was in expectation of realizing his hopes in this direction that he took passage on the "Hibernia" in June 1846. Hardly had he landed on the other side, however, when it became apparent that he had found a new field of labor. He changed his plans entirely, and instead of a few months, he spent over three years in Europe, making public speeches, at first to small audiences in private houses, later to large and enthusiastic gatherings, editing and publishing periodicals, and endeavoring in all ways to advance the interests of peace and harmony between nations and individuals. For the next twenty-five years of his life Elihu Burritt was an "international man," and the greater part of his time was passed abroad; but this did not in any measure lessen his love for his own country, and he was everywhere received and honored as an American.

While making his way to London on foot, he halted on the twenty-ninth of July at Pershore, in the midst of the fruit-producing district of Worcestershire, and there formed the nucleus of a society known as the "League of Universal Brotherhood," which came in time to include among its membership

many of the most famous of England's philanthropists. The society was formally organized in London, in May 1847. He addressed his first audience in the great metropolis in November 1846. Unaccustomed to the peculiarities of a large English audience, he had much difficulty at first in making himself heard, and became well-nigh discouraged, but was reassured by the hearty applause and expressions of approval which followed the close of his remarks. He was thenceforth a power among those whose noble aim—visionary as it then seemed, and may yet seem to many—was to abolish war, with all its attendant train of evils. In the early part of the year 1847 he visited Ireland, and was an eyewitness of the desolation caused by the famine; and it was through his representations that large supplies of food were sent from the United States for the relief of the improvident peasantry. In September 1847 he began to develop his scheme for facilitating intercourse between the Old and the New World, and thereby strengthening the ties of friendship, by reducing the ocean postage to a penny. He made public addresses on the subject in all parts of the British Islands, and without doubt aided materially in extending to international correspondence the postal reforms already effected by Rowland Hill in Great Britain.

Shortly after the deposition of Louis Philippe from the throne of France, in February 1848, Elihu Burritt visited Paris, to assist in making arrangements for a "Peace Congress," which it was proposed to hold in that city. After remaining there a week, he returned to England, and the remaining six months were spent in untiring efforts to interest the British public in the coming gathering, which, owing to the state of bloodshed and anarchy existing in Paris, it was finally decided to hold in Brussels. At the Belgian capital, in September 1848, the first Peace Congress was held, and, in spite of the discouraging aspect of affairs in Europe at that revolutionary period, it was well attended, Mr. Burritt being chosen vice-president for America. Prominence was given in the discussions to the idea of treaties of arbitration, which should do away with the necessity for appeals to arms among civilized people. In 1848 Mr. Burritt published in London a collection

of his writings under the title of "Sparks from the Anvil." He was a pleasing writer, and this work, as well as subsequent ones, had a wide circulation.

Mr. Burritt's genius for self-direction was as remarkable as his genius for self-education. While constantly coöperating with other reformers, both in America and Europe, he preferred individual methods of action, and rarely worked long in connection with any single associate. He was very strong-willed, and no amount of detail or drudgery could turn him from a purpose, once fixed. In April 1849 he was again in Paris, conferring with prominent men in regard to a second congress. In June, having spent several months in preparatory work, he took part in a monster demonstration at Exeter Hall, London, in favor of Richard Cobden's parliamentary resolution in favor of arbitration. In October he attended the Peace Congress at Paris, and was one of its secretaries. This notable gathering, which was presided over by Victor Hugo, was made up of delegates from all the leading nations of the earth, who were received with honor and treated with marked respect by the French Government. Soon after its close the distinguished Apostle of Peace returned to America, and was accorded a royal welcome by his friends and neighbors at New Britain.

In 1850, after attending to his business interests in Worcester, he undertook a lecturing tour, which included nearly every state in the Union. His theme was still Peace, in the near approach of whose reign his faith continued strong. So great had his fame now become that it was no unusual thing for him to have hotel and steamboat accommodations placed freely at his disposal. He met and conversed with many of the leading statesmen of the day who listened with respectful attention to the statement of his views if they did not share his enthusiasm. While at Washington he listened to the eulogies upon John C. Calhoun in the national House of Represenatives. In May he sailed from Boston for Liverpool, where he immediately resumed his philanthropic labors. In August he attended a Peace Congress at Frankfort, after which he endeavored, in company with others, to bring about a reconciliation between the Danes and the people of Sleswick, who

were then at war; and he actually succeeded in inducing the belligerents to consent to a conference. He remained upon the Continent for six months, and arranged with the publishers of a number of the leading journals for the insertion of timely articles bearing upon the question of universal peace. The expense of this enterprise was borne by an association of ladies, the "Olive Leaf Mission," which he formed after his return to England in the spring of 1851.

During the two following years Burritt continued his labors in England and elsewhere, lecturing, writing, and publishing. In 1850 he had issued another volume of miscellanies. He was a secretary of the fourth Peace Congress, held in London in July 1851, simultaneously with the Great Exhibition, and in the ensuing year he was the bearer of fraternal addresses between English and French cities. In 1853 he was back in America, preaching peace and cheap ocean postage; but he found the people absorbed in the struggle over slavery, and he was himself drawn into the discussion. He assumed the editorship of the "Citizen of the World," published at Philadelphia, and through its columns he for several years enthusiastically advocated the plan of compensated emancipation, until John Brown at Harper's Ferry and the rebels at Sumter made an end of his hopes of a peaceful solution of the vexed question. He went abroad again in 1854, and spent another year in England, Holland, and Prussia. When the War of the Rebellion broke out, Elihu Burritt, saddened by the apparent fruitlessness of his twenty years of incessant toil, retired to his native village of New Britain, and devoted himself to the cultivation of the little farm of which he was the owner, and to the publication of a weekly paper called the "North and South."

In 1863 Mr. Burritt went to England, and he resided in that country for the following seven years. His first summer was devoted to a pedestrian tour of the Island, from London northward, the next one to a similar tour in the southwestern counties. Two delightful volumes were the outcome of these tramps, the best known and most interesting of his writings, his "Walk from London to John O'Groat's," and his "Walk from London to Land's End." In 1865 he was, much to his

surprise, appointed United States Consular Agent for the Birmingham district. The duties of the office were not onerous, and during the four years of his incumbency he found time to resume his linguistic studies, as well as to engage in literary work. He was unmarried, and his establishment at Harborne, near Birmingham, the only real home he ever possessed, was presided over by two of his nieces. He also published several works while in England, the principal ones being the "Mission of Suffering," "Walks in the Black Country," and a collection of lectures and speeches. At the expiration of his term of office he spent a few weeks at Oxford, and then crossed the ocean for the last time. Most of the remainder of his life was passed at the home of a sister in New Britain, his time being occupied in agricultural and literary pursuits. His pen was constantly active, and he occasionally made short lecturing tours. He took a lively interest in the affairs of the town, especially in matters relating to education, and he was ever watchful for opportunities to relieve distress and benefit his fellows. His death, which occurred March 6, 1879, was due to consumption. Well deserving of honor is the memory of this pure-minded scholar and writer, of whom the Poet Longfellow said: "Nothing ever came from his pen that was not wholesome and good."

Horace Greeley

By CLARENCE CLOUGH BUEL

TWENTY-FIVE years after his death Horace Greeley's name has remained at the head of the roll of American journalists. Successors in the primacy of current discussion may surpass him, as doubtless some of them already have, in consistency and learning, but hardly in the chief essentials of a journalistic style; others may exert a more salutary influence, if not so personally diffused: but in respect of high ideals, courage, intellectual force, and personal magnetism, the qualities which impel a man of letters to be also a man of action, Horace Greeley was of heroic mold. He was no popgun journalist firing from a sky-sanctum, but a face to face champion in the arena of public affairs, laying about him with pen and speech like an ancient Bayard with his sword. The battles he fought for humanity, and the blows he gave and received, have made him for all time the epic figure of the American press.

Born in rural New Hampshire of English and Scotch-Irish descent, in 1813, he epitomized his heritage and his attainment in the dedication of his autobiography: "To our American boys, who, born in poverty, cradled in obscurity, and early called from school to rugged labor, are seeking to convert obstacle into opportunity, and wrest achievement from difficulty."

Though physically a weak child, his intellect was strong, and when near his tenth year his father removed to Vermont, the boy took with him the reputation of a mental prodigy; so, with little schooling and much reading, he was thought when fourteen to be a fit apprentice to a printer, setting forth four

years later as a journeyman. His parents had moved to Western Pennsylvania, and he followed; but after a desultory practice of his art he came to the metropolis on August 17, 1831, with $10 in his pocket, and so rustic in dress and manners as to fall under suspicion of being a runaway apprentice. Later in life, at least, his face and his figure would have lent distinction to the utmost elegance of style: but his dress was so careless even after the long period of comparative poverty was passed, that the peculiarity became one of his distinguishing features as a public character; and to the last there were friends of little discernment who thought this eccentricity was studied affectation: but manifestly his dress, like his unkempt handwriting, was the unconscious expression of a spirit so concentrated on the intellectual interests of its life as to be oblivious to mere appearances.

After eighteen months of dubious success as a journeyman in the city, in his twenty-first year he joined a friend in setting up a modest printing office, which, on March 22, 1834, issued the "New-Yorker," a literary weekly in the general style of Willis's "Mirror," under the firm name of H. Greeley & Co. For four years the young printer showed his editorial aptitude to such good effect that in 1838 he was asked to conduct the "Jeffersonian," a Whig campaign paper. This was so effective that in 1840 he was encouraged to edit and publish the "Log-Cabin," a weekly which gained a circulation of 80,000, brought him reputation as a political writer, and active participation in politics with the Whig leaders, Governor Seward and Thurlow Weed. It contributed much to the election of General Harrison, but very little to the purse of the ambitious editor. On April 10 of the following year, 1841, he issued the first number of the New York "Tribune," as a Whig daily of independent spirit. He was still editing the "New-Yorker" and the "Log-Cabin," both of which were soon discontinued, the "Weekly Tribune" in a way taking their place. Though the "New-Yorker" had brought him literary reputation, it had not been profitable, because of uncollectible bills, which at the end amounted to $10,000. Still, at the outset of the "Tribune" he was able to count $2,000 to his credit in cash and material.

He was then thirty years of age, and for thirty years thereafter the paper grew steadily in circulation, influence, and profit, until, a few weeks after his death, a sale of the majority interest indicated that the good will of the "Tribune," aside from its material and real estate, was held to be worth about $1,000,000. The Greeley interest was then small, since he had parted with most of it to sustain his generous methods of giving and lending.

He had great capacity for literary work, and when absent for travel or business was a copious contributor to his paper. To his rather delicate physical habit was perhaps due his distaste for all stimulants, alcoholic or otherwise, and his adherence through life to the vegetarian doctrines of Dr. Graham; another follower of the latter being his wife, Mary Young Cheney, also a writer, whom he married in 1836. His moderate advocacy of temperance in food and drink, coupled with his then unorthodox denial of eternal punishment, helped to identify him in the public mind with most of the "isms" of the time, including Fourierism and spiritualism; when, in fact, his mind and his paper were merely open to free inquiry, and were active in exposing vagaries of opinion wherever manifested. Protection to American industry, and abolitionism, were the only varieties which he accepted without qualification; and while the proslavery party detested him as a dangerous agitator, it is possible at this day even from their point of view to admire the moderation, the candor, and the gentle humanity of his treatment of the slavery question. In all issues concerning the practical affairs of life, like marriage and divorce, he was guided by rare common sense, and usually his arguments were scholarly and moderate; but in matters of personal controversy he was distinctly human, uniting with a taste for the intellectual fray a command of facts and a force and pungency of presentation which are always effective with audiences.

He was in great demand as a lecturer and as a speaker at agricultural fairs, his addresses always being distinguished by a desire to be helpful to working humanity and by elevated motives. Though not a jester, genial humor and intellectual exchange were characteristic of his social intercourse. His

books, with one or two exceptions, were collections of his addresses and newspaper articles. His first book, "Hints Toward Reforms," appeared in 1850, and was followed by "Glances at Europe" (1851); "A History of the Struggle for Slavery Extension or Restriction" (1856); "The Overland Journey to California" (1859); "An Address on Success in Business" (1867); "Recollections of a Busy Life," formed on a series of articles in the New York Ledger (1869); "Essays Designed to Elucidate the Science of Political Economy" (1870); "Letters from Texas and the Lower Mississippi, and an Address to the Farmers of Texas" (1871); "What I Know of Farming" (1871), and "The American Conflict," written as a book, the first volume appearing in 1864 and the second in 1867. This work on the Civil War is remarkable, when considered in the light of his purpose to show "the inevitable sequence whereby ideas proved the germ of events"; but it was hastily prepared, and while strikingly accurate in the large sense, will not bear scrutiny in some of the minor details of war history.

Neither his political friends, nor his party, nor the causes he espoused, could hold him to a course of partisan loyalty contrary to his own convictions of right and duty. As a member of the Seward-Weed-Greeley "triumvirate," he was often a thorn in the flesh of the senior members; his letter of November 11, 1854, dissolving "the political firm," being one of the frankest documents in the history of American politics. During the Civil War he occasionally embarrassed Mr. Lincoln's administration by what seemed then to be untimely cries of "On to Richmond!" immediate emancipation, and peace. On the whole, his influence for the Union cause was powerful; but when, the war being over, he advocated general amnesty, and finally as an object lesson went on the bail bond of Jefferson Davis, he lost the support of a large body of his most ardent antislavery admirers. The clamor against him called forth a characteristic defiance in his letter to members of the Union League Club, who were seeking to discipline him. Having further alienated the Republican party by his general attitude in "reconstruction" matters, he became the logical candidate

for the Presidency, in 1872, of the Democrats at Baltimore and the Liberal Republicans at Cincinnati, in opposition to a second term for General Grant. Though personally he made a brilliant canvass, the influences at work in his favor were inharmonious and disintegrating, and the result was a most humiliating defeat. This he appeared to bear with mental buoyancy, despite the affliction of his wife's death, which occurred a week before the election, he having left the stump in September to watch unremittingly at her bedside. On November 6th, the day after his defeat, he resumed the editorship of the "Tribune," which six months before he had relinquished to Whitelaw Reid. Thereafter he contributed to only four issues of the paper, for the strain of his domestic and political misfortunes had aggravated his tendency to insomnia: on the twelfth he was seriously ill, and on the twenty-ninth he succumbed to inflammation of the brain. The last few months of his eventful career supplied most of the elements essential to a Greek tragedy. On the twenty-third of December the "Tribune" having been reorganized with Mr. Reid in control, there appeared at the head of the editorial page the line, "Founded by Horace Greeley," as a memorial to the great journalist and reformer. A bronze statue has been erected in the portal of the new "Tribune" office, and another statue in the angle made by Broadway and Sixth Avenue, appropriately named Greeley Square, after the man who was second to no other citizen in establishing the intellectual ascendency of the metropolis.

Thomas Carlyle

By W. J. DAWSON

SCOTLAND has produced no more stalwart champion of right and truth, in national as well as individual life, than Carlyle. His writings made their mark as a new force in world-literature. The man himself was a mighty inspiration that has not yet spent itself.

The little border town of Ecclefechan gave birth to Carlyle on December 4, 1795. The story of his youth, his ambitions and struggles, is generally familiar, and should be read by every one as an example of heroic perseverance. The main facts are these: He entered Edinburgh University in 1809. His first efforts in literature were in a different vein to that which won attention to his later writings. He went up to London and set himself to the work of lecturing and authorship in earnest. His life of Schiller appeared in 1825, and he married the brilliant, if, perhaps, oversensitive, Jane Welsh in the year following. They had a hard struggle in London for long years before the reward came. His articles in the great reviews caused unusual interest. "Sartor Resartus" appeared in "Fraser's Magazine." From 1828 to 1833 these were his main output. The "French Revolution," appeared in 1837. Its first part in manuscript was lent to John Stuart Mill for perusal. A careless servant lit the fire with it. Carlyle was in despair for a time. Mill proffered a money compensation, which was accepted as a loan, and Carlyle set to work and reproduced that striking masterpiece. "Past and Present" was published in 1843; "Latter-Day Pamphlets" 1850; "Cromwell" and "Fred-

erick the Great" followed. Carlyle was elected Lord Rector of Edinburgh University in 1865, and died on February 5, 1881.

Taking Carlyle for all in all, he is the most representative, and by far the greatest, man of genius of the nineteenth century. The four notes of genius are originality, fertility, coherence, and articulation. He is so far original in style and method that there is no one with whom we can justly compare him. He followed no master, and acknowledged none; his angle of vision on all questions was his own, and what he saw he expressed in a fashion which decorous literary persons of the old order felt to be dazzlingly perverse, startling, eruptive, and even outrageous. His mind was also one of the most fertile of minds; not so much in the matter of industrious production as in the much rarer function of begetting great seminal ideas, which reproduced themselves over the entire area of modern literature. Coherence marks these ideas, for the main principles of his philosophy are so simple and so definite, that from his earliest writings to his last there is perfect unity. Lastly, in the matter of articulation or expression, he is supreme. He enlarged the potentialities of language, as every great literary artist does, and in precision, splendor, and suggestiveness of phrase stands unapproached.

But Carlyle was much more even than a great man of genius, or a great writer. He never conceived himself, nor did any one who knew him intimately conceive him, as having found a sufficing expression of himself in his writings. He knew himself, and was felt by others, to be a great spiritual force. Criticism has had much to say upon the strangeness and mass of his genius; it has hardly yet apprehended aright his prophetic force. That he brought into English literature much that is startling and brilliant in style is the least part of the matter; he brought also a flaming vehemence of thought, passion, and conviction, which is unique. Goethe, with his piercing insight, was the first to recognize the true nature of the man. He discovered Carlyle long before England had heard of him, when he was simply an unknown and eccentric young Scotsman, who found astonishing difficulty in earning daily bread. The great German incontinently brushed aside, as of

relative unimportance, all questions about his genius, and touched the true core of the man and his message, when he said that Carlyle was "a new moral force, the extent and effects of which it is impossible to predict." In other words, Goethe recognized the main fact about him, which was that by nature, temperament, and vocation, he was a prophet.

If Carlyle had been asked to state what he understood by the word "prophet," he would have laid emphasis upon two things: clearness and vividness of vision in the apprehension of truth, and resolute sincerity in acting on it. He held that there is within every man an intuition, spiritual apprehension, a living monitor and guide; and that the man who obeys this inward voice knows by a species of celestial divination where his path lies, and what his true work is. In nothing does the essentially prophetic nature of Carlyle appear more plainly than in these qualities. During the first forty years of his life, forty years spent in the desert of the sorest discipline a man could suffer, there was no moment when he might not have instantly improved his position by a little judicious compromise. But all compromise he regarded with scornful anger. He might have entered the Church, and his spiritual gifts were vastly in excess of those of thousands who find in the pulpit an honorable opportunity of utterance. He might have obtained a professorship in one or other of the Scotch seats of learning, if he had cared to trim his course to suit the winds and tides of the ordinary conventions. He might at any moment have earned an excellent competence by his pen, if he had consented to modify the ruggedness of his style and the violence of his opinions to the standards of the review editors and their readers. But in either of these courses he recognized a fatal peril to his sincerity. Poor as he was he would not budge an inch. He was fastidious to what seemed to men like Jeffrey an absolutely absurd degree over the honor of his independence. He would make no hair's breadth advance to meet the world; the world must come over to him, bag and baggage. He acted with implicit obedience on his intuition. He had the prophet's stern simplicity of habit. He cared nothing for comfort or success; and when at last success came, his Spartan simplicity

of life suffered no change. If ever man in modern days knew what the burden of prophecy meant, what it is to be impelled to utterance by an imperious instinct for truth, and to be straitened in spirit till the message was spoken, that man was Carlyle.

Further than this, Carlyle was both poet and humorist. He could not indeed write verse. He was never able to master the technicalities of the art of meter. He was as little able to write a novel, which next to verse affords a medium for the man of constructive poetic genius. He tried both arts, with rare and partial success in the first, and abject failure in the second. But fundamentally he was a poet, and among the greatest of poets. He saw everything through the medium of an intense and searching imagination. No one could describe the impression which his "French Revolution" produces on the mind better than he himself has done, when he says "Nor do I mean to investigate much more about it, but to splash down what I know in large masses of colors, that it may look like a smoke and flame conflagration in the distance, which it is." He cannot even walk in Regent Street without exclaiming, "To me, through these thin cobwebs, Death and Eternity sate glaring." All his personal sensations are magnified into the same gigantic proportions, now lurid, now grotesque, by the same atmosphere of imagination through which they are perceived. His sensitiveness is extreme, poignant, even terrible. When he talks of immensities and eternities, he uses no mere stock phrases; he hears the rushing of the fire-streams, and the rolling worlds overhead, as he hears the dark streams flowing under foot, bearing man and all his brave arrays down to "Tartarus, and the pale kingdoms of Dis." When he speaks of himself as feeling "spectral," he simply expresses that sense of spiritual loneliness, detachment, and mystery, out of which the deepest poetry of the world has come. To judge such a man by ordinary prosaic standards is impossible. He is of imagination all compact, and his writings can only be rightly regarded as the work of a poet, who has the true spirit of the seer, but is incapable of the orthodox forms of poetry.

It is perhaps even more essential to remember that Carlyle

was a humorist of the first order. On the one side of his genius he approaches Burns; on the other Swift. He shares with Burns a rugged independence of nature, native pride, a sense of the elemental in human life, a power of poignant realism, a rare depth and delicacy of sentiment; he shares also with him the rollicking, broad, not always decorous, humor of the Olympian peasant, racy of the soil. But Carlyle's humor, in all its sardonic force, still preserves an element of geniality. He loves the grotesque and the absurd for their own sakes. He cannot long restrain himself from laughter: good, wholesome, volleying laughter, directed as often against himself as others. Gifts of insight, passion, eloquence, and imagination he had in plenty; but the greatest and rarest of all his gifts was humor.

Those who knew Carlyle most intimately have all recognized this wonderful gift of humor which was his. It was said of him by his friends that when he laughed it was Homeric laughter—the laughter of the whole soul and body in complete abandonment of mirth. This deep, wholesome laughter reverberates through his writings. No man is quicker to catch a humorous point, or to make it. A collection of Carlyle's best stories, phrases, and bits of personal description, would make one of the most humorous books in the language. He makes sly fun of himself, of his poverty, of the unconscious oddities of the obscurest people, and equally of the greatest. His raillery is incessant, his eye for the comic of supreme vigilance.

The impression which Carlyle made upon his contemporaries is the best comment on his character. The most serious men of his time recognized him as a modern John the Baptist, and even a worldly ecclesiastic like Bishop Wilberforce described him as "a most eminently religious man." Charles Kingsley honored him as his master, and has drawn an admirable portrait of him as Saunders Mackaye in "Alton Locke," of which description Carlyle characteristically said that it was a "wonderfully splendid and coherent piece of Scotch bravura." His gospel is contained in "Sartor Resartus," of which it has been pertinently said that it "will be read as a gospel or not at all." A calm and penetrative critic like James Martineau witnesses

to the same overwhelming religious force in Carlyle when he speaks of his writings as a "pentecostal power on the sentiments of Englishmen." On the truly poetic nature of his genius all the great critics have long ago agreed. How could it be otherwise in regard of writings whose every second paragraph kindles into the finest imaginative fire? His power of imagery is Dantesque; his range is truly epic; the very phrases of his diaries and letters are steeped in poetry, as when he speaks of John Sterling's last "verses, written for myself alone, as in star-fire and immortal tears." The testimonies to his power of humor, so far as his conversations are concerned, are much too numerous for recapitulation. His own definition of humor was "a genial sympathy with the underside"; and this vivid sympathy expressed itself in his use of ludicrous and extraordinary metaphor, and in his "delicate sense of absurdity." His most volcanic denunciations usually "ended in a laugh, the heartiest in the world, at his own ferocity. Those who have not heard that laugh," says Mr. Allingham, "will never know what Carlyle's talk was." Prophet, poet, and humorist—so stands Carlyle before the world, a man roughly hewn out of the primeval earth, conceived in the womb of labor and hardship, yet touched with immortal fire, fashioned in the rarest mold of greatness, tenderness, and heroism; clearly the most massive, impressive, and fascinating figure in nineteenth-century literature. It remains for us to see what his writings teach us, and what is taught yet more forcibly by the epic of his life. He called himself a Radical of the quiet order, but he had none of the hopefulness of Radicalism, nor was it in him to be quiet on any subject that interested him. There is a good deal of truth in the ironical remark of Maurice, that Carlyle believed in a God who left off governing the world at the death of Oliver Cromwell. He saw nothing in modern progress that justified its boasts, and it must be owned that his social forecasts have been all too amply fulfilled. The hopefulness of Emerson positively angered him. He took him round London, showing him the worst of its many abominations, asking after each had been duly objurgated, "Do you believe in the devil now?" His very reverence for work led him to reverence any

sort of great worker, irrespective of the positive results of his energy. It led him into the mistake of glorifying Frederick the Great. It led him into the still greater error of defending Dr. Francia, the Dictator of Paraguay. So far as the first article of the Radical faith goes, a belief in the people and the wisdom of majorities, he was a hardened unbeliever. Yet it was not because he did not sympathize with the people. His rapid and brilliant etchings of laboring folk—the poor drudge, son of a race of drudges, with bowed shoulders and broken finger nails, whom he sees in Bruges; the poor Irishman "in Piccadilly, blue-visaged, thatched in rags, a blue child on each arm: hunger-driven, wide-mouthed, seeking whom he may devour"—are full of tenderness and compassion. He never forgot that he himself was the child of laboring folk, and he spoke for his order. But he had no mind to hand over the government of the nation to the drudges. His theory of government was government by great men, by which he meant strong men. History was to him at bottom the story of great men at work. He believed in individualism to the last degree when government was in question. If a man had the power to rule, it was his right to be a ruler, and those who had not the power should be glad and thankful to obey. If they would not obey, the one remedy was the Napoleonic "whiff of grapeshot," or something akin to it, and in this case Might was the divinest Right.

Yet this is very far from being all Carlyle's political gospel. He advocated emigration, and by systematic emigration a dimly formulated scheme of imperial federation, long before these things were discussed by politicians. His denunciations of competition really paved the way for the great schemes of coöperation which have since been effected. More or less he believed that the great remedy for poverty was to get back to the land. "Captains of industry" was his suggestive phrase, by which he indicated the organization of labor. His appeals to the aristocracy to be a true aristocracy of work, alive to their social duties, and justly powerful because nobly wise, were certainly not unregarded. Much that we call socialism to-day had its real origin in the writings of Carlyle. The condition of the people was with him a burning and tremendous question. It

was not within the range of his powers to suggest much in the way of practical measures; his genius was not constructive. The function of the prophet has always been rather to expose an evil than to provide a remedy. It must be admitted that Carlyle's denunciations are more convincing than his remedies. But they had one effect whose magnitude is immeasurable: they roused the minds of all thinking men throughout England to the real state of affairs, and created the new paths of social reform. The blazing vehemence of his style, the intense vividness of his pictures, could not fail to arrest attention. He shattered forever the hypocrisy that went by the name of "unexampled prosperity." He forced men to think. In depicting the social England of his time he "splashed" great masses of color on his canvas, as he did in describing the French Revolution, and all earnest men were astonished into attention. The result has been, as Dr. Garnett puts it, that "opinion has in the main followed the track pointed out by Carlyle's luminous finger"; and a completer testimony to his political prescience could not be desired.

What original combination of gifts does he possess as a man of letters? First of all, and chiefly, is this supreme artistic faculty. His dramatic instinct is perfect, his eye for the fine points and grouping of his picture inevitably right. It is this gift which is so conspicuous in the "French Revolution," and makes it a great epic, a series of astonishing *tableaux vivants*, rather than a prose history. But the gift is his in whatever he touches, and it imparts the glow of genius to his least considered writings. There is not another modern writer of English who has produced so much of which so little can be spared. Not even Ruskin has a truer eye for color and effect in nature, nor can Ruskin paint nature with a more impassioned sense of fellowship in the mysteries and glories of the outward world. Could the view from Highgate be painted in any finer fashion than this, with clearer austerity of phrase, and yet with a certain noble largeness of effect too: "Waving, blooming country of the brightest green; dotted all over with handsome villas, handsome groves; crossed by roads and human traffic, here inaudible or heard only as a musical hum; and behind all swam,

under *olive-tinted haze*, the illimitable limitary ocean of London"? Or what picture of a Scotch spring can be more accurately perfect than this: "The hills stand snow-powdered, pale, bright. The black hailstorm awakens in them, rushes down like a black, swift ocean tide, valley answering valley; and again the sun blinks out, and the poor sower is casting his grain into the furrow, hopeful he that the Zodiacs and far heavenly Horologes have not faltered"? Or who that has read it will not recall the passage in which he speaks of riding past the old churchyard at midnight, the huge elm darkly branched against the clear sky, and one star bright above it, and the sense that God was over all? It is in such passages that the deep poetry of Carlyle's soul utters itself most freely. And these fine moments abound in all his writings. He has no need to save up his happy inspirations for future use, after the fashion of lesser men. His is the freest and most prodigal of hands; and nowhere outside the great poets, and very rarely within them, can there be found depictions of nature at once so simple, adequate, and perfect.

The same faculty manifests itself even more remarkably in his sketches of persons. Without an effort, by the mere instantaneous flash of a word, the photograph stands complete. Sometimes the process is slightly more elaborate, but it is always characterized by the same intensity and rapidity of execution. As pieces of description, which sum up with a strange daring and completeness not merely the outward appearance of men, but their spiritual significance also, what can compare with these: Coleridge, "a steam engine of a hundred horse power, with the boiler burst"; Tennyson, "a fine, large-featured, dim-eyed, bronze-colored, shaggy-headed man is Alfred: dusty, smoky, free and easy, who swims outwardly and inwardly with great composure in an inarticulate element of tranquil chaos and tobacco smoke."

The artistic sense which makes him so superb a phrase-maker in describing men serves him in another form when he comes to the criticism of their works. One secret of his method is to convey his impression in some strange and yet felicitous metaphor, rather than by any mere collocation of

qualities. Thus, when he says of Emerson's style that it has "brevity, simplicity, softness, homely grace, with such a penetrating meaning, soft enough, but irresistible, going down to the depths and up to the heights, as silent electricity goes," we feel that there is nothing more to be said. It is the last phrase, the metaphor of "silent electricity," which completes and fixes the whole impression. Reams of essays on Emerson would tell us nothing more than Carlyle has already told us in this one abrupt, yet half-rhythmic sentence. And it is so with all his criticism. He has an inevitable instinct for the right word, the one fine and accurate phrase which expresses what is the dominant quality of a writer. When all estimates of his works are weighed and ended, all depreciations of time and opinion allowed for, most people will feel that Carlyle's great legacy to the world is, after all, himself. Next to Dr. Johnson there is no other figure that stands out in English literature with such distinctness and virility. In mere Titanic mass Carlyle, indeed, bulks far larger than the old dictator of eighteenth century letters. But what is common to both is a fascinating perversity, a brusque and humorous honesty, and above all a certain antique severity and nobleness of nature. Just as we remember and discuss Johnson by his characteristics rather than his writings, so it may be, in a century's time, the figure and actual life of Carlyle will prove more fascinating than anything which he wrote. It may be so, but who can say? The one thing that is clear to us is that he is by far the greatest man of letters of the nineteenth century, the most interesting, noble, and impressive; and as a spiritual and moral force, there is no other writer who has touched his times so deeply, or deserves more honorable memory.

Alfred Tennyson

By HENRY VAN DYKE

ALFRED TENNYSON, the most representative English poet of the nineteenth century, was born at Somersby, in Lincolnshire, on August 6, 1809. His boyhood was passed in his father's country rectory, in an atmosphere that was full of poetry and music; and at a very early age he began to try his wings in verse. Some of his youthful efforts were published in partnership with his elder brother Charles, in 1826, in a volume entitled "Poems by Two Brothers." Two years later he entered Trinity College, Cambridge, and became a member of an intimate society called "The Apostles," which included some of the most brilliant young men in England. Among them was Arthur Henry Hallam, the closest friend of Tennyson. In 1829 he won the chancellor's medal with his poem called "Timbuctoo"; and in the following year he published "Poems, Chiefly Lyrical," a slender volume of new and delicate melodies. He left college without taking his degree, soon after his father's death in 1831, and gave himself to a poet's life with a clear resolution which never wavered for sixty years.

His volume of poems published in 1832 marked a distinct growth in strength and skill. It was but a tiny book; but there was a quality in it which more than balanced the lack of quantity. "The Lady of Shalott," "Œnone," "The Lotos-Eaters," "The Palace of Art," and "A Dream of Fair Women," revealed the

TENNYSON AND THOMAS CARLYLE IN CARLYLE'S GARDEN

presence of a true dreamer of dreams, gifted with the magic which translates visions into music. "The Miller's Daughter," "The May Queen," and "New Year's Eve," showed the touch of one who felt the charm of English rural scenery and common life with a sentiment so fresh and pure and deep that he might soon be able to lay his hand upon the very heart of the people.

But before this highest potency of the poet's gift could come to Tennyson, there was need of a baptism of conflict and sorrow, to purify him from the mere love of art for art's sake, to save him from sinking into an overdainty weaver of exquisite verse, and to consecrate his genius to the severe and noble service of humanity and truth. This liberating and uplifting experience was enfolded in the profound grief which fell upon him in Arthur Hallam's sudden death at Vienna, in 1833. How deeply this irretrievable loss shook the poet's heart, how closely and how strenuously it forced him to face the mystery and the meaning of life in lonely spiritual wrestling, was fully disclosed, after seventeen years, in the famous elegy, "In Memoriam." But the traces of the conflict and some of its fine results were seen even earlier, in the two volumes of "Poems" which appeared in 1842, as the fruitage of a decade of silence. "Ulysses," "Morte d'Arthur," "St. Simeon Stylites," "Dora," "Locksley Hall," "A Vision of Sin," "The Two Voices," and that immortal lyric, "Break, Break, Break," were not the work of

> "An idle singer of an empty day."

A new soul had entered into his poetry. His Muse had been born again, from above. He took his place with the master-minstrels who sing with a full voice out of a full heart, not for a coterie, but for the age and for the race.

It was the recognition that Tennyson really belonged to this higher class of poets—a recognition which at first was confined to a clear-sighted circle, but spread by degrees to the wider reading public—that prepared an expectant audience for his first long poem, "The Princess," which appeared in 1847. The subject was the eternal woman question, treated in the form of an epic.

half heroic and half humorous: the story of a king's daughter who sought to emancipate, and even to separate, her sex from man, by founding a wonderful woman's college; but was conquered at last (or at least modified), by the love of an amorous, chivalrous, dreamy prince, who wooed and married her. The blank verse in which the tale is told has great beauty, though it is often too ornate; the conclusion of the poem is a superb and sonorous tribute to the honor of "das ewig weibliche": but the little interludes of song which are scattered through the epic shine as the chief jewels in a setting which is not all of pure gold.

In 1850 the long-delayed and nobly labored elegy on the death of Hallam was given to the world. It is hardly too much to say that "In Memoriam" stands out, in present vision, as the most illustrious poem of the century. Certainly it has been the most frequently translated, the most widely quoted, and the most deeply loved. It is far more than a splendid monument to the memory of a friend. It is an utterance of the imperishable hopes and aspirations of the human soul passing through the valley of the shadow of death. It is a unique group of lyrics, finished each one with an exquisite artist's care, which is only surpassed by the intense and steady passion which fuses them into a single poem. It is the English classic on the love of immortality and the immortality of love.

In the same year with the appearance of this poem happened the two most important events of Tennyson's career. He was married in June to Miss Emily Sellwood, a lady of rare and beautiful endowments, who proved herself, through a long life of unselfish devotion, the true partner of a poet's existence. And he was appointed in November to succeed Wordsworth as poet laureate.

His first official poem was the stately "Ode on the Death of the Duke of Wellington," in 1852. The majestic march of the verse, its freedom, its organ-toned music, its patriotic vigor, and the lofty solemnity with which it closes, give it a higher place than can be claimed for any other poetical production of an English laureate for a public occasion. "The Charge of the Light Brigade," written in 1854, was a trumpet-

note that rang through England and echoed around the world.

"Maud" was published in 1855. It is a lyrical monodrama, in which the hero, a sensitive and morbid man, with a hereditary tendency to madness, tells the story of his redemption from misanthropy and despair by the power of a pure love, unhappy but victorious. The variety of the metrical forms in this poem, the passionate tenderness of the love-songs, the beautiful truth of the descriptive passages, and the intense personality of its spirit, give it a singular charm, which is felt most deeply perhaps by those who are young and in love. Tennyson himself said to me, "I think 'Maud' is one of my most original poems."

In 1859 began the publication of the epical sequence called "Idylls of theKing"; the largest, and in some respects the most important, of the works of Tennyson. The first group contained "Enid," "Vivien," "Elaine," and "Guinevere." The second group appeared in 1870, and consisted of "The Coming of Arthur," "The Holy Grail," "Pelleas and Ettarre," and "The Passing of Arthur." In 1872 "Gareth and Lynette" and "The Last Tournament" were published; and in 1885 "Balin and Balan" was printed in the volume entitled "Tiresias and Other Poems." The division of "Enid" into two parts—"The Marriage of Geraint" and "Geraint and Enid"—makes the epic as it now stands consist of twelve idylls. Each of these idylls clothes an ancient legend from the history of King Arthur of Britain, in the richest and most harmonious of modern blank verse. They are so far independent that any one of them might stand alone as a complete poem. But there is a connecting thread running through them all in the threefold love-story of Arthur, Guinevere, and Lancelot, though the separate pearls often hide the string. The underlying motive of the whole series is to shadow forth the war of Sense against the Soul. The idylls are to be interpreted therefore as movements in a symphony, the theme of which is the rightful royalty of man's spiritual nature, seeking to establish itself in a settled reign of law, and constantly opposed by the disorderly and disintegrating elements of humanity. In "The Coming of Arthur" it is doubt that

threatens the kingdom; in "Gareth and Lynette" the conflict is with ambition; in "The Marriage of Geraint," with pride; in "Geraint and Enid," with jealousy; in "Balin and Balan," with suspicion; in "Merlin and Vivien," with lust; in "The Holy Grail," with superstition; until at last the poison of unlawful love has crept through all the court, and Arthur's Round Table is dissolved in ruin—but not without a vision of peace for the king who has kept his soul unstained, and a dim promise of new hope for some future age, when he shall return to bloodless victory.

Tennyson has not allowed the ethical purpose of these poems to confuse their interest or bedim their beauty. They are not in any sense an allegory. The tales of love and knight-errantry, of tournament and battle and quest, are vividly told in the true romantic spirit, lighting up the olden story with the thoughts and feelings of to-day. There is perhaps a touch of overelaborateness in the style; but after all the figures stand out to the full as distinctly as they ought to do in such a large tapestry. In the finer idylls, like "Guinevere" and "The Passing of Arthur," the verse moves with a grandeur and dignity, a broad, measured, fluent harmony, unrivaled in England since the days when Milton's organ-voice was stilled.

The rest of Tennyson's poetical work includes his dramas—"Queen Mary," "Harold," "Becket," "The cup and the Falcon," and a few others—and several volumes of miscellaneous poems: "Enoch Arden" (1864), "The Lover's Tale" (1879), "Ballads" (1880), "Tiresias" (1885), "Locksley Hall Sixty Years After" (1886), "Demeter" (1889), and "The Death of Œnone," published posthumously in 1892. The great age to which his life was prolonged, the unswerving fidelity with which he devoted himself to the sole pursuit of his chosen art, the freshness of spirit which made him delight in labor to the very last, and the fine versatility of mind with which he turned from one field of production to another—brought it to pass that both in amount and in variety of work, Tennyson stands in the front rank of English poets. I can think of but two—Shakespeare and Robert Browning—who produced more.

In 1883 a title of nobility was offered to Tennyson through

Mr. Gladstone. This honor, which he had declined at least once before, he now accepted; and in January, 1884, he was admitted (we can hardly say elevated) to the peerage—taking his title, Baron of Aldworth and Farringford, from his two country houses, in Sussex and in the Isle of Wight.

It would be difficult, of course, to characterize the style and estimate the value of such a varied and fertile poet in a brief essay. But there are certain qualities in the poetry of Tennyson which are unmistakable and vital.

1. His diction is singularly lucid, smooth, and melodious. He avoids sharp and strident effects. Not only in his choice of metres, but also in his choice of words and cadences, we feel a musical influence controlling his verse. Sometimes this results in a loss of force or definiteness. But it makes his poetry, whether in the long swinging lines of "Locksley Hall," or in the brief simple measures of the shorter songs, eminently readable. Any one who recites it aloud will find how natural it is to fall, as Tennyson always did, into a rhythmical tone, almost like chanting. And this close relation of his poetry to music may be felt also in the quality of subtle suggestiveness, of intimate and indefinable charm, which makes his brief lyrics as perfect as anything of their kind in the world's literature. He has the power of expressing the vague, delicate, yet potent emotions, the feelings that belong to the twilight of the heart, when the glow of love and the shadow of regret are mingled, in melodies of words as simple and as magical as the chime of far-off bells, or the echoes of a bugle-call dying among the hills.

2. He has an extraordinary truthfulness and delicacy of touch in natural description. This appears equally in minute, pre-Raphaelite work,where he speaks of the color of the buds on different trees in early spring; or of the way in which a wave-crest is reflected in the smooth hollow before it breaks; and in wide, vague landscapes, where he renders the turbulence of the coming storm or the still glory of an autumnal morning in a few broad lines. Add to this the quality of blending and interfusing all his epithets and descriptions with the sentiment of the poem, so that they do not distract the feeling but enhance and deepen

it, and you have one of the traits by which the poetry of Tennyson is most easily distinguished.

3. His range of imaginative sympathy, as shown in his ballads and character pieces, is very wide; but it moves for the most part along natural and normal rather than strange and eccentric lines. His dramatic lyrics differ in this respect from those of Browning. Tennyson expresses the feeling of the philosopher in "Lucretius," of the peasant in "Rizpah," of the child in "The Children's Hospital," of the old sea-fighter in "The Revenge," of the intellectual adventurer in "Ulysses," in order to bring out in each, not that which is exceptional and rare, but that which is most deeply human and typical.

4. His work reflects with singular fidelity the scientific and social movements of the age. The discoveries and inventions of modern times are translated into poetic language, and turned to poetic use. In his verse the earth moves, the planets are molded of star-dust, and the mystery of an unfinished creation is still in evolution. It is possible, often, to assign dates to his poems by an allusion to some newly seen moon or comet, or some critical event in the social history of mankind. It is true that he mistrusts many of the new devices to bring in the millennium. He takes a dark view of some of the elements of nineteenth-century civilization. But still he feels the forward movement of the world; and his poetry mirrors truly the spirit of modern optimism, with shadows.

5. As in its form, so in its spirit, the verse of Tennyson expresses a constant and controlling sense of law and order. He is in the opposite camp from the poets of revolt. Harmony is essential to his conception of beauty. His patriotism is sober, steadfast, thoughtful, law-abiding. His love moves within the bounds of order, purity, and reverence. His conception of power is never akin to blind force, but carries within itself the higher elements of intelligence and voluntary restraint.

> "Self-reverence, self-knowledge, self-control—
> These three alone lead life to sovereign power."

6. The poetry of Tennyson is pervaded by a profoundly religious spirit. His view of the world—his view even of the

smallest flower that blossoms in the world—is illuminated through and through by his faith in the Divine presence and goodness and beauty. He cannot conceive of a purely physical universe. Nothing that he has written could have been written as it is, if he had been an atheist or an agnostic. Even his poems of doubt and conflict are the resurgent protests of the heart against the cold negations which destroy personal trust in the unseen God, in whom we live and move and have our being. His method in dealing with religious subjects is not theological, like that of Milton or Wordsworth; nor philosophical, like that of Browning or Arnold or Clough. Tennyson speaks more from the side of the feelings, the ultimate spiritual instincts and cravings of humanity. The strongest of these is the desire and hope of a life beyond the grave. To this passion for immortality he gives full play, and it evokes some of the strongest and sweetest tones of his music. From "The Deserted House" to "Crossing the Bar," his poetry is an evidence of his conviction that death cannot end all. This faith in the life that is to come elevates and purifies his conception of the life that now is. It gives a new meaning to duty and to love. And when we think of the many noble poems in which it has found expression—"The Two Voices," "The May Queen," "Locksley Hall," "Enoch Arden," "The Leper's Bride," "Guinevere," "In Memoriam," "Vastness," "Wages"—we may well call Tennyson the poet of the endless life.

His influence upon the thought and feeling of the age has been far-reaching and potent. He has stood among the doubts and confusions of these latter days, as a witness for the things that are invisible and eternal—the things that men may forget if they will, but if they forget them, their hearts wither and the springs of poesy run dry. His verse has brought new cheer and courage to the youth of to-day who would fain defend their spiritual heritage against the invasions of materialism. In the vital conflict for the enlargement of faith to embrace the real results of science, he stood forth as a leader. In the great silent reaction of our age from the desperate solitude of a consistent skepticism, his voice was a clear-toned bell, calling the unwilling exiles of belief to turn again. And when at last, on the 6th of October,

1892, he passed away from his quiet home at Aldworth, with the moonlight falling on the closed eyes and voiceless lips, the world mourned for him as for a mighty prophet, and rejoiced for him as a poet who had finished his course and kept the faith.

Christopher Columbus

By D. NASMITH

COLUMBUS was born at Genoa. His father, a wool comber and an enlightened man in easy circumstances, sent him to Pavia, where he studied geometry, geography, astronomy, astrology, and navigation, in order to fit him for the desire of his heart, a sailor's life. He had two brothers, Bartholomew and Diego. When fourteen years of age, he went to sea in the merchant service. At that time it was the practice of the more wealthy shipowners of the Italian republics to arm their vessels. Religious animosity and commercial jealousies were the causes of constant feuds between themselves, the Spaniards, the Arabs, and the Mohammedans. At times these merchants let their armed vessels and crews to reigning sovereigns, to augment the strength of their little navies. It appears that at an early period Columbus abandoned the purely mercantile for this naval life, and that he spent the intervals between his naval expeditions in his favorite study of geography, and added to his slender income by the designing, engraving, and sale of marine charts.

In early manhood, when he had the command of a galley in one of the squadrons acting against the Venetians, his ship caught fire and was wrecked near Lisbon. Columbus was saved by swimming ashore. As Portugal was then famous for her maritime expeditions, Columbus repaired to Lisbon, where he found countrymen and relations, and hoped to find employment congenial to his tastes. He married Felippa the daughter of Bartolomeo de Palestrello, a distinguished navigator who had

left many nautical instruments, charts, and manuscripts, which proved of great value to Columbus. They had one son, Diego. Felippa died when Diego was but a boy.

When the idea first presented itself to his mind, we do not know; but we do know that the study of the charts and globes of his time convinced Columbus that they did not, and could not, rightly represent the earth's surface. If we take a terrestrial globe and cover the vast continents of America and Australia, and the islands of the Indian Ocean, with paper colored to represent water, and revolve the globe in that condition in our hands, and if to all that portion of Asia which embraces India and the Chinese Empire we give the name India, we have before us the then known world, and we are in a position to form some idea of the grandeur of the conception of Columbus. We must add, however, two facts before we realize it, viz.: (1) The extent of Africa southward was not then known, for the Cape of Good Hope was not discovered, though the idea that India might be reached by sailing round the south of Africa was then a favorite topic of conversation. (2) There was a strange confusion in the mind even of the more intelligent, between the primitive notion that the earth was a plane, and the more advanced idea that it was a globe. That people could exist at the antipodes involved the notion of their living upside down—a proposition regarded as simply absurd.

Though Columbus, as far as we know, never questioned the possibility of reaching India by rounding Africa, he maintained that there was a shorter route. He was satisfied that the existing charts did not faithfully represent the earth's surface; that the water, as shown, was out of all proportion to the land; and he concluded, therefore, that India must extend much further into the ocean westward than was represented. The idea of the existence of the continent of America never entered his brain. His belief was that there must be land where, or about where, he subsequently found land did exist, and his project was to sail through the then unknown waters westward and find it. The globe, or rather the known globe, was imperfect; he felt it to be his mission on earth to complete it. To demonstrate the truth of his theory he needed ships, and men to man them.

COLUMBUS AND HIS SON DIEGO AT THE LITTLE MONASTERY
OF SANTA MARIA DE RABIDA.

He had no money of his own. Assistance was denied him both at Genoa and in Portugal, for none able to risk the undertaking believed in it. He resolved to offer to Spain the new world rejected by the place of his birth and that of his adoption.

In the spring of 1471, weary and worn, two travelers sought shelter from the burning Andalusian sun in the shade of the portico of the little monastery of Santa Maria de Rabida, near the small seaport of Palos. The elder was Columbus, the younger the lad Diego. The tall and majestic form, the noble brow, the open countenance, the pensive glance, the soft and graceful lips, and the light brown hair tinged with gray, not warranted by the years of the elder, bespoke no ordinary man.

Father and son were invited in, refreshed and fed by the hospitable monks. The prior, Juan Perez de Marchena, formerly confessor to Queen Isabella, was a noble-hearted and learned man who had exchanged the intrigues and vanities of court life for the tranquillity and study of the monastery. He saluted the stranger and caressed his child. At his invitation Columbus gave him the history of his life, narrated the circumstances that had led him there, spoke of his grand idea, his fears and anxieties as to its accomplishment.

The prior listened in silent admiration, revolving in his mind his power to aid the man who spoke as none other he had ever heard, though he himself was well versed in the sciences involved in navigation.

He promised nothing, but bade Columbus make the monastery his and his child's temporary home. He not merely lodged, but fed and clothed them. He invited Fernandez, a physician, and Pierre de Velasco, a famous navigator, his two intellectual friends in Palos, to meet Columbus. The four met evening after evening—Columbus at last had believers. The prior resolved to act. The then confessor of the queen was Fernando de Talavera, his immediate successor in that office, and his old friend. The prior, in fact, had recommended him to the queen, whose nature he knew, and he felt certain that, with her, to understand was to espouse the cause of Columbus. He trusted Fernando.

The prior wrote a long letter to Fernando, detailing his

knowledge and opinions, and begging him to secure for Columbus an audience with Ferdinand and Isabella; he furnished Columbus with suitable apparel, a mule, a guide, and money, and handed to him the letter to deliver to Fernando, promising to take charge of Diego till his return.

Columbus reached Cordova, where the court then was. The letter was delivered to Fernando and read by him with the incredulity of prejudice. No mention of it, or of Columbus, was made by him to either king or queen. Columbus waited, his purse was emptied, and he returned to his chartmaking and selling to gain his daily bread.

Globes and charts in hand, he obtained interviews with some of the illustrious, and, among others, Mendoza, Archbishop of Toledo. The archbishop was at first terrified; the theory of Columbus was in conflict with the Bible. The simple yet lofty piety of Columbus, which revealed the works of God in their grandeur, dispelled his first notion of blasphemy. He obtained for Columbus—two years after his arrival at Cordova—an interview with Ferdinand and Isabella. Referring to that interview, Columbus wrote: "Brooding on what I was, I was overwhelmed with humility; but reflecting on what I bore, I felt myself the equal of crowned heads. I was no longer myself—I was the instrument of God, chosen and pointed out to accomplish a grand design."

Ferdinand listened with gravity, Isabella with enthusiasm. To Isabella Columbus appeared a messenger from heaven.

Ferdinand ordered a council to be assembled at Salamanca, under the presidency of Fernando de Talavera. Clerics, astronomers, geographers, mathematicians, and the learned in general, were to meet and discuss the project.

Two or three obscure monks of the monastery of St. Ettienne de Salamanca, alone of this assembly of savants, deigned to give Columbus a patient hearing. The rest regarded his utterances as the ravings of an imbecile or a madman. The Bible, the prophets, the psalms, the gospels, the fathers of the church, were all cited against him. Lactance said: "Can anything be so absurd as to believe that there are men at the antipodes with their feet opposite to ours, who walk with their feet

in the air and their heads beneath, to suppose that there is a part of the earth where everything is upside down, where the trees spread their roots in the air, their branches underneath?"

St. Augustine had gone further; he declared the simple belief in the existence of the antipodes to be heresy, for, said he, that would be to suppose the existence of men not descended from Adam, whereas the Bible says the whole human race is descended from the same father.

Diego de Denza, afterward archbishop of Toledo, was the only man of position who dared to defend the doctrines of Columbus. Conference after conference was held. No conclusion had been arrived at, when the war was renewed by Ferdinand against the Moors of Granada. Years rolled on. The Moors were defeated. In 1492 the council reassembled at Seville. Diego de Denza stood forth as the champion of Columbus. The council changed its tone, and contented themselves, when rejecting the scheme, by saying, if it was not impious, it was, at all events, chimerical; and that for the crown to embark in it was to peril its dignity.

Isabella remained firm; Ferdinand gave hope of assistance in the future.

The Duke of Medina Sidonia and the Duke of Medina Celi, each the owner of a port and many vessels, smiled at the suggestion of Columbus that they should embark in the enterprise at their private cost.

Ruined in purse, and dejected in spirit, Columbus returned on foot to the monastery of Rabida. Tears ran down the cheeks of the big-souled prior when he saw his friend on foot, even worse clad than when he first beheld him. They wept together.

The prior again sent for Fernandez; he also sent for Alonzo Pinzon, a wealthy navigator, and for Sebastian Rodriguez, an experienced pilot.

Pinzon promised to supply and equip vessels, provided the government would give its sanction.

The prior wrote, not to the confessor, but to the queen. He appealed to her conscience rather than to her cupidity. The acquisition of empire was less to him than the revela-

tion of the mighty work of God, and the salvation of countless souls.

Columbus refused to bear the letter; his confidence in the Spanish court was gone. He began to entertain the long-rejected overtures of France and England.

Juan Perez sent the letter by the hand of the pilot, Rodriguez. In fourteen days after his departure he returned from Granada in triumph. The queen ordered the venerable prior to her court. He went and filled the bosoms of the queen and her favorite, the Marchioness de Maya, with pious enthusiasm. The queen sent money to Columbus for his immediate necessities, and ordered him to court. He went. He discussed his conditions with the ministers of Ferdinand. He demanded the rank and privileges of an admiral, and the title and authority of viceroy of all lands that he should discover.

The ministers treated his demands with scorn. Fernandez de Talavera, chief of the council, said: "A beggar treats as a king with kings."

Columbus refused to abate one jot of his demand. Mounting his mule—the present of the queen—Columbus set out for Cordova on his way to France. Isabella, hearing of his departure, was indignant with her ministers, whom she accused of daring to barter with God the price not merely of an empire, but of thousands of souls left in idolatry.

Ferdinand, hesitating at the expense, referred to the condition of his exchequer. Isabella exclaimed: "I will take the cost upon my personal crown of Castile. My jewels and diamonds shall be pawned to meet the charge of the expedition."

The treaty between Ferdinand, Isabella, and Columbus was signed on the seventeenth of April, 1492.

New difficulties presented themselves. The royal treasury was empty; vessels needed for other purposes were absent; sailors refused to embark; incredulity and terror caused desertion and open revolt. Isabella was powerless.

Once more the prior assembled his friends of Palos. The three brothers Pinzon were rich; they listened to the entreaties of the venerable prior; they not merely placed three vessels—the "Santa Maria," the "Pinta," and the "Nina"—at the dis-

THE "SANTA MARIA," FLAGSHIP OF COLUMBUS.

posal of Columbus, but undertook to equip them, to find sailors to man them, and, in order to give confidence to the men, Martin Alonzo Pinzon and Vincenti Yonez Pinzon resolved themselves to take the command of the two smaller vessels.

Columbus hoisted his admiral's flag on the "Santa Maria," the only one of the three that was decked from stem to stern, on Saturday, the fourth of August, 1492.

As the little fleet, bearing in all 120 souls, and resembling rather a fishing or a coasting party than an exploring expedition, weighed anchor, the mothers, wives, and sisters of the men, with eyes filled with tears, cursed the man whose wild dreams had robbed them forever of their beloved ones.

A favoring wind soon carried the explorers to the Canaries; the "Pinta," however, had broken her rudder and was leaking; three weeks were spent on the Canaries in the fruitless search for a vessel to replace her.

At length the "Pinta" was repaired, and an extra sail fitted to the "Nina," and the little flotilla left behind it the last known land.

An eruption of Teneriffe filled the souls of the sailors with dread; they saw in it the flaming sword of the angel that drove man from the Garden of Eden, forbidding him again to enter. The admiral went from ship to ship to allay the panic; he explained to the men the natural phenomenon.

When 200 leagues from Teneriffe, the needle deviated a whole degree; the pilots became terrified, and Columbus was bewildered, for he could not explain the phenomenon; nor can the greatest scientists of the present day. He concealed his emotion and invented a special explanation. He ascribed it to the influence of certain stars. Confidence was restored, the sight of a heron and a tropical bird on the following day flying around their masts revived the spirits of the men. Unknown plants were seen floating on the waves; but as days rolled on hope gave way to despair. Columbus passed the nights on deck with his pilot in the study of the stars, his only guide. The men began to ponder on the fact that the wind had never varied, and to fear the possibility of return with a wind always against them. They began to calculate the days, and in whis-

pers to curse the dogged perseverance that sacrificed 120 men to gratify the dreams of one. On the twentieth of September there was a dead calm. The dread of a never-changing wind was gone, and when in the evening some small birds, known to make their nests in human habitations, appeared, hope was rekindled. Weeds that entangled the rudders and made the situation perilous compelled Columbus to change his course. Columbus again professed to understand what sorely bewildered him. The calm, which for the moment delighted as it dispelled one ground of fear by its continuance, gave rise to another, and one still more terrible. The line was reached, the sails hung listless by the masts, but, though no cause of motion could be discovered, the sea was suddenly upheaved. Subterranean convulsions were apprehended. A huge whale was sleeping on the waters. The crew imagined monsters devouring the ships. They collected in groups, sullen and angry, at the foot of the masts; they murmured aloud; they spoke of forcing the pilots to turn about, of throwing the admiral overboard as a madman, who left no choice to his companions but suicide or murder. Columbus, by their gestures, knowing what was passing in their midst, dared them by his attitude, and disconcerted them by his confidence.

Nature came to his rescue, the wind rose, the sails were filled, the vessels glided on. Before nightfall Alonzo Pinzon, who commanded the "Pinta," and who was sufficiently close to the admiral for the two to communicate, from his poop raised the cry of "Land!" The seamen reëchoed the cry of safety, of life, and of triumph, and, throwing themselves on their knees, chanted "Glory to God in heaven and on earth." The hymn finished, they climbed the masts. Columbus alone doubted, but he did not show it. Sunrise dispelled the illusion. The admiral resumed his course westward.

Another calm, a cloudless and unbounded sky. Innumerable dolphins made the ocean seem all alive; flying fish, darting up, fell on the decks; all nature seemed to concert with Columbus to raise fresh hopes and make the men forget the passing days.

On the first of October the men believed that they had only

made 600 leagues beyond the ordinary route of vessels. The admiral's private log showed 800. Columbus under his calm exterior was troubled. He thought that he must have passed unnoticed the islands of some archipelago.

On the seventh of October the "Nina," then ahead, fired her gun, the agreed signal of land. When the admiral neared her, he found that her captain had been deceived by a cloud. The reaction following the fresh-raised joy plunged the crews into still deeper despair. Columbus again changed his course, and, abandoning his ideal line, followed the wake of the birds.

Murmur turned to clamor. The admiral, nothing daunted, assumed an impassable countenance, invoked authority against sedition, and called upon heaven to judge between the men and him. He did not shrink. He pledged his life on his promise. Speaking with the air of a prophet, confident as to the future, he said: "Suspend your incredulity and determination to return for three days." He swore that if, during the third day, land was not seen on the horizon, he would yield to their wishes and take them back to Europe.

Columbus had seen what others had not seen. Things visible to all tell different tales. The oath was politic, it was bold; but not so reckless as to some it might then appear.

At sunrise on the second day fresh broken boughs were seen floating on the water, as also a plank that bore the marks of human labor, and other signs of not far distant land.

The admiral had promised a reward to the man who first should discover and announce land. When pacing the deck alone at midnight of the second day, the eleventh and twelfth of October, 1492, peering through the darkness into the distance, he saw, or thought he saw, a firelight, alternately appearing and disappearing. In an under voice he summoned Guteriz, a Spanish gentleman of the court of Isabella, to his side, and pointing in the direction, told him what he thought he saw and asked if he saw the same. Guteriz said that he saw a light that seemed to be going in and out. Columbus summoned Rodrigo Sanchez de Segovie, another of his confidants. He also confirmed the fact. At early dawn, when all

but the night watch slept, the "Pinta" fired her gun and startled Columbus from the reveries into which he had fallen after the night's discovery.

The sleepers aroused, looked and beheld the promised land. The sails were furled. As the rising sun dispersed the mist, a lovely country, rich in foliage, grew upon the eye; before them lay a vast amphitheater dropping into the waters on either side, rising to the summits of the mountain background. The fragrance of the perfumes, mingling with the sweet song of birds, left no sense ungratified.

Huts, scattered here and there, some in clusters, others isolated, indicated a numerous population, and as the vessels neared the land groups of men, women, and children, rather astonished than frightened, were seen between the trees coming timidly toward the shore.

Columbus restrained the impetuosity of his crews, now mad with joy. He determined that the landing should be effected with the dignity becoming the occasion. He dressed himself in full uniform, threw his purple mantle over his shoulders, and, taking in his right hand the imperial flag, bearing the emblem of the cross and the initials of Ferdinand and Isabella, surmounted by the crown, entered his launch and led the van, followed by the launches of Alonzo Pinzon and Yones Pinzon. When he reached the shore, going on his bended knees, he kissed the earth and wept.

Rising and recovering himself, he said in Latin: "Eternal and Almighty God, who, by the creative power of Thy word, brought the firmament, the water, and the earth into being; let Thy name be universally adored and glorified; let Thy majesty and universal sovereignty be exalted from generation to generation by the meanest of Thy servants; let Thy holy name be known and spread throughout this hitherto unknown portion of Thine empire."

He baptized the island in the name of Christ—the island of San Salvador. His lieutenants, his pilots, and his sailors, in a rapture of joy and reverence for the mighty man, fell at the feet of the admiral, kissed his hands and garments, and for the moment realized the majesty, if not the divinity of genius

Columbus, satisfied that the island belonged to the mainland of India, styled its inhabitants Indians.

This first-discovered land proved to be an island, one of the present Bahama group. It was taken formal possession of for the crown of Castile and Leon, under the name of San Salvador. Among other discoveries made during this first voyage were the large islands of Cuba and Hispaniola, on the latter of which—now known as Santo Domingo—Columbus established a garrison, and, taking with him a few of the natives, together with samples of the indigenous produce, started for Spain. On the way the little fleet, already weakened by the loss of one vessel, was nearly cast away in a tempest, but finally sought shelter at the Azores, and, after touching at Lisbon, reached the port of departure exactly seven months and eleven days from the time when it had set out. The rejoicings in Spain, as may be imagined, were great. At a court held at Barcelona all the stipulations originally made by Columbus were ratified, his family was ennobled, and he himself was appointed to the conduct of a new expedition on a vastly larger scale. This, which left Cadiz on the twenty-fifth of September, 1493, comprised seventeen vessels, on board of which were fifteen hundred souls, numbering among them certain men of family, who proposed to push their fortunes in the new country. A more southerly course than on the former occasion led to the discovery of the Leeward Islands, then inhabited by the fierce race of the Caribs; but on reaching Hispaniola it was found that the natives, irritated by the misconduct of the Spanish garrison, had risen and massacred them. Columbus declined to undertake retaliatory measures, but established a stronger settlement, to which he gave the name of Isabella, in honor of his patroness; and, having reduced matters to greater order, once more departed, leaving his brother Diego as governor of the island. The discovery of Jamaica followed, and on his return the high admiral met with his brother Bartholomew, who arrived with reinforcements and supplies from Spain. The Indian war which succeeded resulted in an almost total subjugation of the native tribes, many of whom were reduced to servitude, while from all heavy tribute was exacted. During this period the

enemies of Columbus had not been idle, and the accusations against him had become so serious that he resolved to plead his cause in person. Therefore, leaving Bartholomew as his *adelantado*, or lieutenant governor, he set out for Spain, where he arrived, after severe hardships, in 1496. After many delays he contrived to reassert his influence with the sovereign, his native prudence and calmness being greatly aided by his presents of gold and other treasure; so that he once more took his departure in high favor, in May 1498, with a squadron of six ships. This third journey, however important in its results, was less satisfactory at the time. Trinidad was discovered, as well as some portions of the South American coast; but mutiny and discontent at Santo Domingo occasioned the admiral fresh anxieties, and his life was once more imbittered by the intrigues of his enemies, who at length contrived to influence even Isabella against her former favorite. First of all, his assured rights were interfered with by a new grant of exploration to his rivals, Alfonso d'Ojeda and Amerigo Vespucci. This was followed by a revocation of his commission as viceroy. Francesco de Bovadilla, who was sent out in his stead, had the arrogance to send both Columbus and his brothers home in irons. But the act proved his own ruin. He was disgraced, while his victims were liberated and rewarded. Still the former honors were not restored, which so worked on the feelings of Columbus that he ever after preserved his fetters as a memento of injustice. It seemed as though his star was on the wane. His last voyage began in May 1502; and the first incident was a terrible hurricane, occurring soon after his arrival at Santo Domingo, in which a treasure fleet starting for home, and the departure of which he had vainly attempted to delay, was almost entirely lost. True, his own fortune was saved, while Bovadilla and other of his bitterest enemies perished; but even this event was made the cause of charges of sorcery against him. Then came his disappointment in not finding the strait which he had hoped existed near Panama, and shipwreck on the island of Jamaica, whence he was only rescued, after a period of the greatest misery, by a fleet from Hispaniola. At length, reaching Spain with one solitary vessel, he found, on landing at San

Lucar in December 1504 that Queen Isabella was dead; and from her surviving consort, Ferdinand, he could obtain no redress, and had even to undergo the insult of being offered a pension in exchange for his former dignities.

So, broken down with disappointment and illness, Columbus breathed his last at Valladolid, on May 20, 1506, his death being distinguished by the same piety and calm faith which had marked his life. King Ferdinand, actuated possibly by remorse, honored his body with solemn obsequies, and confirmed, though tardily, the rights of his family. His remains, originally deposited at Santo Domingo, were transported in the year 1795 to the cathedral of Havana, in the island of Cuba, where they now repose.

"America," says M. Henri Martin, "ought to bear no other name than that of Columbus. Posterity has been equally unjust toward Columbus with the crown of Spain: the latter refused him the just recompense of his labors; the former has denied him the honor of naming the world that he found. The Florentine, Amerigo Vespucci, has robbed the great Genoese of his glory by the most gigantic fraud that history records. Amerigo having made, in 1499, a voyage to the coast of the new continent, seen the previous year by Columbus, pretended to have anticipated Columbus by a year, whom he had in fact only followed. His letters, addressed to such illustrious personages as Lorenzo di Medici and the Duc de Lorraine, had a vast publicity; that to the duke was printed at St. Dié in 1507, and the Lorraine editor thereupon proposed to give the name 'America' to the fourth part of the globe, which he believed Vespucci had discovered. This proposal, made by an unknown person in an obscure corner of Lorraine, has been universally adopted, to the end that nothing should be wanting that might make the unhappy destiny of Columbus complete."

Rajah Brooke of Sarawak

By INGLEBY SCOTT

HALF a century ago it was taken for granted that the knight-adventurer was a lost type of character in the civilized world. In the nineteenth century, however, appeared at least one man of the mediæval type—in a way puzzling to some good people, very painful to a few others, and inexpressibly delightful to the genuine heart of Old England, which still enjoys sending forth St. Georges to fight dragons.

It is possible that Sir James Brooke's cast of mind may have been more or less determined by his being born in the Orient, and near the tropics, though his parents were English. His father was in the civil service of the East Indian Company; and a very businesslike Englishman he seems to have been, having no notion of young men wandering about the world without knowing exactly what they aim at. The mother sympathized with her son, as the mothers of heroes usually do. When he did not see his way to the enterprise he had set his heart upon, he was wont to open his mind to his mother as they paced the garden walk at South Broom.

From these parents he was early separated for a time, as the children of the company's servants necessarily were fifty years ago. He went from school to school in England, not gaining much learning, it appears, nor probably much praise from the masters. Putting together the grammar of his compositions before he had cultivated his literary tastes by study, the short time he was at certain schools, his known roving propensities, and his peculiar laugh when his old schoolmates

claimed the honor of intercourse with him at Norwich and other schools, one has an impression that he was perhaps a naughty boy—fond of running away and more given to "Robinson Crusoe" than the Latin grammar. His domestic and friendly correspondence in after life is charming—in expression as well as in sense and sentiment; but all taskwork with the pen, all formal statement to meet official eyes, or be read by the public, betrayed the secret of the failure of the grammar school part of his education. What appearance he made in his parents' eyes when they renewed acquaintance with him on their return to England we do not know. He was then fourteen; and we can easily imagine that he was the joy of his mother's heart. His frank, healthful, eager, thoughtful face; his activity of frame; his guileless speech; his tenderness of heart;—all these things won everybody who came near him. The doubt was about his steadiness. It is a pity his father could not have known that he would live to manifest a pertinacity like that of Columbus in pursuit of his enterprises: and yet his father was not unreasonable in distrusting his steadiness, before it became manifest that this was a man who must have his own way.

At sixteen he went to India as a cadet. Here he showed himself a born soldier, as people say. He so distinguished himself in the first Burmese war as to receive the thanks of government, and was severely wounded—shot in the lungs—and thereby transferred from the beaten way of Indian soldiership to his own wild path of life. He was ordered home to be nursed; recovered, traveled over a great part of Europe; embarked for India; was wrecked in the Channel, and so delayed by the accident as to reach India after his leave of absence had expired. No doubt he might easily have got his appointment renewed; but he preferred letting it go, and for the next eight years he seemed to lead an idle, roving life. It was during these years, between 1830 and 1838, that he formed and matured the conception of his enterprise, and strove earnestly, but in vain, to embark in it. He had a general notion of establishing an understanding with some Malays in Borneo or Celebes, or wherever the chance seemed most favorable; and

the object of the understanding was to improve the people, so as to render them wiser and happier in themselves, and better allies for Europeans. He had far-reaching convictions of the political and commercial benefits which England might derive from the elevation of the native character; and he had his own convictions as to how that elevation might best be achieved: but he went forth as free to follow the lead of events as any knight-errant who ever laid the reins on his steed's neck in an unknown land.

His two main convictions as to what should be done with the Malays make the difference between his project and those of his many predecessors. In this age of commerce, we propose a commercial establishment in new countries, and trading relations with their peoples. Brooke showed cause for his belief that a territorial establishment of some sort—wherever it might be, and however small—was indispensable to any actual union with the nation. Trading would be mere trading to the end of the chapter if the foreigners had no participation in the more intimate interests of the people. Together with this must be taken the other point of doctrine, that the improvement of the natives must proceed from and advance in themselves, and not through colonization by a superior race. Such colonization depresses a native population; or, if it partially improves them, it is by altering their character, and making them imitators of the teachers who have intruded themselves. Brooke's idea was of going to work in the opposite way—by strengthening and elevating the characteristics of the people; by encouraging their original powers, fundamental thoughts and distinctive feelings, under the influence of new knowledge. It is not to be wondered at if his father thought such notions very unpractical, and a poor reason for spending money on a vessel and crew and precious time in paying visits to Malay tribes.

In 1838 the father was dead, and the son had laid out a portion of his inherited property in the purchase of the renowned "Royalist." Brooke's first voyage in her was an experimental one to prove the vessel and crew. As for himself, he was a born sailor as well as a soldier. On the seventh of December,

1838, he sailed for Singapore, where he might learn what point to select for the opening of his enterprise.

His letters during this six months' voyage show the activity of his mind—observing and recording the phenomena in natural history, speculating in theology, learning the grammar of Eastern tongues, and proving his administrative powers in the management of his ship's company. Hitherto his existence had been the poet's dream—henceforth it was the poet's life. For nearly twenty years we can follow his course, from night-watching in the wilds of the ocean for the Southern Cross, and passing visits to every shore where he might gain light for his great purposes, to his return home, a prince over a devoted people, and a conqueror in every conflict with calumny and persecution; but too much worn out for further action. It may be doubted whether a more beneficent, disinterested, and soul-stirring career was ever run by any great captain in the warfare of human life.

Now it so happened that when Mr. Brooke reached Singapore a certain Muda Hassim, living on the banks of a river, called the Sarawak River, had, to the astonishment of all, done a kind act to some shipwrecked seamen. The governor of Singapore and Mr. Brooke talked the matter over. The owner of the "Royalist" wished to go somewhere: the governor wished that Muda Hassim be thanked. Mr. Brooke agreed to carry his message if he could find out where the Sarawak River was: thus it came to pass that James Brooke first visited Borneo. After sailing some days, the Bornean coast was sighted from the "Royalist"; and after a few more days of surveying, Mr. Brooke found and entered the Sarawak River, and finally reached Kuching, so soon destined to be the capital of his own dominions.

Sarawak was thirty-five miles in the interior of Borneo. Here we first see the Santobong peak, with its crest of cliffs and straggling trees; and the wooded hills, and white beaches, fringed with casuarinas; and the wild hogs and gray pigeons; and the paddy fields; and the cottages raised on piles and canopied with palms; and the mild and easy-going people, capable of reverence and love and thought and discussion, but

not very fond of work. "My people are gentlemen," Brooke was fond of saying; and he found this out early, and experienced the advantage of it in leading them up to a higher social elevation.

We have now to tell how James Brooke came to be a ruler in Borneo, and must do this very briefly, for space would fail us to tell the tale as it should be told. The province of Sarawak was in nominal dependence upon the Sultan of Borneo—Omar Ali, who held his somewhat moldy court at Brunei—a kind of "Venice of hovels," as Mr. Brooke afterward described it. A cunning ruffian, named Makota, was at this time governor of Sarawak; but by his brutality, greed, and insolence, he had goaded the province into rebellion. Muda Hassim, uncle of the sultan, and heir presumptive to the throne, had been sent down from Brunei to restore order. This he was quite unable to do. Partisan fighting, pestilence, and famine were rife throughout the province. Muda Hassim, who had hospitably received the white men that had dropped in upon him from the clouds, entreated Mr. Brooke to help him. If he, the sultan's high commissioner, failed in his enterprise, he was a lost man when he got back to Brunei. His object was, having pacified the province, to get back there, where, as next heir to the throne, he had his own little interests to look after. He even promised Mr. Brooke the government of the province, of course under the suzerainty of the sultan, if he would help him to restore order. Long did the Englishman hesitate and pause—he even sailed away from Sarawak to see if matters would settle themselves; but on coming back some months afterward found things rather worse than before. At length he decided that he and his dozen sailors would help Muda Hassim, but on condition that full pardon was extended to all the rebels—save two or three chiefs, for whom he also secured forgiveness in the long run. Mr. Brooke did interfere, and finally prevailed. The rebels surrendered; the white chief obtained pardon for all, and returned to Kuching. Not without delay, and not without hesitation, Muda Hassim at last kept his word. On the twenty-fourth of September, 1841, the owner of the "Royalist" became governor of Sarawak, with full powers, and about

a year afterward the appointment was confirmed by the Sultan of Brunei

We see him soon attaching himself to the people by his ever ready affections. We see him preparing for the first great step—extirpating the piracy which precluded any advance in civilization, by destroying the fruits of industry, breaking up security and order, and encouraging bad passions. Here the born soldier came out again—as on several occasions since. We see the humane and thoughtful friend of depressed races pursuing war like a pastime—chasing the pirates to their landing places, hunting them to their retreats, shooting and drowning men, sinking and burning boats—in short, making a thorough clearance in each expedition; and yet we see that this is the same man, only doing a different part of his work. He is removing obstructions to his great object; and, in his spirit of fidelity, he makes the removal as complete as possible. Home-staying men, of a narrow and prosaic cast of mind, and a suspicious habit of temper, have not been able to conceive that one man could present two such different aspects: and, as the energy of his war-making was indisputable, they have assumed that this was the real thing in him, and the civilizing object a sham. Taking for granted all the while that the usual recompense of enterprise, as they understood it, must be in his mind's eye, they denounced him as pursuing the pirates for the sake of the head money up to that time allowed by government to the destroyers of pirates. To the satisfaction of all men, this barbarous practice of government grants of head money is done away; but Brooke's name and fame could never be implicated with it, while it is notoriously true that he spent his patrimony in the service of his Dyaks, and that he could at any time have enriched himself by permitting the Chinese, with their advantage of industry, to take their own way with the natives. By merely abstaining from interference, he might have levied great wealth in a short time. It is his sufficient defense from charges of mercenary ambition that he steadily encouraged the Dyaks, and repressed the Chinese, while promoting industry on every hand. The crowning proof of the distinctness and steadiness of this policy was seen in the

fidelity of the Dyaks when they rallied round him and his settlement and brought both off safe from the attack of the Chinese in 1857, when they burned his dwelling, massacred some of his household, and hunted him for his life. One of his most inveterate enemies at home exclaimed on reading the news: "We have clearly mistaken the man. The devotedness of the Dyaks at such a time, when his fate was in their hands, speaks trumpet-tongued in favor of his government."

What was that government? Brooke at once showed himself the born administrator, no less than soldier and sailor. His government was a perfect success throughout its whole term. It was not the military despotism which was the natural resort of the adventurers of the Middle Ages, who ruled with the strong hand what they had gained by the strong hand, portioned off their dominions among their followers, and made ministers without any qualities of statesmanship. Brooke went along among the Dyaks, not as a conqueror, but to live among them, in order to be at their service. His opinions as to their welfare were at their call; and his time, faculties, and experience; but he desired them to govern themselves, so far as to agree on the objects and purposes of government. They were ruled through their own reason, enlightened by his, and not by his will. I doubt whether anything like this was ever seen before, since Europeans began to go among barbaric tribes.

One instance will suffice to illustrate his principle and method. Hitherto it had been matter of course for the European ruler to stimulate and command the industry of the natives, whether to enrich himself or to improve the condition and aspect of the territory. The people were made to work, and generally on taskwork appointed by the government. Nothing of the sort took place under Brooke's administration. He did everything possible for the protection and encouragement of industry; and there he stopped. He did not want the people to enrich him; and he left them free to choose whether to enrich themselves. He chastised their piratical enemies, made the rivers safe, and promoted trading; but, as the Dyaks are not fond of labor, he acquiesced in their tastes, and countenanced the native arrangement by which the Chinese immi-

grants did the hard work, and the Dyaks enjoyed their ease and dignity. "My Dyaks are gentlemen," was in his mind amid the provisions of his government, as well as in conversation with Europeans. In like manner he encouraged these gentlemen clients of his to discuss the rules and methods of justice, law, and executive government. They decided on the institution of courts of justice; they held counsel on new laws; and they distributed the offices of government under his sanction. His advice and information were always at their disposal; but they had to ask for the one and the other. In the coolness of the morning he was always to be found on a public walk by the riverside, where he could be consulted by all comers: and many a time did midnight overtake some group of which Brooke was the center, gravely discussing the affairs of the commonwealth, speculating on the great questions which interest men of all races in all ages, or narrating the facts of European or Eastern life.

Certain hours of the day were his own; and in them he became perfectly acquainted with the contents of every book in his library; that library destined to be burnt in the revolts of the Chinese, and to be replaced in time by the honorable sympathy of the universities. While he was perplexed by pecuniary needs, and resolved not to tax the people as long as a shred of his own property remained, while he was in a perpetual doubt about the intentions of the court of Borneo, and in constant expectation of piratical assaults, his people were advancing from day to day in comfort, security, enlightenment, and social discipline. His one measure of severity—the making the national custom of taking heads punishable with death—was becoming intelligible to men whose instinct of head taking was yet too strong to be at once extirpated, and all else was promising, when the clouds gathered which were to keep the sunshine from him for the rest of his life. It is not my business to discuss the policy of England in regard to the Eastern Archipelago. At one moment the anxious hopes of Brooke rose high; and then again they were dashed by some apathy or some mysterious reluctance on the part of government, or overthrown by a mere change of administration. Through all

this he carried on his rule as if the fate of the people depended on himself. He came triumphantly out of an inquiry into his character as Rajah of Sarawak, which could never have been countenanced by any government which understood the man. The result confirmed his influence in his dominions; and the revolt of the Chinese, as I have said, was the occasion of proving what the relation between himself and his people really was. Long before this, the wife of the Missionary Bishop McDougall had written an anecdote of the obeisance of a Dyak before the portrait of his "great Rajah," and had borne witness "how deep in the hearts of the natives lie love and reverence for Sir James Brooke": and now the love and reverence came out in action, so as to move and convince the hardest and most skeptical of the objectors to greatness when manifested in its own way and not in theirs.

Rajah Brooke is dead, but his plans and method of rule are carried on, in a spirit of devout fidelity to him, by relatives and friends. We may hope that his services will never be lost among the Dyaks as assuredly the tradition of them will never be.

He gave himself to Sarawak, instead of seizing Sarawak for himself. He did not grasp at the reins of government, but put them into the hands of the natives, and showed them how to guide their course. He sacrificed his fortune for them, instead of extorting one from them. It has been the world's wonder what sort of Christians Cortez and his comrades supposed themselves to be: and the world now sees what sort of Christian a knight-adventurer may be. For the sake of this spectacle we may rejoice that that antique class has had one more representative man.

David Livingstone

By L. J. PROCTOR

DAVID LIVINGSTONE, African missionary and explorer, was born at Blantyre, Lanarkshire, on March 19, 1813. His grandfather owned a farm in Ulva, one of the Hebrides; but owing to the requirements of a large family, found himself obliged to seek employment at the Blantyre cotton works near Glasgow. Livingstone's father, being fairly educated, became a clerk in the factory, but gave this up during the latter part of his life, and kept a tea shop in Glasgow.

At the age of ten David Livingstone was put to work as a "piecer" at the Blantyre factory. Even at this early age his character was remarkable for its gravity, and steady, plodding earnestness. Reading took the place of ordinary amusement with him, and, to economize time, he accustomed himself while at work to place an open book on a portion of the spinning jenny and catch sentence after sentence as he passed backward and forward in front of it, quite undisturbed by the noise of the machinery. An evening school helped out his education for several years. He thus mastered "Virgil" and "Horace," and read all that came in his way.

While still a youth, the truths of religion took a deep hold of his mind, and under the feeling thus produced, "in the glow of love," as he says, "which Christianity inspires, I soon resolved to devote myself to the alleviation of human misery."

Being promoted at nineteen to higher work in the factory, the increased wages he received enabled him by working during the greater part of the year to support himself at Glasgow

while attending the medical, Greek, and divinity classes which were held in the winter. He offered himself for the service of the London Medical Society and was accepted, and his admission as a "Licentiate of the Faculty of Physicians and Surgeons" completed his preparatory labors.

Mr. Robert Moffat, another of the London Society's missionaries, was laboring successfully in Southern Africa, and Livingstone resolved to join him. Accordingly, late in 1840, with the full approval of the society, he left England for Kuruman, Mr. Moffat's station, and reached there on July 31, 1841. In obedience to his instructions he turned his attention to the formation of a new station further north. Here he stayed for three years, and then moved to Mabotsa, some 300 miles to the northeast, where, in the effort to help his Baketta protégés, the memorable encounter with the lion occurred which so nearly proved fatal to him. The bone of his left shoulder was crushed, restricting for the rest of his life the use of his left arm.

In 1844 he married Mary Moffat, the veteran missionary's eldest daughter. Having made a friend of Sechele, chief of the Bakwains, he ultimately removed to his country and built a station with his own hands, near a small stream called Kolobeng. Here some years were passed in hard and successful work, and then Livingstone renounced his life as a stationary teacher, and though not entirely relinquishing his missionary character assumed that of an explorer, by which he is best known.

In company with two English gentlemen, Mr. Oswell and Major Vardon, the great Kalahari Desert was crossed and Lake Ngami discovered in August 1849. Livingstone's opinion of the country deserves notice: "Not only the natives," he wrote, "but Europeans whose constitutions have been impaired by an Indian climate, find the tract of country indicated (the southern borders of the Kalahari) both healthy and restorative. . . . Cases have been known in which patients have come from the coasts with complaints closely resembling—if they were not actually those of consumption—and they have recovered by the influence of the climate alone."

A subsequent journey in the same direction brought him to the town of Sebituane, chief of the Makololo. Soon after the chief died, but the promise of assistance made before this occurred was confirmed by his successor, a daughter, Ma-Mochisane. In going to Shesheke, where she lived, 130 miles to the northeast, Livingstone, with Mr. Oswell, discovered Zambesi, toward the end of June 1851. Livingstone has described this as a magnificent stream, even in that dry season from 300 to 400 yards broad. This discovery was indeed important, and impelled not only by the prospects it presented, but by the remembrance of his difficulties at Koloberg with the Boers, Livingstone decided to explore the river thoroughly, and meanwhile sent his wife and four children home to England.

The journey undertaken with this view commenced in June 1852, and "extended from Cape Town, at the southern extremity of the continent, to St. Paul de Loanda, the capital of Angola, to the West coast, and thence across south Central Africa, in an oblique direction, to Quelimane in Eastern Africa." Besides geographical research, Livingstone tells us that his object was to find if he could "a healthy district that might prove a center of civilization and open up the interior by a path to either the East or West coast. Glancing rapidly along his route we see our traveler first at Kuruman, where the panic in the country, on account of the attack on Koloberg, delayed him. Then at Linyanti, capital of the Makololo, where Sekeletu, who now reigned in place of his sister, Ma-Mochisane, showed herself, like his predecessors, favorable to Livingstone Then, with a large body of Makololo, provided by the chief, on December 27, 1853, at the confluence of the two streams, Leeba and Leembye. Passing various tribes he encountered no opposition till he entered the territory of Chiboque. Here, however, hostilities were avoided by his firmness and tact.

On his arrival at Loanda, May 31, 1854, he was well received by the Portuguese. He then retraced his steps, and in August was once more at Linyanti. On November 3 he started down the Zambesi, and on January 14, 1856, reached Loangwa, crossing the Zambesi here and traveling to the

southwest. Tete is reached safely on March 3. Passing the Lupata gorge, Senna was reached April 22. Morambala and the Shire Mouth May 11 and thirty miles below Shupanga. It was here Mrs. Livingstone died of virulent fever, six months after she had joined her husband on her return from England. She lies buried under a fine baobab tree, close to a Portuguese house, and a simple white monument marks her grave. From Mazaro, at the head of the Delta, down the Mututo Quelimane, and here the East coast was reached on May 26, 1856. A few weeks after H. M. S. Frolic anchored off Quelimane, and offering him passage to Mauritius, the traveler embarked, and on December 12 landed in England.

Here he received an enthusiastic welcome, and his book, published in 1857, was eagerly read. He had overthrown the belief, which previously existed, "that a large part of the interior of Africa consisted of sandy deserts, into which rivers ran and were lost." He had filled up considerable portions of the map of Central Africa; a splendid river was found, crossing nearly two-thirds of the continent, and he had accomplished the work of tracing it down to its outlet. He had shown, too, that the African, with all his faults, was open to the influence of reason, truth, and kindness, and now he might have rested—most men would, but not Livingstone.

The government made a liberal grant of money, and furnished him besides with a small steamer. To give him more influence with the Portuguese, he was appointed consul at Quelimane. An expedition, composed of picked men, was formed, and left England March 10, 1858, and in May the Zambesi delta was reached. As regards the practical objects with which it started, this expedition fell short of success. Little was done beyond laying down the position of the comparatively unimportant lakes of Shirwah and Nyassa, and a complete survey was made of the Shire and lower part of the Zambesi. Things were just beginning to look brighter when, in June 1863, the expedition was recalled.

In the autumn of 1865 he was again on his way to Eastern Africa, unsupported by public aid and entirely alone. Starting from Zanzibar, he found there was no connection between the

Rovuma River and Lake Nyassa. Soon after starting toward Tanganyika, a little west of Nyassa, he was deserted by the men engaged at Johanna, and they returned to the coast with the report that he had been murdered. He obtained canoes and some more men at Marenga, passed around the heel of Lake Nyassa and, crossing the end of the Kirk Mountains, they reached the Loangwa River on December 16, 1866. From here Livingstone traveled toward Lake Tanganyika, still hoping to find the basin of the Nile. He was deserted by two of his porters, one having the medicine chest, and so Livingstone was left in the heart of Africa at a very unhealthy time of year, daily drenched with heavy rains, without medicine. He became ill, but pluckily kept on with his travels. He was detained for three months at Lofu by war, and afterward remained from late in the year 1867 until April 1868 at the Arab settlement of Kabwabwata. He secured here a company of Arabs, who went with him on his expedition to Lake Bangweolo. From this point, early in 1869, accompanied by the Arabs, he started for Ujiji, which he finally reached on March 14, 1869. His health was bad, and, to add to his physical troubles, he found that the stores sent to meet him at Ujiji had been stolen. Crossing Tanganyika in the following June he reached Ugupha, on its western side, and entering Rua, commenced a long series of journeys until his researches were brought to a stop by the mutiny of his men, and in a state of mind bordering on despair and utterly destitute he wandered back to Ujiji.

The story of his murder having reached England, searching parties were formed, but it remained for a solitary American most gallantly to do that which three Englishmen failed to do. Henry M. Stanley, sent by James Gordon Bennett, reached Zanzibar January 6, 1871, and after much difficulty he reached Ujiji and met the brave but disheartened Livingstone on November 3, 1871. Medicine, food, hope, and cheerful society wrought wonders on Livingstone, and Stanley urged him to return to England, but Livingstone still was possessed with a desire to find the source of the Nile.

On March 14, 1872, Stanley, having furnished Livingstone with medicine and all necessaries, left Zanzibar reluctantly,

and on August 25 Livingstone started with his old eagerness for Tanganyika. Although unfit for travel, he managed to ride a donkey, and reached the lake in October. He traveled on, and finally reached the Zambezi River in April. He was now so ill that he had to be carried on a litter, but he finally arrived at Zitambo's village, in the country of Ilala, and died there, May 1, 1873. His men roughly embalmed the body and started for the coast. At Kwihara, near Tabora, they met the second Livingstone relief expedition sent out by the Royal Geographical Society. The officers thought best to bury the body there but Livingstone's men were determined that their master's body should be sent to England, which it finally was, and he was buried in Westminster Abbey on April 18, 1874.

Sir Bartle Frere, president of the Royal Geographical Society, wrote of Livingstone: "As a whole, the work of his life will surely be held up in ages to come as one of singular nobleness of design and of unflinching energy and self-sacrifice in execution. . . . I never met a man who more nearly fulfilled my idea of a perfect Christian gentleman, actuated in what he thought and said and did by the highest and most chivalrous spirit, modeled on the precepts of his great Master and Exemplar."

EXPLORERS AND DISCOVERERS

Henry Morton Stanley

LIVINGSTONE, the long-lost missionary-explorer, and Stanley, his brave discoverer, will forever be honored as the grand pioneers of modern African exploration. The devotion of the one to religious duty, and of the younger man to the noble enterprise which has culminated in the marvelous transformation still in progress, gave to the nineteenth century its most glorious romance.

Henry M. Stanley, the explorer, was born near Denbigh, Wales, January 28, 1841. His name originally was John Rowlands, and when three years old he was placed in the poorhouse at St. Asaph, remaining there and being educated for ten years, and then taught in a school. At the age of fifteen he sailed as a cabin boy in a vessel bound for New Orleans, where he was adopted by a merchant whose name he took. This merchant died without a will, and young Stanley was left on his own resources.

He enlisted in the Confederate army, was taken prisoner, and subsequently joined the Federal navy, serving as acting ensign on the ironclad "Ticonderoga." At the close of the war he went as a newspaper correspondent to Turkey.

In 1868 Stanley accompanied the British army to Abyssinia, as correspondent of the New York "Herald." When he was in Spain, in the service of the same paper, he was asked by the proprietor, James Gordon Bennett, in October 1869, to go and find Dr. David Livingstone, the African explorer, of whom nothing definite had been heard for more than two years.

After attending the opening of the Suez Canal, visiting Constantinople, the Crimea, Palestine, the Valley of the Euphrates, Persia and India, Stanley sailed from Bombay, October 12, 1870, and reached Zanzibar, on the eastern coast of Africa, early in January, 1871. There he organized his search expedition, and set out for the interior on March 21 with one hundred and ninety-two followers. On November 10 he found Dr. Livingstone at Ujiji, on Lake Tanganyika, where he had just arrived from the southwest. Stanley furnished Dr. Livingstone with supplies, explored the northern part of Lake Tanganyika with him, and remained with him while Livingstone prepared for that journey from which he never returned, while Stanley made his way back to the coast, sailing thence on March 14, 1872, and reaching England late in July. The British Association entertained him at Brighton, where, on August 16, he gave an account of his expedition. On August 27 Queen Victoria sent him a gold snuffbox set with diamonds, and on October 21 a banquet was given him by the Royal Geographical Society: in 1873 he received their gold medal.

The New York "Herald" and the London "Daily Telegraph" again sent Stanley to explore the lake region of equatorial Africa. He reached Zanzibar late in 1874. There learning that Livingstone had died in Central Africa, he determined to shape his course northwest and explore the region of the Victoria Nyanza. Leaving at the head of three hundred men, after many hardships and severe encounters with the natives, he reached it in February, 1875, having lost on the way one hundred and four men by death or desertion. He explored the lake, sailing about 1,000 miles and examining all the inlets. It has been found to be the second largest body of fresh water on the globe, having an area of about 26,000 square miles. In April he pushed westward toward Albert Nyanza, and found that it was not, as supposed, connected with Lake Tanganyika. The hostility of the natives barred his further advance, and, forced to return to Ujiji, he determined to descend the great river discovered by Livingstone, and believed by him to be the Nile; others supposed it to be part of the Congo—which it proved to be. It had been named Lualaba by Livingstone, but

Stanley named it the Livingstone. The descent took eight months and was accomplished with great difficulty, costing the lives of thirty-five men.

On reaching a West coast settlement a Portuguese man-of-war took Stanley to St. Paul de Loanda, whence an English vessel conveyed the party to the Cape of Good Hope, and thence to Zanzibar, where the party disbanded, and he reached England in February, 1878. On June 28 he was presented, at the Sorbonne, Paris, with the Cross and Chevalier of the Legion of Honor by the president of the French Geographical Society.

In 1879–82 he was again in Africa, sent by the Brussels-African International Association, with a view to develop the great basin of the river Congo. The King of Belgium devoted $250,000 a year from his private means toward this enterprise. In 1884 Stanley completed the work, establishing trading stations along the Congo from its mouth to Stanley Pool, a distance by river of 1,400 miles, and founding the Congo Free State, of which he declined to be the first governor. On January 13, 1887, he was presented with the freedom of the city of London.

He left London on January 21, 1887, for Zanzibar, via Brindisi, for his fourth trip to Africa. This expedition was made for the purpose of relieving Emin Pasha, governor of equatorial Africa, whose condition was known in Europe to have become precarious. Stanley fulfilled his mission, succored Emin and brought him and his followers safely back to Egypt, but only after the most severe hardships endured in any of his explorations, and with a loss of over four hundred out of the six hundred and fifty men he had taken with him. Nearly three years were occupied in this journey. Among the important geographical results of the expedition were the discovery of the Semliki River, of Mt. Ruwenzori (thought to be 17,000 feet high), of Lake Albert Edward, and of the southwestern extension of Lake Victoria. Lake Albert Edward proved to be the primary source of the White Nile, and it was shown that its waters connect through the Semliki with the Albert Nyanza.

Stanley reached Cairo near the close of 1889, and remained there until the following spring, in order to write a record of the journey. This was published simultaneously in England, France, Germany, and the United States in June, 1890, under the title of "In Darkest Africa."

His return to England was a continuous ovation. The Universities of Oxford and Durham bestowed upon him the degree of D.C.L.; that of LL.D. was conferred upon him by the University of Cambridge, and every institution and individual sought to do him honor. On July 12, 1890, in Westminster Abbey, he was married to Dorothy, daughter of Charles Tennant.

A controversy subsequently arose relative to certain incidents mentioned in a "Life of Major Barttelot," which amounted to charges against Mr. Stanley. He defended himself from these charges, and then undertook a lecturing tour in the United States. On his return with Mrs. Stanley in 1891 he lectured in many parts of the United Kingdom, and in 1892 paid a visit to Australia. On his return he settled in London and took out a certificate of naturalization. He was elected member of Parliament for a London constituency in 1895 and retired in 1900. In 1899 he received a Knighthood of the Bath.

Stanley's chief publications include: "How I found Livingstone" (1872); "Coomassie and Magdala" (1874); "Through the Dark Continent" (1878); "The Congo and the Founding of its Free State" (1885); "My Dark Companions" (1893); "Slavery and the Slave Trade in Africa" (1893); "My Early Travels and Adventures in America and Asia" (1895); and "Through South Africa" (1898). He died in London, May 10, 1904.

A recent writer says: "Too strong or too arbitrary a man perhaps to be invariably popular with his subordinates, too reserved to be popular in the general acceptation of the word, and gifted with immovable resolution, Stanley possessed a positive genius for the handling of native races."

General C. G. Gordon

By OLIVER H. G. LEIGH

THERE is a more than ordinary grandeur in the full lives of men who have achieved their fame and closed their careers in about the space of a half-century. Three names stand out conspicuously from the honor-roll of England as having accomplished, each in his fifty-two years of crowded life, a record of glorious work rarely approached by the longest lived. Alfred the Great, the maker and inspirer of the English nation; Shakespeare, its loftiest genius and richest interpreter, and with these we unhesitatingly bracket Charles George Gordon, a great soul, more than soldier, more than statesman, the incarnation of the mediæval conception of a Saint George, a Christian knight without fear and without reproach, too unselfish to be a gold-laced idol of the cheap hero-loving mob, and too thorough a patriot to stoop to any of the arts by which ambition lifts itself up to glittering rank.

Charles George Gordon stands out from the noble army of truly great men by virtue of this peculiarity—his natural bent and fitness was for the life of a religious ascetic given to meditative mysticism and active service among the poor, when the call of duty transformed him into a dashing soldier, a fearless explorer, a deft handler of uncivilized hordes, a shrewd statesman, a masterful ruler, and, at last, a heroic martyr in his country's cause. No other eulogy is needed beyond the bare recital of his crowded life work.

Born in 1833, Gordon displayed no exceptional gifts during his youth, nor as a subaltern in the Royal Engineers. He

served in the siege of Sebastopol, and earned the ribbon of the Legion of Honor for "personal knowledge of the enemy's movements, such as no other officer attained." From 1856 until 1858 he was laying down the new frontier lines of Russia, Turkey, Roumania, and Armenia. In 1860 he took part in the looting of the Peking summer palace by the English and French allies. The great Tai-ping rebellion was threatening ruin to the reigning dynasty, which led to the engagement of Capt. Gordon, in his thirtieth year, as commander of the imperial army. This consisted of a ragged regiment of some four thousand untrained Chinese, officered by one hundred and fifty European soldiers of fortune, previously headed by two Americans—Ward, who died, and Burgevine, who was dismissed for corruption, and afterward joined the rebels.

Gordon's success in smashing up the rebellion with his "Ever Victorious" army was not easily achieved. He had to turn novices into disciplined troops, teach them European tactics, inspire them with courage by himself moving among them wherever the danger was greatest, cool and wide-awake, armed with nothing but a short rattan cane. He never donned a uniform nor put on official airs or phraseology, except on occasions of state ceremony. When shot through the leg—the only injury he ever got—he hotly resented the well-meant service of his comrade, who called for the surgeon. Gordon went on as before, giving orders and showing the way until he grew faint, and then he fought with all his might against those who bore him off the field by main force. The natives were sure their commander had a charmed life; there was magic in his wand which saved him in hottest peril and made them "Ever Victorious."

When the end came, after a hard campaign, lasting from March 1863, until June 1864, Gordon was offered the highest honors, including the famous yellow jacket and peacock feather, and a large sum of money. This latter he indignantly refused, because of Li Hung Chang's treachery in having executed six rebel leaders, whose lives Gordon had made him promise to spare. So the victorious liberator left China as he came to it —a poor man.

From 1865 until 1871 Col. Gordon was stationed at Gravesend, near London, in command of the body of engineers charged with improving the defenses of the Thames. He disdained to be lionized by society. His house was school, almshouse, and hospital; the poor of the town were his most welcome and numerous guests; the sick found in him their most tireless nurse and minister of solace; and he gathered around him the rough lads of the streets, whom he schooled and trained to enter the army and navy. He called them his "kings." His large garden was allotted to poor folk who cared to cultivate it and keep the results; the presents of fruits and flowers sent to him went straightway to the sick. The plainest table with the least fuss suited him the best, and his only reason for not having made away with his valuable silver tea service was that it would provide his funeral expenses. The only decoration he really prized was a special gold medal from the Emperor of China. Long afterward it came out that he had effaced his name from it, and given it to the fund for the starving weavers of Lancashire during the cotton famine. He was to be found at all hours, alone, in the slums with the suffering and among the roughs, but never upon public platforms as a talker. These six Good-Samaritan years were the happiest of his always self-sacrificing life.

From 1871 to 1873 he was British Commissioner at Galatz, improving the mouth of the Danube under the treaty of Paris. Sir Samuel Baker, the explorer, had retired as governor of the tribes in Upper Egypt under the Khedive. Gordon was pressed to take the post at a salary of $50,000; he took it, but would not accept more than $10,000, which was the amount of his English salary. Very soon the hatred of the slavedealing tribes, who regarded him as an oppressor, changed to confidence and warm regard. From fateful Khartoum Gordon issued his decree against the slave trade. A single sentence must suffice to mark the thrilling experiences of his camel ride through the burning desert and hostile villages; tugging boats over impassable rocks; compelling necessary work from lazy Arabs; deaths of his interpreters and old servants, with minor annoyances of prickly-heat torture, as of thousands of mos-

quito stings over all the body; twice shocked by lightning, and acute nerve tension from ever-present possibility of assassination. But, as has been said, his frank bearing, with clear-headedness and uncompromising fidelity to square dealing, won the Soudanese completely. Meantime, amid these tasks of statecraft and absolute monarchy, Gordon found relief in exploring Lake Albert Nyanza, and making maps of new territories.

Back in London again in 1876, but now he was implored to become the saviour and ruler of Bulgaria. Unhappily, perhaps, for that distressed country, another and a more congenial call awaited Gordon. This time he was appointed Governor General of the Soudan, and the records of his doings and royal progresses through that region, from 1877 until near 1880, reads like a tale from the "Arabian Nights." Five months on camelback at a stretch; a 4,000 miles flight, rather than journey; so did he speed on the swiftest beast ever known there; far ahead of his little force, hastening to the relief of garrisons sorely besieged by rebel tribes. Many a time the brave heart prayed for death in his overburden of cares and isolation, and inadequate means. But he never flinched, seeing that God willed the postponement of death. Gordon was a Christian fatalist: "I have really no troops with me, but I have the Shekinah, and I do like trusting to Him, and not to men." "It is a delightful thing," he says in a letter, "to be a fatalist, not as that word is generally employed, but to accept that, *when things happen*, and *not before*, God has for some wise reason so ordained them to happen." How Gordon went alone on a mission to the King of Abyssinia, and on being proffered a lower seat, at once lifted it up alongside the king's, and sat there as an equal, with many similar instances of Gordon's characteristic simple strength, must remain untold here. He invited King Johannis to kill him (Gordon), as he could not kill himself because of his religious beliefs. Not this king only, but all who ever had anything to do with Gordon, whether savage or civilized, were strangely impressed by his absolute indifference to his own interests or fate.

On resigning his governorship, Gordon was offered the secretaryship to the Viceroy of India, a post of the highest re-

sponsibility and emolument. No sooner had Gordon set foot in India than he resigned, having changed his mind on the voyage. At once he rushed away to China, and his influence was potent in preventing the imminent war between China and Russia.

In 1882, being now major general, Gordon accepted service to settle the quarrels between the Cape Government and that of Basutoland. This was a fruitless effort. Next year Gordon indulged a long-cherished hobby of settling in Palestine, where he explored sites and developed theories of the Holy Sepulcher and other sacred places, planned a grand Jordan canal, and made a survey of Jerusalem. But the King of the Belgians wanted him to take the headship of the new Congo State. He liked the idea, and was arranging to retire from the British army when, unexpectedly, his government refused him permission to retire. They were in trouble in Egypt and the Soudan. The story is familiar. The False Prophet (Mahdi) had gathered vast hordes of fighting men and had made telling conquests; an Egyptian army of 10,000, under command of the English Col. Hicks, had been entrapped and exterminated. The British Government was resolved upon evacuating the Soudan, leaving it to its own slavetrading home rule; but before this could be done the various scattered garrisons of the khedive, whom England backed up, had to be relieved and brought safely back. This was a stiff task, and Gordon was the man to do it. He had accepted the Belgian king's appointment and was ready to go. On January 15, 1884, he was summoned to the English War Office. The talk there ended in nothing definite, so Gordon took the first boat to Belgium. On the sixteenth he left Brussels to start for the Congo State. On the seventeenth he was wired for and returned to London the same evening. On the eighteenth he met the English Cabinet, and before nightfall he was speeding to the Soudan, whence he was never to return.

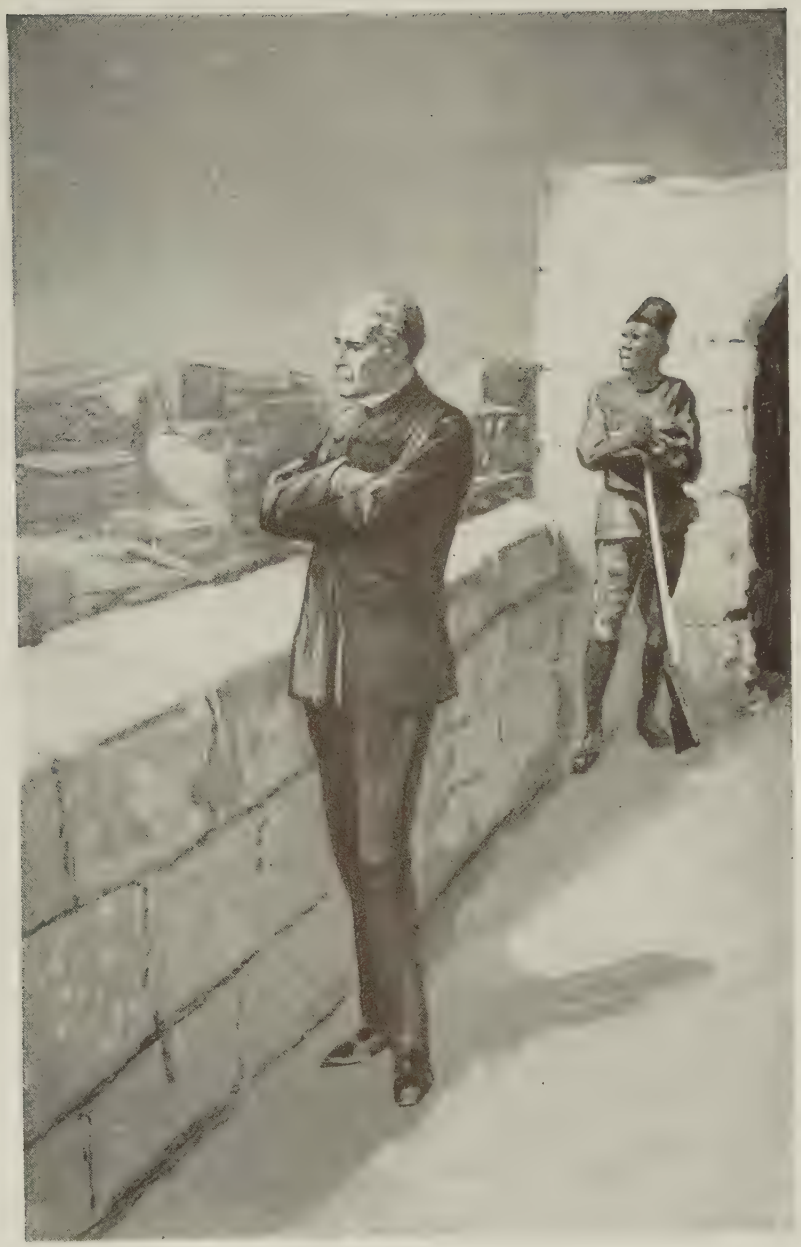
The final chapter of the distressing story is a confusion of cross purposes, misunderstandings, and fatal delays on the part of the British Government of the day, not without some puzzling manifestations on Gordon's side, which, in a smaller man,

would pass as eccentricities; but in him they were simply the natural acts and explosive protests of a strong man who knew, against the vacillations of absent weak ones, who had not first-hand knowledge, but whom he was bound to obey. He reached Khartoum in February, and managed to send 2,500 people down the Nile in safety, when the Mahdi came up and hemmed him in. In April the wires were cut, and thereafter all was dead silence.

England was furious at the hero being thus caught in a trap, and no rescue forces sent to help him out. Mr. Gladstone's government made the strange reply that Gordon was not sent specifically to Khartoum, he went there in his discretion, and he was perfectly free to leave it. But he could not. At last, in August, his pitiless employers had to send out an expedition. It reached Khartoum in March 1885. But it was too late. Hearing of the relief approaching, the Mahdi's troops forced the little garrison, and on January 26 Gordon was surrounded and stabbed to death as he came out of the mud-palace gate.

Only then, after long months of agonizing suspense, did his countrymen learn from the journals kept by himself and comrades, that Gordon had turned a few rickety river boats into armor-clad warships; had made brilliant sallies against the enemy; had built earthworks and forts; had trained and inspired the poor natives to do heroic soldier work; had laid mines; had struck medals for his braves; had gathered the food and fed all alike in equity; and in the teeth of five months' heart-breaking isolation, desertion, semi-starvation, the slaughter of his English comrades and the destruction of his little fleet, had held out in very despair against overwhelming numbers. Bitterly he resented the official theory which pinned him down to a policy which he knew was good neither for the Soudanese, the government, nor himself; but he was a tool, his duty was clear, and he went down to his death with the contemptuous indifference to personal interest which illuminates his whole life with rare glory.

These are from his telegrams to the British Government: "You ask me to state cause of staying at Khartoum. I stay



GORDON AT KHARTOUM.

at Khartoum because Arabs have shut us up and will not let us out. If we get out, it is in answer to prayer." "While you are eating, drinking, and resting in good beds, we soldiers and servants are watching by night and day." "I shall leave you the indelible disgrace of abandoning the garrisons." "I accept nothing from Gladstone's government; I will not even let them pay my expenses. I will never put foot in England again."

These are from his journals, recovered after his death: "To-morrow it will be two hundred and seventy days—nine months that we have endured one continuous misery and anxiety. . . . Truly I am worn to a shadow with the food question. It is one continual demand. . . . Small church parade. I sincerely hope this will be the last we shall have to witness. . . . We are going to send down the "Bordeen" (river boat) to-morrow, and with her I shall send this journal. *If some effort is not made in ten days' time, the town will fall.* It is inexplicable, this delay. . . . Game is up; expect catastrophe in ten days." To his sister he writes: "I am quite happy, thank God, and, like Lawrence, I have tried to do my duty." The last entry, on December 14, is: "I have done my best for the honor of my country. Good-by. C. G. Gordon." The end came on the three hundred and seventeenth day. England has enriched Gordon's relatives, put up statues and memorials to his name, and established a "Gordon Boys' Home." It might have saved the living man.

Horace Mann

By FREDERICK G. HARRISON

IN the state house grounds at Boston, alongside the statue of Massachusetts' most celebrated statesman and orator, has been placed that of the subject of this sketch, to whose unselfish devotion to the cause of education the old Bay State is more deeply indebted for her efficient system of public instruction, and especially for her normal training establishments, than to any other of her citizens. During the lifetime of the educator, his renown bore no comparison to that of the brilliant statesman, and it was left for a later generation to see the results of his labors, and fully appreciate them.

Horace Mann was born at Franklin, Mass., May 4, 1796. He said of himself that he did not remember the time when he began to work. In common with the other members of the family, he toiled from early youth even beyond his strength, to obtain the necessaries of life. School books he obtained by braiding straw when winter brought a partial suspension of work on the farm. In spite of these repressing circumstances, he was possessed of an ardent desire for a more complete education, but not until his twentieth year did he find time or opportunity to commence his preparations for college. These were finished in the space of six months, and he entered the sophomore class at Brown University, Providence, in September 1816.

After graduating in 1819, with a constitution permanently enfeebled by his close application to study, he began to read law, but soon accepted a position as tutor in the institution

which he had just left. Two years later he entered Litchfield law school, and, in 1823, was admitted to the bar, and opened a law office in Dedham, Mass., in which town he made his home for the next ten years. He prospered in his profession, married, and became a widower. He became a member of the school committee, and after 1827 he represented the town in the legislature. In 1833 he removed to Boston, where he was soon elected to the State Senate, and he was rechosen three years in succession. Every legislative measure for the improvement of the intellectual and moral status of the community found an earnest champion in Mr. Mann. He was one of the most prominent advocates of that renowned expedient of the early temperance reformers, the fifteen-gallon law; while he secured the passage of the bill to establish the first lunatic hospital in Massachusetts, against the nearly unanimous opposition or indifference of his colleagues. But nearest his heart lay the cause of education. His mind was constantly active with plans for improving the public schools, and extending their sphere of usefulness. Many of his schemes seemed visionary to his contemporaries, but have since been put into successful operation.

In 1836 and 1837 Mr. Mann was president of the Massachusetts Senate, and his prospects for further political advancement were bright; but, to the astonishment of those politicians who could not comprehend such self-abnegation, he was soon to assume voluntarily a much humbler and less renumerative station, but one in which he was enabled to carry out his ideas in regard to school improvements. In 1837 the legislature authorized the appointment of a State Board of Education and of this board Mr. Mann became a member. A secretary was to be appointed whose arduous duty it should be to collect information concerning the condition of the schools of the commonwealth, and to make investigation and report upon the most approved and successful methods of instruction. It was proposed to Mr. Mann to accept this office, and, after due deliberation, he decided to do so. In order to perform his duties in the most thorough manner possible, he determined to devote his entire time to it, and so withdrew from every other public office which he held. He also relinquished his legal practice,

which had been quite successful and the source of a good income. It is said that during his fourteen years' experience in the courts he gained four-fifths of his cases, as he conscientiously declined serving any clients whose suits he considered to be unjust. He had been selected, in 1835, to edit the Revised Statutes of the State.

For the next eleven years Horace Mann faithfully and laboriously performed the task assigned to him. It was necessary for him to be almost continually traveling from one part of the state to another, delivering lectures, holding conventions of teachers, and gathering materials for his annual reports, twelve of which were published, replete with valuable information, and which exerted an influence for good in the educational field far beyond the limits of the community for which they were originally intended. Besides working fifteen hours daily during nearly all this period, he devoted both his salary, and also a considerable portion of his private means, to the cause in which he was engaged. It seems strange that such a man should meet with opposition, yet so it was. Incompetent teachers and scheming politicians nearly succeeded, at one time, in having his office abolished. It is to be regretted that he exposed himself needlessly to much hostile criticism by his own persistent opposition to the religious convictions of the vast majority of the inhabitants of the commonwealth.

In 1838 the Board of Education had placed at their disposal, partly by private munificence and partly by legislative grant, the sum of $20,000 for the purpose of establishing training schools. Three of these institutions were opened under the direction of Mr. Mann, one at Lexington, in 1839, since removed to Westfield. In the following year the school at Bripgewater was opened. In addition to his other duties, Mr. Mann assumed the editorship of the "Common School Journal," of which ten volumes were issued. He was also the author of a number of books, chiefly of a controversial nature.

After his second marriage, in 1843, he spent several months in Europe, not resting, however, but working as diligently as ever to obtain all possible information as to the methods of instruction in vogue in England and upon the Continent. The

results of this tour of observation were embodied in his seventh annual report, which was widely circulated, and justly acquired great celebrity as an educational document.

Mr. Mann's strong antislavery sentiments induced him, in 1848, once more to enter the arena of politics. The death of sturdy old John Quincy Adams caused a vacancy in the congressional representation of Massachusetts, and Mr. Mann was chosen to succeed the venerable statesman and ex-President. He was afterward elected for the full term of the Thirty-first Congress, but continued to discharge the duties of Secretary of the Board of Education until the close of the year 1848. He entered the national House of Representatives at a time when sectional animosity was very bitter. The South was making its desperate struggle to secure the introduction of slavery into the territories, and many scenes of disgraceful violence occurred during the excited debates; but Mr. Mann remained on good terms even with the most violent of the fire-eaters. He was deeply moved by Mr. Webster's famous change of front on the seventh of March, 1850, and predicted that the great defender would lose in consequence of his treason, as Mr. Mann termed it, two friends at the North where he gained one at the South, a prediction which was quickly verified. His abhorrence of Mr. Webster's unfortunate political action was freely expressed, and made him many enemies among the Massachusetts Whigs, so that he failed to receive the nomination of that party for reëlection in 1850. He then accepted the Free Soil nomination, and was once more elected.

Mr. Mann was the Free Soil candidate for Governor of Massachusetts in 1852, but was defeated. In the same year he accepted the presidency of Antioch College, at Yellow Springs, Ohio, then a recently founded institution. In September 1853, he left his native state, which still honors him as her foremost educator, and went to his new home in the West, where, for the six remaining years of his life, he devoted his energies to the management of an inadequately endowed college, guiding it through the most critical period of its affairs. He died August 2, 1859, a few weeks after the graduation of his third class.

George Peabody

By JAMES PARTON

HOW did he get so much money? That is the first question. For before we can properly praise a man for giving away millions of dollars, we must know whether in getting it he rendered the public an equivalent service, and whether he made a fair division of his gains with those who assisted him to make them.

One evening, in the spring of 1811, the cry of fire was raised in the streets of Newburyport, a noble old town on the coast of Massachusetts. Only an unoccupied stable was in flames; but the fire spread, and raged with astonishing fury for more than eight hours, until it had swept over a tract of sixteen acres and a half of the most closely built and densely populated quarter of the town. Two hundred and fifty buildings were consumed, among which were all the principal stores and public buildings. Among those who were burnt out on this occasion were three members of the numerous American family of Peabody. One of these was an uncle of the banker, who had been largely engaged in trade, and was totally ruined by this fire. Another was an elder brother, who had recently established himself in the dry goods business; and he also lost his all. The third was George Peabody himself, then a lad of sixteen, a clerk in his brother's store. He was born at Danvers, in Massachusetts, in 1795, of parents in limited circumstances. As early as eleven years of age he was a boy in a grocery store, and at fifteen went to Newburyport to serve as clerk to his brother. It is not necessary to say that he acquired the ru-

diments of knowledge in a district school, because that is the case with all New England boys.

It is an ill wind that blows nobody good. It is probable that the three Peabodys, uncle and two nephews, thought themselves ruined on the morning after the great fire of Newburyport. To the youngest of the three, however, it proved a most fortunate event. The uncle, bankrupt by the fire, removed to Georgetown, in the District of Columbia, taking the youth with him, and there again established himself in business. But as he was still liable for his old debts, the business was carried on in the name of George Peabody, still a minor. But this lad, it seems, had an old head on his young shoulders; and it occurred to him that, by continuing in business with his bankrupt uncle, he would finally render himself liable for his debts. At the same time he had won the confidence of a Mr. Elisha Riggs, of Georgetown, who, capitalist as he was, entered into partnership with this cautious old man of nineteen, furnishing the capital, and leaving to the youth the chief management of the business.

This seems strange. The explanation is that George Peabody had a genius for making money, and Elisha Riggs possessed discernment enough to perceive it. The new firm had a rapid and striking success. On the return of peace, in 1815, the house of Riggs and Peabody removed to Baltimore, where it had such prosperity that in seven years, when Mr. Peabody was still but twenty-seven years of age, it had branch houses in New York and Philadelphia. In 1829 Mr. Riggs retired, and Mr. Peabody became the senior partner. As the house imported largely from Europe, Mr. Peabody was in the habit of going to London for the purchase of goods, and he saw such chances there that in 1837 he removed to London, where he established himself as a banker and merchant. He was forty-two years of age, and controlled a capital then considered large.

He was scarcely settled in London, when the most terrible and disastrous financial revulsion occurred which the United States has ever experienced. I can just remember it. About the middle of March we heard the first clap of thunder in the news that a great cotton house of New Orleans had failed for

$8,000,000. Within a month, the whole Southwest was bankrupt. In Mobile, nine-tenths of all the mercantile firms failed In New Orleans not one eminent house stood the test, and business was so completely paralyzed that three or four days would pass sometimes without a transaction in cotton or sugar. In New York, the merchants bravely resisted the pressure for six weeks, but at the beginning of May they failed by whole blocks in a day. There was a furious run on all the banks, until all except one were obliged to suspend. Of course, securities of all kinds, even of such solid states as Massachusetts, New York, Virginia, Tennessee, were borne down by the storm, and for several weeks some of them had scarcely any value in the market.

This was George Peabody's first great opportunity. He knew the causes of the crash. He knew its precise nature and extent. He knew that his country was sound in principle, and rich in all the elements of wealth. Knowing this, he acted upon it; and by investing freely in American securities when they were at the lowest point of depression, he did much toward restoring American credit, and, at the same time, laid the foundation, or rather expanded and strengthened the foundation of his subsequent colossal fortune. He was then, as always, a cool, quiet man, not susceptible to clamor or panic. He bought boldly but wisely, and his profit was great. Continuing the career thus happily begun, he was able, in 1857 to repeat the tactics which had been so successful in 1837. The revulsion of 1857 was little other than a panic—a sudden fright —without adequate cause, and of short duration. But while it lasted it was severe, and it gave to a man like Peabody, established in London, far from the scene of disaster, golden opportunities which no man knew better how to improve than he. At the same time his ordinary business as a banker yielded him an ample revenue. With such chances, with such a head, it is not surprising that in a business career of forty-seven years' duration, he should have accumulated a fortune out of which he could give away $7,000,000 or $8,000,000 without impoverishing himself.

He had long before resolved, even while he was still a com-

paratively poor man, that if he should ever become rich, he would give away a portion of his wealth to promote the happiness of his kind. He had reached his fifty-sixth year before he began to execute his intention. His first striking gift was bestowed in 1851, for fitting up the American department of the Crystal Palace. Contributions from America were strewn about a wing of the building, and the American commissioner had arrived without money to put up a platform or a counter, for Congress had made no appropriation for the purpose. At this moment of embarrassment and mortification, Mr. Peabody came to the relief of the commissioner, and by advancing him $20,000 enabled him to make a respectable show. From that day his benefactions were frequent and large.

In 1852, when Mr. Grinnell lent a ship to Dr. Kane for an expedition to join in the search for Sir John Franklin, Mr. Peabody gave $10,000 for the equipment and provisioning of the vessel. In the same year, when his native town, Danvers, celebrated its two hundredth anniversary, he sent $30,000 to found a library and lyceum, which he afterward increased to $200,000, with $50,000 more for a similar institution in North Danvers.

In 1857 he made his first contributions toward the endowment of the Peabody Institute in Baltimore, the funds of which he later increased to more than $1,250,000.

In 1862 he gave £150,000 for the benefit of the poor in London, and the sum was expended in the construction of improved tenement houses. He afterward increased the fund to £400,000, a total of $2,000,000.

In 1866, during a visit to the United States, he gave away several millions of dollars: $25,000 to the Phillips Academy at Andover; $15,000 to the Newburyport Library; $100,000 to build a church in Georgetown in memory of his mother; $16,000 to the Georgetown Library; $140,000 to a scientific institute at Salem; $20,000 to the Massachusetts Historical Society; $150,000 to Harvard College; the same sum to Yale College; $20,000 to the Maryland Historical Society; $25,000 to Kenyon College, in Ohio; and $1,000,000 to promote education in the Southern States, to which he afterward added two

million more. In 1868 he endowed an art school in Rome, Italy.

While thus endowing public institutions, he distributed, it is said, $1,400,000 among his kindred. He also made some superb and costly presents to his business friends and connections. To one gentleman in Boston, who had for many years been his principal correspondent in that city, he presented a magnificent service of silver; and wherever he went he was prone to leave behind him some substantial memento of his visit. He seems never to have overcome his repugnance to ordinary charity.

In 1869 he made his last visit to his native land, presenting the Peabody Museum at Salem with $150,000, and giving to other objects $165,000. In September he returned to London, where he died a few weeks later. After a funeral service in Westminster Abbey, his body was brought to the United States in the English warship "Monarch," convoyed by an American and a French vessel. It was received by an American naval squadron, and after appropriate services at Peabody, Mass., it was placed in the family vault at Harmony Grove cemetery, Salem. George Peabody had taught the world how a man may be master of his fortune and not its slave.

Peter Cooper

By SARAH K. BOLTON

ON the seventh of April, 1883, the great city of New York was in mourning. Flags were at half mast; the bells were tolled. Shops were closed, and in the windows the picture of a kind-faced, white-haired man was draped in black. All day long tens of thousands passed by an open coffin in All Souls' Church: governors and millionaires, poor women with little children in their arms, workmen in their common clothes, and ragged newsboys—all with aching hearts. The great dailies, like the "Tribune" and "Herald," gave six columns to the sad event. Messages of sympathy were cabled from England.

Who was this man whom the world mourned on this April day? Was he a President? A great general? Far from it. One who lived magnificently and had splendid carriages and diamonds? Not at all. He was simply Peter Cooper, ninety-two years old, the best-loved man in America.

Had he given money? Yes; but other men in our rich country do that. Had he traveled abroad, and so become widely known? No. He would never go to Europe, because he wished to use his money in a different way. Why, then, was he loved by a whole nation? A New York journalist gives this truthful answer:—

"Peter Cooper went through his long life as gentle as a sweet woman, as kind as a good mother, and as honest and guileless as a man could live, and remain human."

He was born poor, and always was willing that everybody should know it. He despised pride When his old chaise and

horse came down Broadway every cartman and omnibus driver turned aside for him. Though a millionaire, he was their friend and brother, and they were personally proud and fond of him. He gave away more than he kept. He found places for the poor to work if possible, gave money if they were worthy, and though one of the busiest men in America, always took time to be kind.

His sunny face was known everywhere. His pastor, Rev. Robert Collyer, said this of him:—

"His presence, wherever he went, lay like a bar of sunshine across a dark and troubled day, so that I have seen it light up some thousands of careworn faces as if they were saying who looked on him: 'It cannot be so bad a world as we thought, since Peter Cooper lives in it and gives us his benediction.'"

And how did this poor boy come to his success and his honor?

By his own will and perseverance. Nobody could have had more obstacles to overcome. His parents had nine children to support and no money. His father moved from town to town, always hoping to do better, forgetting the old adage, that "A rolling stone gathers no moss." When Peter was born, the fifth child, he was named after the Apostle Peter, because his father said: "This boy will come to something." But he proved feeble, able to go to school during but one year in his life, and then only every other day. When he was eight years old, his father being a hatter, he pulled hair from rabbit skins for hat pulp. Year after year he worked harder than he was able, but he was determined to win. When his eight little brothers and sisters needed shoes, he ripped up an old one, and thus learning how they were made, thereafter provided shoes for the whole family. A boy with such energy would naturally be ambitious. At seventeen, bidding good-by to his anxious mother, he started for New York to make his fortune. He had carefully saved ten dollars of his own earnings; a large sum, it seemed to him. Soon after he arrived he saw an advertisement of a lottery, where if one bought a ticket, he would probably draw a prize. He thought the matter over carefully. If

he made some money, he could help his mother. He purchased a ticket, and drew—a blank! The ten dollars gone, Peter was penniless. Years after, he used to say, "It was the cheapest piece of knowledge I ever bought"; for he never touched games of chance afterward.

Day after day, the tall, slender boy walked the streets of New York, asking for work. At last, perseverance conquered, and he found a place in a carriage shop, binding himself as apprentice for five years, for his board and two dollars a month. He could buy no good clothes. He had no money for pleasures of any kind. He helped to build carriages for rich men's sons to ride in, but there were no rides for him. It is an old saying, that "Everybody has to walk at one end of life," and they are fortunate who walk at the beginning and ride at the close.

When his work was over for the day, his shopmates ridiculed him because he would not go to the taverns for a jovial time; but he preferred to read. Making a little money by extra work, he hired a teacher, to whom he recited evenings. He was tired, of course, but he never complained, and made many friends because he was always good-natured. He used to say to himself, "If ever I get rich, I will build a place where the poor boys and girls of New York may have an education free." How absurd it seems that a boy who only earned fifty cents a week for five years, should ever think of being rich, and establishing reading rooms and public institutions. Yet the very kind and quality of his dreams was an earnest of future success and greatness.

When Peter became of age, Mr. Woodward, who owned the carriage factory, called him into his office. "You have been very faithful," he said, "and I will set you up in a carriage manufactory of your own; in a few years you can pay me back the money borrowed."

Peter was astonished. This was a remarkable offer to a poor young man, but he had made a solemn resolution never to go in debt, and he declined it, though with gratitude. Mr. Woodward was now as greatly astonished as Peter had been, but he respected his good judgment in the matter.

The young mechanic now found a situation in a woolen mill at Hempstead, L. I., at nine dollars a week. Here he invented a shearing machine, which proved so valuable that he made $500 in two years. With so much money as this he could not rest until he had visited his mother. He found his parents overwhelmed with trouble on account of their debts, gave them the entire $500, and promised to meet the other notes his father had given as they became due.

Meantime the young man had fallen in love, not with a foolish girl who cared only for dress and her own pretty face, but with one who had a fine mind and lovely disposition. Sarah Bedell was worthy of him. After fifty-six years of married life, she died on the anniversary of her wedding-day. Her husband said: "She was the day-star, the solace and the inspiration of my life." When their first baby was born, he contrived a self-rocking cradle for it, with a fan attached, to keep off the flies, and a musical instrument to soothe the child to sleep.

He now moved to New York and opened a grocery store. An old friend advised him to buy a glue factory which, having been mismanaged, was for sale. He knew nothing of the business, but he had faith in himself that he could learn it, and he soon made not only the best glue, but the cheapest in the country. For thirty years he carried on this business almost alone, with no salesman, and no bookkeeper. He rose every morning at daylight, kindled his factory fires, worked all the forenoons making glue, and the afternoons selling it; keeping his accounts, writing his letters, and reading in the evenings with his wife and children. He continued to work thus when his income had reached $30,000 a year, not because he was over-economical, but that he might some day carry out the purpose of his life to build his free school for the poor. He had no time for parties or pleasures, but when the people of New York, because he was both honest and intelligent, urged him to be one of the City Council, and president of the Board of Education, he dared not refuse if he could help his own city. How different such a life from that of a man, who, enjoying all the advantages of a government, does not even take time to vote.

Mr. Cooper's business prospered. Once when his glue factory burned, with a loss of $40,000, before nine o'clock the next morning lumber was on the ground for a new building three times the size of the former. He now built a rolling mill and furnace in Baltimore. At that time, only thirteen miles of the Baltimore and Ohio railroad had been completed, and the directors were about to give up the work, discouraged, because they thought no engine could make the sharp turns in the track. Mr. Cooper needed the road in connection with his rolling mill; nothing could discourage him. He immediately went to work to make the first locomotive ever constructed in America, attached a box car to it, invited the directors to get in, took the place of the engineer himself, and away they flew over the thirteen miles in an hour. The directors took courage, and the road was soon finished. Years after, when Mr. Cooper had become famous and the hospitality of the city of Baltimore was offered him, the old engine was brought out to the delight of the assembled thousands.

Mr. Cooper soon erected at Trenton, N. J., the largest rolling mill in the United States, a large blast furnace in Pennsylvania, and steel and wire works in various parts of the state. He bought the Andover iron mines, and built eight miles of railroad in a rough country, over which he carried forty thousand tons a year. The poor boy who once earned only twenty-five dollars yearly, had become a millionaire! No good luck accomplished this. Hard work, living within his means, saving his time, not squandering it as some men do, talking with every person they meet, common sense which led him to look carefully before he invested money, promptness and the sacred keeping of his word, these were the characteristics which made him successful.

Mr. Cooper was honorable in every business transaction. Once he said to Mr Edward Lester, a friend who had an interest in the Trenton works: "I do not feel quite easy about the amount we are making. Under one of our patents we have a monopoly which seems to me something wrong. Everybody has to come to us for it, and we are making money too fast; it is not right." The price was immediately reduced. A

rare man indeed was Peter Cooper—to lower the price simply because the world greatly needed the article he had to sell!

He was now sixty-four. For forty years he had worked day and night to earn money to build his free school. He had bought the ground between Third and Fourth Avenues and Seventh and Eighth Streets some time previously, and now for five whole years he watched the great, six story, brown stone building as it grew under his hands. The once penniless lad was building into these stones for all future generations, the lessons of his industry, economy, perseverance, and noble heart. In a box in the corner stone he placed these words:—

"The great object that I desire to accomplish by the erection of this Institution is to open the avenues of scientific knowledge to the youth of our city and country, and so unfold the volume of Nature that the young may see the beauties of creation, enjoy its blessings, and learn to love the Author from whom cometh every good and perfect gift."

But would the poor young men and women of New York, who worked hard all day, care for education? Some said no. But Mr. Cooper, looking back to his boyhood and young manhood, believed that the people loved books, and would use an opportunity to study them.

And when the grand building was opened, with its library, class rooms, hall, and art rooms, students crowded in from the shops and the factories. Some were worn and tired, as Peter Cooper was in his youth, but they studied eagerly despite their weariness.

Every Saturday night 2,000 came together in the great hall to hear lectures from the most famous people in the country. Every year nearly 500,000 read in the library and free reading room. Four thousand pupils came to the night schools to study science and art.

For many years this labor of love has been carried on. The white-haired, kind-faced man went daily to see the students who loved him as a father. His last act was to buy ten typewriters for the girls in the department of telegraphy. Has the work paid? Ask the 40,000 young men and women who have gone out from the Institution to earn an honorable support,

with not a cent to be paid for their education. No person is accepted who does not expect to earn his living, for Mr. Cooper had no love for weak, idle youth who depend on their parents, and on the hope of inherited wealth.

Is it any wonder that when Peter Cooper died, that 3,500 people came up from the Institution to lay roses upon his coffin?

His last words to his daughter, Mrs. Abraham Hewitt, and his son, ex-Mayor Cooper, and their families, as they stood around his deathbed, were, not to forget Cooper Union. The influence of this noble charity will be felt as long as the Republic endures. It has given an impulse to the study of art, opened a door for women as well as men, and showed to the world that in America work is honorable for all.

Peter Cooper came to the highest honors. The learned and the great sought his home. He was president of three telegraph companies, one of the fathers of the Atlantic cable, and was nominated for the Presidency of the United States by the National Independent party in 1876; but he died as he had lived, the same gentle, unostentatious, unselfish man. He said a short time before his death: "My sun is not setting in clouds and darkness, but is going down cheerfully in a clear firmament, lighted up by the glory of God. . . . I seem to hear my mother calling me, as she used to do when I was a boy: 'Peter, Peter, it is about bedtime!'"

Confucius

By WALLACE WOOD

CONFUCIUS is the Latinized name of the philosopher and historian Kung-fu-tse, whose moral influence has held an uninterrupted sway over the Chinese people for more than 2,000 years. He was born, according to tradition, 551 B.C., in the little kingdom of Loo, now in the province of Shantung. Most authorities agree in a number of details relating to his early life and subsequent employment, but the reverence in which he is held by his countrymen has embroidered the facts with a drapery of fiction not easy to separate after such a lapse of time. Such, for instance, as that he was a descendant of the Emperor Hoang-ti, who reigned 2,600 years before the Christian era. Tradition says that he was married at nineteen and held a position as district inspector of agriculture. He showed such unwonted zeal and honesty in fulfilling the duties of his new office that the whole district began to show its effects. "Neglected fields" says the tradition, "were again cultivated, and idleness and misery gave place to labor and abundance." His renown had already begun to spread beyond the narrow limits of his natal kingdom when an event occurred, in his twenty-fourth year, which changed the whole course of his after life. His mother died; Confucius had already become an ardent student of the religious rites and moral doctrines of the older period in Chinese history, then fallen into disuse, and the death of his mother so strongly affected him that he determined to revive them. He resigned his office, and lived in retirement for three years, mourning his loss, in ac

cordance with an old custom. This act of filial piety made a strong impression upon his fellow-citizens, and evidently led to the restoration of ancient funeral rites in honor of the dead; a restoration which has been more or less strictly adhered to by the Chinese nation up to the present day.

Confucius believed that the ancient usages and moral doctrines of the Chinese nation contained the germ of all social and political virtues, and "he longed to establish a school, educate disciples, and publish books for the purpose of spreading his opinions, and regenerating his countrymen."

In his thirtieth year he began to put this plan into execution. His fame rapidly spread, admirers and scholars increased. He traveled over China to obtain converts to his revived moral philosophy, and to study the laws and customs of the country. His reputation having preceded him, he was well received wherever he went. His journey, he says, was "honorable, but sterile"; for, while nearly all admitted the justice of his principles, few had the courage to practice them. His school of philosophy in fact, though it counted many influential adherents, was not fairly established until the third century after his death. On returning to his native place after his wanderings, he turned his house into a school to receive his disciples, who consisted of young men of all stations in life, but more especially men of letters, mandarins, and government officers. He was finally appointed governor of the State of Loo. He improved the condition of the people, took a special interest in the poorer classes, their taxes and the manner of collecting them, regarding the agricultural classes as the source of all riches and prosperity, and as deserving of the special care of the legislature. The success of his system provoked the jealousy of a neighboring kingdom; intrigues were set on foot to diminish the influence of Confucius, and, finally compelled to retire from office, he sought refuge in the province of Wei, where he lived an exile. Followed by numerous disciples, however, he continued the propagation of his moral philosophy. At the age of sixty-eight, after eleven years' absence, he returned to his native country, and spent the remaining years of his life in completing his works. He died 479 B.C., in his

seventy-second year, ten years before Socrates was born. His wife and only son were already dead, but a grandson has transmitted the family down to the present day. His descendants form a distinct class in China, the city of Kio-foo-hien, where he is buried, being inhabited chiefly by them. In 1871 there were 1,100 males living there who bore his name, most of them being of the sixty-fourth generation. The finest temple in China occupies the site of his residence. The statue of Confucius within it represents him as a tall man of imposing presence, with a large head.

The literature of China is divided into four classes, canonical, historic, instructive, and amusing. The five canonical, or classical works, called the "King," contain the most ancient examples of poetry, history, philosophy, and law, in existence. They were collected and revised by Confucius, aided by his disciples, and have been transmitted to us with scarcely any alteration. The Shoo-king, or Book of Records, a vast political, moral, and philosophic history of China, begins with the reign of Hoang-ti, 2637 B.C., and includes a multitude of documents relating to the four early dynasties of China. It is a complete treatise of social economy as well. Another volume of the "King" is a history of a special province of China from the year 770 B.C. The Hsiao-king is famous for its dialogue on filial piety.

The doctrines of Confucius are published in three volumes, called the Shoo. The first teaches the art of governing the people with wisdom; the second, how to avoid extremes in life by the aid of knowledge and virtue; the third, "The Great Learning," is a series of dialogues between Confucius and his disciples on moral and social subjects.

The order and arrangement of the Chinese sacred books is shown in the following table:—

THE FIVE KING

1. "Changes": Chinese Cosmology.
2. Histories: Records of early Chinese dynasties.
3. Odes: Patriotic and moral songs.

4. Ceremonials: Manners and customs; code of etiquette.
5. Annals: History of Loo, the native province of Confucius.

THE FOUR SHOO

[*Books of the Four Philosophers*]

1. Table-Talk: Sayings of Confucius.
2. The Great Learning. By a disciple of Confucius.
3. The Doctrine of the Mean. By the grandson of Confucius.
4. The Works of Mencius.

"The old Chinese worship is described as a worship of spirits with a fetish tendency, combined into a system before it was possible for a mythology to develop out of it. The spirits (Shin) are divided into heavenly, earthly, and human. Heaven (Thian) is called the supreme emperor. He has innumerable spirits beneath him, as the sun, moon, planets, and constellations. The spirit of the earth is female; to her belong the spirits of mountains and streams. All spirits in their intercourse with men esteem moral qualities above everything else. The doctrine of continued existence after death, among the Chinese, entirely accords with that of the Nature-peoples. Man has two souls, one of which ascends into heaven after death, the other goes into the earth. There is no doctrine of future rewards and punishments; there is no priestly caste."

So domestic is the religion of the Chinese, that their ancestral rites are simply an extension of their home associations; and this is so effected that the grave has lost its terror, and the tomb is dedicated to joy. The symbolic tablet brings closer intimacy with the unseen than the grave. The Ancestral Temple is the center of family union, without distinction of rank or wealth; the Ancestral Hall is the open conscience of the people, where duties are laid bare. Here is the family sanctuary; here the youth assumes his virile cap; here marriages are celebrated and betrothals are announced.

The forms of tablet for father and mother do not differ. This filial piety of the living would fain establish a real union

with the dead. Such invocations as the following are common: "Thy body is laid in the grave, but thy spirit dwells in this temple of our home. We beseech thee, honored one, to free thyself from thy former body, and abide in this tablet henceforth and forever."

The school of Confucius is semi-political, semi-philosophical, and forms the basis of Chinese civilization. It is not speculative, but a practical system; makes no pretense of explaining the origin of things, but aims to teach social economy, chiefly by moral precepts. The mythical, miraculous, and ideal have no place in his philosophy; it is simply rationalism, founding progress on an increase of population, and improvement in national well-being. No founder of any religion can boast of greater success than Confucius, yet, strictly speaking, he did not originate a religious creed; he built up a moral philosophy based on the material wants and tendencies of the human race, making all real advance to consist in self-knowledge.

"So far as we can see," says Clarke, "it is the influence of Confucius which has maintained, though probably not originated, in China that profound reverence for parents, that strong family affection, that love of order, that regard for knowledge and deference for literary men, which are fundamental principles underlying all the Chinese institutions. His minute and practical system of morals, studied as it is by all the learned, and constituting the sum of knowledge and the principle of government in China, has exerted and exerts an influence on that innumerable people which it is impossible to estimate, but which makes us admire the power which can emanate from a single soul.

"To exert such an influence requires greatness. If the tree is to be known by its fruits, Confucius must have been one of the master minds of our race."

Bartolomé de las Casas

By B. ELLEN BURKE*

THE title "Protector of the Indians" was given to Bartolomé de las Casas by the rulers of Spain, who claimed all the lands in America discovered by Spaniards. As early as 1498 Las Casas began to earn his title, when he was a student at Salamanca. At this time Spain and adjacent countries were interested in the strange discoveries made by Columbus, and several Indians had been sent to Spain. One of them was given as a present to Las Casas, but the young student promptly made arrangements for the return of the Indian to his native island, now known as Haiti.

Las Casas was born at Seville, in 1474. Soon after finishing his course at the University of Salamanca, where he studied philosophy, theology, and jurisprudence, he joined a party of young noblemen who were going to the West Indies. Although educated as a lawyer, in the year 1500 he was engaged in mining and farming in the New World. Then, as when a student at Salamanca, he was interested in the welfare of the Indians, many of whom he had in his employ — in fact, he held them as slaves, as did others of his countrymen in the West Indies. In 1510 he was ordained to the priesthood, the first clergyman ordained on American soil for work among the natives.

The Indians enslaved by the Spaniards were not accustomed to severe manual labor, and were often treated cruelly in order to make them accomplish more work. Las Casas endeavored to persuade his countrymen to treat them with

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more kindness. Six years after his ordination he was appointed to the charge of protecting and converting the Indians. His first work was to teach them about God and their duties toward their Creator. Many times he faced death to defend them, as at the massacre of a large number at the Indian town of Caonao. Las Casas was resting after a long journey, when he was awakened by the shouts of Spanish soldiers and the cries of their poor victims. At once he ran into the midst of the carnage and tried to direct the Indians to places of safety, while he implored their murderers to cease their inhuman work.

The Indians loved Las Casas and obeyed him like children. He, with others of his own spirit, might at that time have converted and civilized all the natives. Had there been no Las Casas in the West Indies, the Indians of that portion of America would soon have perished; for while many were murdered, many others died in the mines from overwork, lack of nourishment, and harsh treatment. When Las Casas wrote the history of those times, he excused some of the cruel deeds of his countrymen on the ground that the white men were often seized with an ungovernable fear when they saw large numbers of Indians who hated their masters. Many of the Spaniards who first came to the West Indies were criminals and adventurers greedy of riches, no matter how obtained. Las Casas and his fellow-workers often found the task of making Spaniards act like civilized beings much more difficult than teaching the natives how to act as Christians.

After Las Casas had been ordained to the priesthood, he retained his mines and plantations for a short period. He placed in charge men who were kind to the Indians. In 1514 be began a new method of protecting the natives. Assisted by a trusty layman, he partitioned all the property among those thought deserving, retaining only a horse for his own use. He began a more vigorous campaign, not only against the cruel treatment of the Indians, but also against the injustice of holding them as slaves. Finally he decided to place matters before King Ferdinand, and he used wisdom in preparing for his mission. His intention of returning to Spain

he announced in such a manner that many thought he was discouraged, and that he would go home never to return. He obtained from Velasquez, then representing Spain in Cuba, "a written testimonial of the important services he had rendered to the Spanish crown and to religion in the pacification of the islands." This testimonial served a good purpose when influential slaveholders learned that Las Casas was in Spain trying to interest the King in the cause of the Indians. Las Casas obtained interviews with Ferdinand, to whom he pictured the hardships of the Indians in the mines, and the cruelties of the masters, who were largely to blame for the death of thousands without a knowledge of God or the grace of the sacraments. Ferdinand was shocked at the story, but before positive action had been taken he died.

Las Casas worked on, and the two men who ruled Spain as regent and ambassador until the heir, afterward the Emperor Charles V., was old enough to reign in place of his grandfather, King Ferdinand, were soon listening to the tale of cruelty. The Protector was heard, and a real attempt was made to assist him. The Indians were to be treated like freemen of the crown. Henceforth the Spaniards in the West Indies were to "live off their own industry"; the Indians, if employed by them, must be treated with justice.

As the cause Las Casas pleaded grew in favor with the rulers of Spain, the hatred of his enemies became greater, and no means were left untried to work his ruin. He returned to America as "Universal Procurator and Protector of the Indians"; but opposition was strong and continuous.

At length Las Casas made a second voyage to Spain, whither Charles had brought his own officers of court and state. His chancellor was a wise old Dutchman, and to him Las Casas first presented himself, with the result that Charles was led to appoint the chancellor and Las Casas to draft laws for the government of the Indies, such laws to do justice alike to white men and to natives.

Las Casas and the cause he espoused lost a true friend when Charles V.'s Dutch chancellor died, for there were still left to be reckoned with the greedy gold-seekers. Las

Casas had helpers, but he especially needed the influence of men near the throne. He prayed and planned, talked and listened. The gold-god was a power he must conquer in order to save and convert the Indians and bring them to the true God. His next plan — often obstructed by his enemies — was to organize bands of white-robed crusaders, laymen who would work with the Dominicans and Franciscans for the conversion of the Indians. But he wanted a certain territory in Spanish America assigned to the crusaders, within which no white-faced worshipers of the gold-god should be allowed to enter. The original rules for the colonization and government of this exempt territory are still in existence. Translations of them have been made into many languages. The contract made by Charles — now ruler of one half of Europe and of all that was then known of America — with the poor American priest was signed with all due formality by the Emperor, in his own handwriting, and by Las Casas, on the 19th day of May, 1520, in the city of Corunna.

Las Casas had found difficulty in obtaining the imperial signature because there were so many surrounding the Emperor who were interested in thwarting his plans regarding the American Indians. After receiving this authority something was accomplished, but there was still much to be done. In the year 1521 Las Casas entered the Dominican Order. He made his novitiate, and again the world knew that he had not forgotten the Indians. Hernando Cortés, by his treatment of the natives, led Las Casas to return again to Spain. Later he undertook another voyage across the Atlantic in behalf of the Peruvian Indians. In 1543 he was appointed Bishop of Cuzco, Peru, but he declined the honor and the appointment was withdrawn. A year later he was made Bishop of Chiapa, Mexico. In 1547 he once more crossed the Atlantic in the interest of the Indians. He never again came to America, but the slaveholders in the New World feared him even more when he was in Spain than when he was here. The good seed sown by this first American priest has continued to bear fruit. In the year 1566 he died at Madrid.

John Wesley

By WALLACE WOOD

WESLEY'S long life covers almost the whole eighteenth century, and the force which he represented was in strong antagonism with some of its predominant moral characteristics. It was *par excellence* the "Age of Reason," and this not for England alone, but for Western Europe. It is admitted that in England there was a great decay of the distinctly religious life, and at the same time a general corruption of morals and manners. Ecclesiastical forms and institutions stood in their usual places; preachers paid to do it read mild sermons, and the middle classes went to hear them. To go was their very religion. But in "society" belief was laughed at, and the "lower classes" were left to grind out their dreary existence in heathenish ignorance and animalism. The sermons were as a rule merely settings forth of morality and the decencies of social life. "Virtue" was the word. The emphatic insistence on Christian doctrines, so marked after the Reformation and during the triumph of Puritanism, had died out. Nor was appeal made to religious feeling by the calmly read discourse in the pulpit, or by the favorite book of the time, "The Whole Duty of Man." "Religion in its proper sense, was *a thing not recognized at all.*" (Foster). This chilly torpor was common to the Church of England and the Dissenters. Exceptions, of course, there were. The heavenly fire was not, nor ever can be, extinct. The universities were almost as good as dead, for there was little teaching, study, or discipline in them. The philosophy of Locke and its derivative systems gained the

upper hand, divinity had become unspiritual and latitudinarian, and infidelity walked without disguise through the land. The Deistic writers set up natural religion in opposition to Christianity; and Christian apologists recommended their own faith as little other than natural religion with an appendix of historical evidence. Clearly there was a great want. The valley was full of bones, and lo, they were very dry. The hour for the religious revival was at hand, and the man.

John Wesley, the principal founder of Methodism, was a son of the elder Samuel Wesley, rector of Epworth, in Lincolnshire, and was born there on the seventeenth of June, 1703. His father and mother had been brought up Noncomformists. In his sixth year he narrowly escaped death by the burning of his father's house. He was educated at the Charterhouse and at Christchurch, Oxford, which he entered in 1720. Having taken his degree of B.A., he was ordained deacon, chosen Fellow of Lincoln College, and appointed Greek Lecturer. His singular seriousness, which had already amused the frivolous, was now deepened and intensified by the influence of William Law, whose "Christian Perfection" and "Serious Call" fell into his hands about 1727. He had still earlier been impressed by the "Imitatio Christi," and by Taylor's "Holy Living and Holy Dying"; and a strong ascetic tendency showed itself during his Oxford life. In 1728 a few of the students formed themselves into a society for the purpose of help in their studies and the more serious use of their time. Among them were Charles Wesley, George Whitefield, and James Hervey, author of the "Meditations." John Wesley was absent, engaged as curate to his father; but after taking priest's orders he returned to Oxford and joined the little society. Plenty of nicknames were found for this group of earnest men, and one of them became famous—"The Methodists." Soon they began to visit the sick and prisoners. But in a few years the society declined in numbers and seemed on the point of extinction.

In 1735 Wesley, with his brother Charles, accompanied Gen. Oglethorpe to his new colony of Georgia, in North America, to preach to the Indians. On the voyage he became acquainted with some Moravians, and was much interested in

their views. Wesley was at this time a High Churchman, making much of ritual, forms, and discipline. After two years he had to leave Georgia, in consequence of a lawsuit growing out of a love affair. Whitefield had meanwhile been preaching and stirring up a great religious excitement in England. Just as Wesley arrived Whitefield sailed for Georgia. Wesley continued to associate with the Moravians, and first learned from them the doctrine of justification by faith.

A profound change, his conversion or new birth, was wrought in him, we are told, on a May evening in 1738, while attending a religious meeting in London. Lecky notes this as an epoch in English history, as the true source of Methodism. Wesley immediately made a visit to the Moravian settlement at Herrnhut, and stayed a week or two. After his return he and Whitefield took up energetically their common work, the invasion of English heathendom. But so offensive were their methods both to churchmen and dissenters, that in a little while they found pulpits closed against them. They must therefore have chapels of their own; and the first was built early in 1739. Whitefield presently began the practice of field-preaching, Wesley at first reluctant. They preached extempore, and their power over masses of poor ignorant people was prodigious.

In 1740 Wesley broke with the Moravians on some points of doctrine, and also with Whitefield, who took decisively the Calvinistic road. Although Wesley expelled his friend from the Methodist Society their friendship was only interrupted, not extinguished. In 1741 lay preachers began to be appointed, a great and pregnant innovation, to which Wesley again reluctantly consented. His labors were incessant. He traveled through England, Scotland, and Ireland, preached several times a day, and scarcely allowed himself any rest.

Intense and dangerous excitement attended these early Methodist meetings. People were terrified, they screamed, fainted, went into convulsions, and not a few into madness. But these paroxysms after a time declined and ceased. The preachers frequently suffered harsh treatment at the hands of infuriated mobs, instigated sometimes by their "betters." The

movement was a kind of volcanic outburst, disrupting all level surfaces, and submerging decorum under hot lava streams of feeling. The ways of Providence are mysterious.

In 1743 he provided for the permanence of the Methodist Society by drawing up an elaborate constitution for it, the supreme power being vested in a Conference composed exclusively of ministers. The first Conference met in June 1744. In 1751 Wesley married, but the union was an unhappy one, and his wife deserted him. She died in 1781. The Wesleyan hymn book, the joint production of John and Charles Wesley, was published in 1753. The "Arminian Magazine" was started in 1780, and was edited by Wesley till his death. Age scarcely diminished his labors as preacher and writer. He died in London, after a short illness, on the second of March, 1791, having survived Whitefield more than twenty years. If Wesley's monument be asked after, the answer is the old "Circumspice". The Methodist Societies spread over all English speaking lands, and others besides, are said now to number twelve million souls. Nor are these societies his only monument. His influence was felt within the pale of the Established Church and by the Nonconformist bodies; and to it must be attributed, at least in part, the more quiet religious revival known as the Evangelical movement.

Of the place of Methodism in religious history, a recent American writer speaks as follows: "Puritan Orthodoxy places the essence of Christianity in something *intellectual*, which it calls faith. Catholicism places it in the *act*; Methodism puts it in *feeling*. Methodism has done its work for Christianity by making the love principle prominent in all its operations. The Roman Catholic Church sums up all the inspirations of the past, collects in its large repertory all ancient liturgies, all saintly lives, all sacred customs, and so brings an imposing authority, a reverend antiquity, made up of the best history of man. Methodism drops the past and finds God in the present—in present inspirations, in the newly converted soul, born into light by the immediate coming of the Spirit of God."

Daniel Webster

By ELBRIDGE S. BROOKS

IT was the opening year of the new century, and the citizens of Hanover determined to celebrate the Fourth of July, 1800, in fitting and appropriate style. There was a muster, a procession, and a banquet; there were salutes and noise and fireworks. The Declaration of Independence was to be read, and of course there was to be a Fourth of July oration.

Now, the town of Hanover, in New Hampshire, was, and is still, a college town. Dartmouth College has trained and sent forth many solid, able, and brilliant Americans, whose names adorn the walks of all occupations, professions, and successes. The town of Hanover is proud of Dartmouth College and of the men whom she has educated. So when, in 1800, an orator was to be selected for the Fourth of July oration the citizens turned at once to the college for the orator.

"They say there's a youngster up at the college that's a master hand at speaking," one of the selectmen said, as they talked it over with the minister and the schoolmaster; "he's Cap'n Webster's son—Judge Webster, I mean, from up Salisbury way."

"Comes of good stock," another of the selectmen remarked. "Cap'n Webster was the only man Washington said he could trust when Arnold cut up his didoes, and I have heard that the cap'n—he's judge now, as you say—just skimped himself and all his family to give this boy an education. Doing well, is he?"

"So I hear," his associate replied. "They do say that this youngster—Dan'l, I think his name is—Dan'l Webster, that's

it—knows more'n some of his teachers up to the college, and when it comes to speaking pieces—well! there's just nobody that can beat him."

"Well, if that's so, I say we ask him," said the other selectman. "He can't any more'n fail. How old is he?" he inquired.

"He is pretty young, and that's a fact; he's only about eighteen," the advocate of the boy orator admitted. "But, there now! What's that amount to? Somebody's got to hear the beginnings, and what's the difference how old a preacher or a speaker is, if he's got the gift?"

The young Dartmouth student who was the subject of this discussion did surely have the gift. This, committee and audience speedily discovered when on that Fourth of July, in the year 1800, Daniel Webster, of Salisbury, stood before them to deliver his oration.

Tall and thin, dark-hued and raven-haired, with the high cheek bones of an Indian, and eyes so black, deep set, and searching that the boys nicknamed him "All eyes," this boy of eighteen was neither strong-looking nor "pretty appearing," as the old ladies declared; but there was in his look, his attitude, and his bearing something that attracted all his hearers as he rose to speak, while his voice, wonderfully deep-toned, melodious, and strong, captivated and held them ere he had completed his first paragraph. The committee looked at each other approvingly, and the advocate of "young Dan'l" nudged his associate and whispered, "What did I tell you?"

"Why, the youngster's a born orator!" replied the now convinced selectman, nodding his head in approval.

The selectman was right. Daniel Webster, collegian, lawyer, senator, statesman, was a born orator. And even in that boyish Fourth of July oration at Hanover, crude, highflown, florid, and sophomoric effort though it was, he displayed at once his latent power, his commanding eloquence, his marvelous diction, and yet more marvelous voice—above all, his intense patriotism and belief in America; qualities which were to make him, in later years, the greatest of American orators, the man who was to leave to his countrymen and the world, as

Mr. Schurz asserts, "invaluable lessons of statesmanship, right, and patriotism."

The recollection of that Fourth of July oration lived long with those who heard it. The spell of voice and manner, even more than of the word and matter, fell upon the listening throng, and even in their old age men would refer to it as one of the memories of their youth.

"I heard Dan'l Webster's first speech, in Hanover, away back in 1800," they would boast, "and I declare, he never did anything finer or was more patriotic than he was in that speech, and he wasn't more than eighteen. It was wonderful, I tell you."

It was not really so wonderful, of course, and Webster, certainly, did do many things finer. The recollections of youth receive in age a tinge and glory that later experience lacks; but it may nevertheless be said, as Mr. Lodge claims, that in that youthful oration of Daniel Webster there was "the same message of love of country, national greatness, fidelity to the Constitution, and the necessity and nobility of the Union of the States, which the man Webster delivered to his fellow-men." In Daniel Webster, the boy, lived the prophecy of a new era and a new generation in the men and measures of the Republic.

Daniel Webster was born in Salisbury, or what is now Franklin, in New Hampshire, on the eighteenth of January, 1782. His father was a veteran of the Revolution, a hard-working farmer who, because of his integrity, influence, and force, was made by his neighbors Judge of the County Court. His mother was a noble New Hampshire woman, the equal of her husband in pluck, determination, and willing self-sacrifice. From these qualities in the parents came the boy's deliberate growth in greatness; for they sacrificed everything to give him an education; and the puny, sickly boy baby whom no one in the neighborhood believed his parents could "raise," who learned his Constitution by heart from the cheap little handkerchief on which it was printed, and who when he went to school at Exeter could not speak "pieces," because he was so shy, became, at last, head of his class at Exeter, "prize student" at Dartmouth, the foremost man in the college, Fourth of July orator,

in demand as a public speaker even before he was twenty, and a lawyer in New Hampshire, practicing in his proud father's court, and winning reputation and income before he was twenty-three. When, in 1806, his overworked, self-sacrificing father died, it was with the knowledge that his efforts had not been in vain, and that his son Daniel would not be a failure, but a success.

A success he certainly was. He established himself in Portsmouth, winning rapidly both reputation and fame. He became a politician of clear perception, broad views, and intense patriotism, and was sent to Congress from New Hampshire in 1813, where he was at once placed on its most important committee, that of Foreign Relations. There his wonderful gift of oratory and his remarkable power of getting at the heart of things at once won recognition; there, in his first session, he foresaw and advocated the real power that won the battles of the war of 1812 and grew into the force that has made history for the Republic from the days of Hull to those of Farragut and Dewey and Sampson and Schley—the navy of the United States.

"If the war must continue," he said, "go to the ocean. If you are seriously contending for maritime rights, go to the theater where alone those rights can be defended. Thither every indication of your fortune points you. There the united wishes and exertions of the nation will go with you. Even our party divisions, acrimonious as they are, cease at the water's edge." Was not that a prophetic utterance? It was true in 1813; it was true in 1898.

To better himself in his practice, Webster removed to Boston in 1817, and from that time, for nearly forty years, he became a "favorite son" of Massachusetts. The old Bay State sent him to Congress in 1823; in 1827 she sent him to the Senate. For twenty-eight years he was Massachusetts' foremost representative in the councils of the nation, broken only by two seasons of service as secretary of state under Presidents Harrison and Fillmore.

It was in the Senate of the United States that his greatest victories were won. It was before that body that, on the twenty

sixth of January, 1830, he made what has been styled "the greatest speech since Demosthenes," his famous reply to Hayne, his "Liberty and Union" speech, which, so says Mr. Schurz, "remained the watchword of American patriotism, and still reverberated thirty years later in the thunders of the Civil War. That glorious speech," declares Mr. Schurz, "continues to hold the first place among the monuments of American oratory." "It sank," so says Mr. Lodge, "into the hearts of the people and became unconsciously a part of their life and daily thoughts." Let us read once more the story of that famous speech.

It is not necesssary, here, to detail the causes of that great oration. Out of an insignificant question concerning the sale of public lands had grown a discussion as to the powers of the state and national governments. It was the time when the struggle between state sovereignty and national supremacy was fierce, both in and out of Congress, and the Senator from South Carolina, Mr. Hayne, availed himself of the opportunity afforded by the discussion to arraign the State of Massachusetts, crush its chief representative [Mr. Webster] and establish the right of the states to interfere with and override, for their own benefit, the national government, even the Constitution itself.

Mr. Hayne's invective was a strong, forcible, intense, and personal speech, which for two days occupied the attention of the Senate and awakened all the fears and forebodings of the supporters of the Constitution; for it seemed to them unanswerable

But it aroused one who would admit that no attack upon the Constitution and the Union should be allowed to go unanswered.

"It is a critical moment, Mr. Webster," said Mr. Bell, of New Hampshire, as on the morning of the twenty-sixth of January, 1830, he met the Senator from Massachusetts on his way to the capitol. "It is time, it is high time that the people of this country should know what this Constitution is."

"Then, sir," replied Mr. Webster, "by the blessing of Heaven they shall learn, this day, before the sun goes down, what I understand it to be."

Then he passed into the Senate chamber, packed to the

doors by an expectant and eager throng who knew that, on that day, Daniel Webster was to take up the gage that the champion of disunion had thrown down and was to fight for the supremacy of the Union under the Constitution.

Slowly he rose, quietly he began. The latent fires of patriotism and national love which were burning so fiercely in his heart did not at first burst into flame.

"Mr. President," he said, "when the mariner has been tossed for many days in thick weather and on an unknown sea he naturally avails himself of the first pause in the storm, the earliest glance of the sun, to take his latitude and ascertain how far the elements have driven him from his true course. Let us imitate this prudence; and before we float farther on the waves of this debate, refer to the point from which we departed, that we may, at least, be able to conjecture where we are. I ask for the reading of the resolution before the Senate."

The tense excitement of both supporters and opponents, strained in expectancy as the orator arose to speak, was calmed and restrained by this simple and quiet opening. Then, by the time the clerk had read the original resolution from which all this discussion and excitement had sprung, this consummate orator had alike himself, his auditors, and his subject well in hand and could control each as it suited him.

Gradually he gave his thought words; and these, growing in intensity and eloquence as he proceeded, soon captured friend and foe alike; till, holding that great audience enthralled by his matchless voice and spellbound by his magnificent periods, he struck at the doctrines advanced by Hayne with so sure a blow and carried forward the banner of union so triumphantly that, as Mr. Lodge says, "as the last words died away into silence those who had listened looked wonderingly at each other, dimly conscious that they had heard one of the grand speeches which are landmarks in the history of eloquence."

Not alone in the crowded capitol was the effect of that great speech almost beyond expression. "As his words went over the land," says Mr. Schurz, "the national heart bounded with joy and broke out in enthusiastic acclamations. At that

moment Webster stood before the world as the first of living Americans."

What schoolboy does not know, what American heart does not thrill, over that matchless defense of his beloved Bay State?

"Mr. President, I shall enter on no encomium upon Massachusetts; she needs none. There she is! Behold her and judge for yourselves. There is her history: the world knows it by heart. The past at least is secure. There is Boston and Concord and Lexington and Bunker Hill; and there they will remain forever. The bones of her sons, falling in the great struggle for independence, now lie mingled with the soil of every state from New England to Georgia; and there they will lie forever. And, sir, where American liberty raised its first voice, and where its youth was nurtured and sustained, there it still lives, in the strength of its manhood and full of its original spirit. If discord and disunion shall wound it, if party strife and blind ambition shall hawk at and tear it, if folly and madness, if uneasiness under salutary and necessary restraint shall succeed in separating it from that Union by which alone its existence is made sure, it will stand in the end by the side of that cradle in which its infancy was rocked; it will stretch forth its arm with whatever of vigor it may still retain over the friends who gather round it; and it will fall at last, if fall it must, amidst the proudest monuments of its own glory and on the very spot of its origin."

And what American, whatever his state, whatever his party, wherever his home, and however great his burden or unpleasant his lines, has not been lifted to the highest plane of enthusiasm and fired with the noblest love of country by that matchless peroration which so sank into the hearts of men that it did more to save the Union than any American has yet fully admitted?

"Mr. President, I have thus stated the reasons of my dissent to the doctrines which have been advanced and maintained. I am conscious of having detained you and the Senate much too long. I was drawn into the debate with no previous deliberation, such as is suited to the discussion of so grave and

important a subject. But it is a subject of which my heart is full, and I have not been willing to suppress the utterance of its spontaneous sentiments. I cannot, even now, persuade myself to relinquish it, without expressing once more my deep conviction, that since it respects nothing less than the union of the states it is of most vital and essential importance to the public happiness. I profess, sir, in my career hitherto, to have kept steadily in view the prosperity and honor of the whole country, and the preservation of our federal Union. It is to that Union we owe our safety at home, and our consideration and dignity abroad. It is to that Union that we are chiefly indebted for whatever makes us most proud of our country. That Union we reached only by the discipline of our virtues in the severe school of adversity. It had its origin in the necessities of disordered finance, prostrate commerce, and ruined credit. Under its benign influences, these great interests immediately awoke as from the dead and sprang forth with newness of life. Every year of its duration has teemed with fresh proofs of its utility and its blessings; and although our territory has stretched out wider and wider, and our population spread farther and farther, they have not outrun its protection or its benefits. It has been to us all a copious fountain of national, social, and personal happiness.

"I have not allowed myself, sir, to look beyond the Union, to see what might lie hidden in the dark recess behind. I have not coolly weighed the chances of preserving liberty when the bonds that unite us together shall be broken asunder. I have not accustomed myself to hang over the precipice of disunion, to see whether, with my short sight, I can fathom the depth of the abyss below; nor could I regard him as a safe counselor in the affairs of this government whose thoughts should be mainly bent on considering, not how the Union should be best preserved, but how tolerable might be the condition of the people when it shall be broken up and destroyed. While the Union lasts we have high, exciting, gratifying prospects spread out before us—for us and our children. Beyond that I seek not to penetrate the veil. God grant that in my day, at least, that curtain may not rise! God grant that on my

vision never may be opened what lies behind! When my eyes shall be turned to behold for the last time the sun in heaven, may I not see him shining on the broken and dishonored fragments of a once glorious Union; on states dissevered, discordant, belligerent; on a land rent with civil feuds, or drenched, it may be, in fraternal blood! Let their last feeble and lingering glance rather behold the gorgeous ensign of the Republic, now known and honored throughout the earth, still full high advanced, its arms and trophies streaming in their original luster, not a stripe erased or polluted nor a single star obscured, bearing for its motto no such miserable interrogatory as 'What is all this worth?' nor those other words of delusion and folly, 'Liberty first and Union afterward'; but everywhere, spread over all in characters of living light, blazing on all its ample folds, as they float over the sea and over the land, and in every wind under the whole heavens, that other sentiment, dear to every true American heart—Liberty *and* Union, now and forever, one and inseparable."

I have often wondered how Mr. Webster felt when he sat down after that marvelous speech was concluded. Think what it must be to a man to have that power of swaying a multitude by his words and regenerating a people by his power!

That Daniel Webster had that power the history of that great speech proves. It is a fact that Webster's "Liberty and Union" oration was the favorite declamation of American schoolboys for five and twenty years; that its words and precepts went deeper into their hearts than they themselves imagined; that it inspired a passionate and devoted love for the Union throughout the North, which, when the hour of danger came to the Republic, emphasized the sentiment of nationality, and nerved the arm as it sustained the courage of the united North. Therein, as Mr. Lodge says, "lies the debt which the American people owe to Webster, and in that is his meaning and importance in his own time and to us to-day."

Daniel Webster was not alone an orator. He was a great lawyer and a great statesman. But to us, to-day, his name suggests always "liberty and union." It is on that speech

that his fame was built, and for that speech that he will be forever remembered.

No statesman in all America had a more unfaltering love of country, none had a more absorbing belief in the greatness of the Republic and its magnificent possibilities. In speech as senator, in state papers as secretary, he fought ever for one thing—the integrity of the Republic and the permanence of American nationality. Even his fatal "seventh of March" speech, as it is always called—that speech in 1850 in which he supported the odious Fugitive Slave Law, and disappointed his steadfast supporters—even that was because of his love for the Union, and his desire to preserve it unbroken, though, to do so, he must sacrifice his inherited beliefs and principles.

Daniel Webster was a big man and loved big things—big farms and trees and cattle and mountains, Niagara, the ocean —bigness in everything, and for that reason he could stand nothing small or sectional in American life. He loved the Union as a great and undivided whole, and in the very speech that worked his ruin he made the patriotic and national declaration that should have gone far to excuse his action: "I was born an American; I live an American; I shall die an American."

He did so die. True to the expressed hope in his ever-famous speech, his eyes, when turned to behold for the last time the sun in heaven, did indeed see "the gorgeous ensign of the Republic," still full high advanced, not a star obscured, not a stripe erased, floating in the wind of heaven, with liberty and union still the sentiment dear to the American heart. For, when the great orator lay dying in his beloved Marshfield home, he could see from his window, as he looked each morning to be sure that the flag was still there, the flutter of the stars and stripes which he so dearly loved, and which, according to his orders, were kept floating from the flagstaff until his last breath had passed.

A great man was Daniel Webster, of Massachusetts; a man of faults as great and glaring as his own vast ideas and talents, but a man of wonderful powers and mighty mind, a real son of the Republic, an American citizen in the best sense

From a Drawing by Clinedinst

WEBSTER STUDYING IN THE SAW-MILL

of that noble and impressive word. He was, in truth, the "Expounder of the Constitution," as none had before expounded it; he was the defender and upholder of the Union; and to his labors and his magnetic eloquence the boys and girls of America to-day owe, in very large degree, their peace, their security, their very existence.

Henry Ward Beecher

By FREDERICK G. HARRISON

AMERICA'S most famous pulpit orator, Henry Ward Beecher, was born June 24, 1813, at Litchfield, Conn., in the third year of the pastorate of his father, Dr. Lyman Beecher. He was deprived of a mother's care at the age of three years, but her place was worthily filled by the step-mother, whom he ever regarded with tender affection. The vein of humor which characterized Dr. Beecher was reproduced and intensified in the fun-loving boy Henry. Few of the pleasures with which the children of the present day are familiar were known to the large family of the poorly paid Connecticut pastor, yet health and contentment brought happiness to the domestic circle.

In the village school Henry showed himself to be no great lover of books, and he did not make satisfactory progress in his studies when, at the age of ten, he was sent to a private school in the neighboring town of Bethlehem. A year later he was placed under the care of an elder sister, who carried on a school for girls at Hartford, but his incorrigible fondness for fun and mischief caused him to be sent back to Litchfield. No one could have predicted for such a lad the brilliant future which lay before him.

He was nearly thirteen years of age when his father removed to Boston in 1826, and the verdant country lad soon fell in with the ways of his city playmates. He entered the Latin School, but found more delight in reading tales of the sea, than in conning his Cæsar and Virgil. He was so strongly

attracted toward the life of a sailor that it was at length determined to remove him from the temptations of city life, and he was accordingly placed at the Mount Pleasant Institute, at Amherst, Mass., where he remained for three years, in the course of which he united with his father's church, gave up all thoughts of a seafaring life, and decided to adopt the clerical profession. He entered Amherst College in 1830 and graduated in 1834. During his college days, he adopted the antislavery sentiments which he afterward upheld so zealously, and began to speak in public, his first lecture being delivered at Brattleboro, Vt., and netting him the sum of ten dollars. He also contributed to his own support by teaching at Hopkinton and other Massachusetts towns, and occasionally by preaching.

Mr. Beecher pursued his theological studies under his father, who had become president of the Lane Seminary in 1832, and for three years he was again an inmate of his father's house in Cincinnati. During the proslavery riots in that city in 1836, Mr. Beecher was sworn as a special constable. Being observed upon one occasion in the act of running bullets into a mold, he was asked what he meant to do with them, when he grimly replied: "To kill men." Subsequent manifestations of this same militant spirit will be met with later in his life, when his righteous indignation was aroused by injustice and wrong. In the spring of 1837 he graduated from Lane Theological Seminary, read his "trial lecture," and was licensed to preach. He soon received a call to become pastor of the little Presbyterian church at Lawrenceburg, Ind. He now made a hurried trip to New England, and on August 3, 1837, he was married to Eunice White Bullard, of West Sutton, Mass. The young couple began life with few comforts and no luxuries, but with hearts full of present happiness and of confidence for the future. Mr. Beecher was his own sexton, and his meager stipend was augmented by a small allowance from the Home Missionary Society. He was as yet only a licentiate, and when he sought ordination, he encountered the opposition of the Old School Presbyterians, who very naturally distrusted the orthodoxy of the son when they regarded the father as an arch here-

tic. The upshot of the matter was that the Lawrenceburg church declared itself independent, and Mr. Beecher was ordained by the New School faction.

He remained in his first pastorate a little less than two years, preaching his farewell sermon July 28, 1839. He had accepted an invitation to become first pastor of the newly formed Second Presbyterian Church of Indianapolis, where he labored with constantly increasing success for eight years. He now began to come into prominence by his identification with various secular reformatory movements, notably with that for the abolition of slavery, and he likewise became interested in agriculture, spending a portion of his leisure time in the management of his garden. For some years he was editor of the "Indiana Farmer and Gardener." His fame as a preacher and lecturer spread rapidly, and at length it reached the East, where his father's name had been a tower of strength. Various efforts were made to induce him to enter a more extended field, but they met with no favorable response from him until the formation of the Plymouth Congregational Church of Brooklyn, in June 1847, the pastorship of which he decided, after much hesitation, to accept.

Mr. Beecher preached his first sermon in Brooklyn on October 10, 1847, and a month later he was formally installed in the pastorate, which terminated only at his death, more than thirty-nine years afterward. The liberality of his religious views, and the freedom with which he denounced slavery and all sorts of moral and political corruption, alarmed some of his more conservative hearers, who warned him that he would ruin both himself and his church; but such warnings only incited him to keep on in his chosen course. Those who did not like his sentiments need not hire pews in his church. But the pews continued to be filled, and the church increased rapidly. The building which they occupied was destroyed by fire in January 1849. A year later the well-known spacious, though unassuming, edifice was dedicated, which was destined to become the most celebrated of American churches. Except in rare cases of sickness, or temporary absence from the country, Mr. Beecher was seldom away from his pulpit on Sunday.

His congregation increased until they filled every available seat and standing place, and throngs were often turned away. No other preacher of this country has had such a powerful hold upon his audiences as Henry Ward Beecher.

In 1850 he made his first visit to Europe, and, though constrained to declare that "the only pleasant thing about going to sea was the going ashore," he keenly enjoyed his two months' sojourn among the churches, the castles, the ruins and the historical monuments of the Old World. In 1854 he purchased a farm of nearly a hundred acres at Lenox, Mass. For three or four years he made it his summer home, when, on account of the distance from New York, it was disposed of. An earnest preacher of the gospel of peace, he fully realized that there are times when lasting peace can only be secured by conflict with its disturbers. Consequently, when the lawless hordes of Missouri slaveholders invaded Kansas, he counted it no derogation of his sacred office to counsel armed resistance on the part of the settlers, and he actively assisted the Emigrant Aid Society in their work of forwarding weapons of defense to the Free State men. A collection was taken up in his church to raise funds wherewith to purchase Sharpe rifles, and a quantity of these having found their way into Kansas in boxes labeled "Bibles," the rifles became widely known as "Beecher's Bibles." In the presidential campaign of 1856 he made many addresses in behalf of John C. Fremont; but he declined to consider a proposition to go to Congress, unless, as he wittily suggested, it should come from the American Board of Missions. In 1859 he bought his Peekskill estate, which in time brought additional fame to its owner as an amateur agriculturalist. Here, in 1878, was erected his sumptuous country seat, "Boscobel." Academical honors had no more attraction for Mr. Beecher than political preferment, and, in 1860, he refused the title of D.D. proffered him by Amherst College.

Mr. Beecher strongly advocated the election of Abraham Lincoln to the Presidency. When the flag was insulted at Sumter, and the nation was plunged into war, he was lecturing in Cincinnati. Hurrying home, he was met by his firstborn son with the words, "Father, may I enlist?" "If you don't I

will disown you!" said the patriotic divine, and he looked to it that the young man was provided with proper equipments. He was active in procuring recruits and in caring for their welfare, and his church became a veritable magazine of military and hospital stores. One entire regiment, the Sixty-seventh New York, was raised and equipped through his instrumentality. For many years he had been a contributor to the "Independent," and in December 1861 he assumed the editorship. In the conduct of this journal, he evinced the same desire to make his fellow-men better and happier, and the same ardent devotion to his country as he did in the pulpit or upon the rostrum.

In June 1863 Mr. Beecher felt compelled to seek relief for his overtasked energies in a second voyage to Europe. The management of the "Independent" was intrusted to Theodore Tilton, the associate editor, and through the favor of Mr. Beecher, Tilton eventually became editor in chief. When Mr. Beecher sailed from the United States the cause of the Union appeared to be in a desperate strait; when he reached England he found sympathy with the South openly expressed, but in Paris he received the glad tidings of Vicksburg and Gettysburg. In an interview with Leopold, King of the Belgians, he ventured the opinion that the crater of Vesuvius was no less perilous a position than the throne of Mexico, and the accuracy of his judgment was made manifest in the mournful fate of Carlotta, King Leopold's daughter, who lost husband and reason through the attempt to establish that throne in opposition to the will of the people. It was not his intention to appear before an English audience, but after his return from the Continent, in October, he determined to do so, and, if possible, to correct the erroneous ideas of the British public in regard to the struggle in America. He addressed five great gatherings, in Manchester, Edinburgh, Glasgow, Liverpool, and at Exeter Hall in London, and in every instance he was confronted by a violent mob, which strove to prevent him from being heard; but the great preacher's coolness and determination overcame all obstacles, and he was largely influential in turning the current of English opinion in favor of the North.

On the eighth of April, 1865, Mr. Beecher sailed in the "Arago," for Charleston, S. C., to deliver the address at the raising of the old flag over the remains of Fort Sumter. This impressive ceremony took place on the fourteenth, just four years from the day upon which Major Anderson evacuated the fort. In words of impassioned eloquence Mr. Beecher voiced the universal exultation over the defeat of the Southerners, with no touch of vindictive feeling toward the misguided men who had essayed in vain to destroy the Union. "Rebellion has perished, but there flies the same flag that was insulted." But, alas! the echo of the guns that saluted the restored Stars and Stripes had hardly died away before the hand of the assassin turned a nation's joy into grief. Upon arriving at Hilton Head on the return voyage, Mr. Beecher learned the sad news of President Lincoln's death.

Mr. Beecher's views upon reconstruction coincided more nearly with those of President Johnson than with those of the Congressional majority, and in consequence of this an estrangement took place between him and the management of the "Independent," which resulted in his final withdrawal from all connection with that paper. He thereby incurred the enmity of Theodore Tilton, who, conspiring with certain other enemies of Mr. Beecher, charged him with a heinous crime. In a civil suit, which grew out of this distressing "scandal," the jury disagreed, nine, however, being in favor of Mr. Beecher; but an ecclesiastical trial completely vindicated his good name His church stood loyally by him in his trouble, raising his salary for the "trial year" to $100,000.

In 1884 Mr. Beecher, who had acted with the Republican party ever since its organization, declared in favor of Mr. Cleveland, the Democratic nominee. On the nineteenth of June, 1886, he sailed a third time for England, being accompanied down New York harbor by 3,000 of his admirers. His reception in Great Britain was extremely cordial, in marked contrast to that accorded him upon his previous visit, nearly a quarter of a century before. On the fifth of July he was entertained at dinner by the Lord Mayor of London. He was absent four months, during which time he preached seventeen times, made nine ad-

dresses, and delivered fifty-eight lectures. Upon his return to America he declined a reception by the City Council of Brooklyn, and resumed his pastoral duties, which he was discharging with his accustomed energy, when a stroke of apoplexy caused his death, after a very brief illness, on the eighth of March, 1887. His income from his lectures and writings, and from other sources, had been large, and he left a considerable fortune to his heirs. From 1870 to 1881 he was editor of the "Christian Union." He wrote one romance, and many of his contributions to periodicals were published in book form. He also published one volume of a "Life of Christ," and was about to resume work upon it at the time of his death.

Demosthenes

By WALLACE WOOD

THE greatest of the orators of antiquity was a native of the demos of Pæania near Athens, being the son of an armorer, who had acquired, by the exercise of his calling, a handsome fortune. The father, at his death, intrusted his son to the guardianship of two of his cousins and one of his friends. These guardians, unfaithful to their trust, recklessly squandered nearly the whole of the property. It appears nevertheless that Demosthenes received an excellent education. According to a tradition handed down by Plutarch, and generally adopted, it was while listening to the eloquence of Callistratus, one of the glories of the Athenian bar, that Demosthenes first felt within him a strong desire to become an orator. On coming of age he summoned his guardians before the public tribunals, and pleaded against them with such success that one of them was condemned to pay him ten talents.

This was the first time Demosthenes distinguished himself by his eloquence, but these attempts revealed to him his shortcomings as an orator. He had to contend with serious physical defects, and the means he employed to remedy them have been frequently cited as an example of rare energy and perseverance. He had an impediment in his speech, which, for a long time, would not suffer him to pronounce the letter R. Moreover he had a weak voice, a short breath, and a very uncouth and ungracious manner; yet by dint of resolution and infinite pains he overcame all these defects. He accustomed himself to climb up steep and craggy places to facilitate his breathing and

strengthen his voice; he declaimed with pebbles in his mouth to remedy the imperfection in his speech; he placed a looking-glass before him to correct the awkwardness of his gesture; and he learned of the best actors the proper graces of action and pronunciation, which he thought of so much consequence that he made the whole art of oratory in a manner to consist of them. But whatever stress he laid upon the exterior part of speaking, he was also very careful about the matter and style, forming the latter upon the model of Thucydides, whose history for that purpose he transcribed eight several times. So intent was he upon his study that he would often retire into a cave of the earth, and shave half his head, so that he could not with decency appear abroad till his hair was grown again. He also accustomed himself to harangue on the seashore, where the agitation of the waves gave him an idea of the motions in a popular assembly, and served to prepare and fortify him against them. Doubtless it was this energetic application to study which led those who envied his success to say that his orations "smelt of the lamp"; but he could truly retort that his lamp did not shine on the same kind of works as theirs.

An interval of several years elapsed before he reappeared in the tribune, but this time his eloquence achieved the most signal and the most brilliant success. His orations laid the foundation of his reputation, which became so great that in 355 B.C. he was raised to the dignity of a member of the council. He was now about to enter into the most brilliant phase of his career, when he showed himself to be at once an ardent patriot, a consummate statesman, and an irresistible orator.

He exerted all his influence and all his eloquence to thwart the ambitious designs of Philip, King of Macedonia, who, meditating the subjugation of Greece, developed his plan of aggrandizement and made slow but sure progress toward the attainment of his object, by employing, in turn, deceit, power, and corruption. Demosthenes was the first to divine the real character of Philip's policy; he watched its gradual development; and when he thought the opportune moment had arrived, his voice, echoing from the tribune of Athens to every corner of Greece, denounced the ambitious projects of the tyrant. Each

Carbon Print from an Antique Statue

DEMOSTHENES

new undertaking and every fresh invasion was the signal for a renewed outburst of fervid eloquence on the part of Demosthenes; and, for more than fifteen years, Philip was unable to take a step in advance without finding himself confronted by this unyielding adversary, whom he feared more than all the fleets and armies of the Athenians. It was against the King of Macedonia that he directed those marvelous orations which are known under the name of the "Philippics" or "Olynthiacs"; and he succeeded at last in forming against that monarch a league, at the head of which were Athens and Thebes.

The orator was himself present at the battle of Chæronea, which placed Greece at the mercy of Philip. On the death of that king the hopes of Demosthenes revived, and at his instigation the Greek cities again formed a league against Macedonia. Alexander repressed this renewed attempt at independence by the destruction of Thebes, but he pardoned Athens and her patriotic orator. In the years which followed these events the city resounded with accusations of venality. Æschines, the representative of the Macedonian party, indirectly brought a charge against Demosthenes by attacking Ctesiphon, who had promoted the decree under which Demosthenes had been crowned for his patriotism. This gave rise to the famous discourse "On the Crown." Being compelled to justify himself for having given to his country advice which only brought about disasters, the grand orator triumphed over his base adversary by opposing to the materialist doctrine of interest the sublime philosophy of duty, of honor, and of devotion to one's country. He was less successful when the same antipathies obliged him to exile himself from Athens in consequence of a charge—apparently calumnious—of having accepted a bribe from the governor of Babylon.

After Alexander's death Demosthenes was restored, his entry into Athens being marked with every demonstration of joy. He became the soul of a new league which was formed among the Greek cities against the Macedonians. The confederacy was broken up, however, by Antipater, and Demosthenes retired to the island of Calauria off the coast of Argolis,

where, being still pursued by the satellites of Antipater, he terminated his life by poisoning himself in the Temple of Neptune.

The orations of Demosthenes, of which sixty-one have been preserved, are the most sublime monuments of human eloquence and patriotism.

Cicero

By WALLACE WOOD

HISTORY, says Coleridge, is resolvable into a series of biographies of a few earnest and powerful men. For the large results of human action, which are the proper subject of history, are traceable ultimately, not to the masses that play their noisy, bustling part upon the stage of life, but to a few commanding minds that move them. In some cases this control is exercised by one who takes no part in the actions he has inspired; in others, by men who themselves act with those they lead. To the latter class belongs M. Tullius Cicero, the great Roman orator—perhaps, with one decisive exception, the greatest master in all time of the art of eloquent speech. For more than thirty years he was one of the most conspicuous figures in the political and forensic fields of the Roman republic, holding public office for more than twenty years, and wielding so powerful an influence that each political party coveted to have him on its side, and felt its strength augmented or impaired by his accession or withdrawal. His lot was cast in the last age of the great republic; a turbulent time, full of harsh discords and brutal deeds, the outcome and the evidence of conflicting personal ambitions and rivalries, which rushed in to fill the place left almost void of the old pure patriotism. Among his eminent contemporaries were Sylla, Pompey, Cæsar, Cato, Antony, Brutus, and Cassius.

The orator was the eldest son of M. Tullius Cicero and his wife Helvia, both of honorable descent, and was born at the family seat near Arpinum—the birthplace likewise of Caius

Marius—on the third of January, 106 B.C. His father spared no pains to give him the best education then to be had, especially with a view to fitting him for the public service. Neither his health nor his tastes qualified him for a soldier's life; he therefore chose, as the next best path to advancement, the profession of the law. He applied himself to a wide variety of studies under the most eminent teachers, and attended the pleadings in the law courts and the public speeches of the magistrates. He cultivated poetical composition, and produced several original works and translations; but this was merely boyish play and was soon dropped. He served one campaign in the Social War, under Cn. Pompeius Strabo, father of Pompey the Great, and then he had done with soldiering.

At length, in 81 B.C., when Sylla had overthrown not only the Marian party but the constitution itself, and had assumed the dictatorship, Cicero made his first appearance as a pleader. By his second oration, in defense of Sextus Roscius, against a charge of parricide, he won high distinction, and also ran the risk of the dictator's displeasure. He soon after left Rome, and continued his studies at Athens, in Asia Minor, and at Rhodes for two years. After the death of Sylla he returned to Rome, and in 75 entered upon his official career as quæstor in Sicily. By his justice and integrity in this capacity he endeared himself to the people. At the request of the Sicilians he undertook in 70 the impeachment of Verres, who, as prætor in the island, had been guilty of scandalous extortion and cruelty. So gross was the case, and so overwhelming the evidence, that Hortensius, the advocate of Verres, threw up his brief, and the defendant went into exile. Meanwhile, Cicero had been elected ædile. In the year of his prætorship (66) he delivered the great speech (*pro lege Manilia*) which secured for Pompey the command in the Mithridatic war, and the virtual dictatorship of the East. The object of his highest ambition was attained in 64, when he was chosen one of the consuls for the ensuing year. At this election one of his competitors was Catiline; and in order to exclude the latter the senatorial and popular parties joined their forces in supporting Cicero. The orator now allied himself with the aristocratic

party, and step by step alienated his former friends. His consulship was rendered memorable by his discovery and frustration of the conspiracy of Catiline. The decisive energy which he displayed in this emergency was hardly paralleled on any subsequent occasion. The service which he had rendered was nothing less than the salvation of the republic, for which he was abundantly honored, and received the title of "father of his country." But his vanity showed itself offensively in continual boasting; and this, with other causes, contributed to the decline of his popularity. Early in 58 proceedings were begun by Clodius, as Cæsar's tool, to bring about the banishment of Cicero. The friends he had trusted in left him to his fate, and by the advice of Cato he quitted Rome and Italy to wait for better times. But his courage failed him, and he poured forth unmanly lamentations. Rome, with its Senate house and its Forum, was his world.

> "Hence banished is banished from the world,
> And world's exile is death."

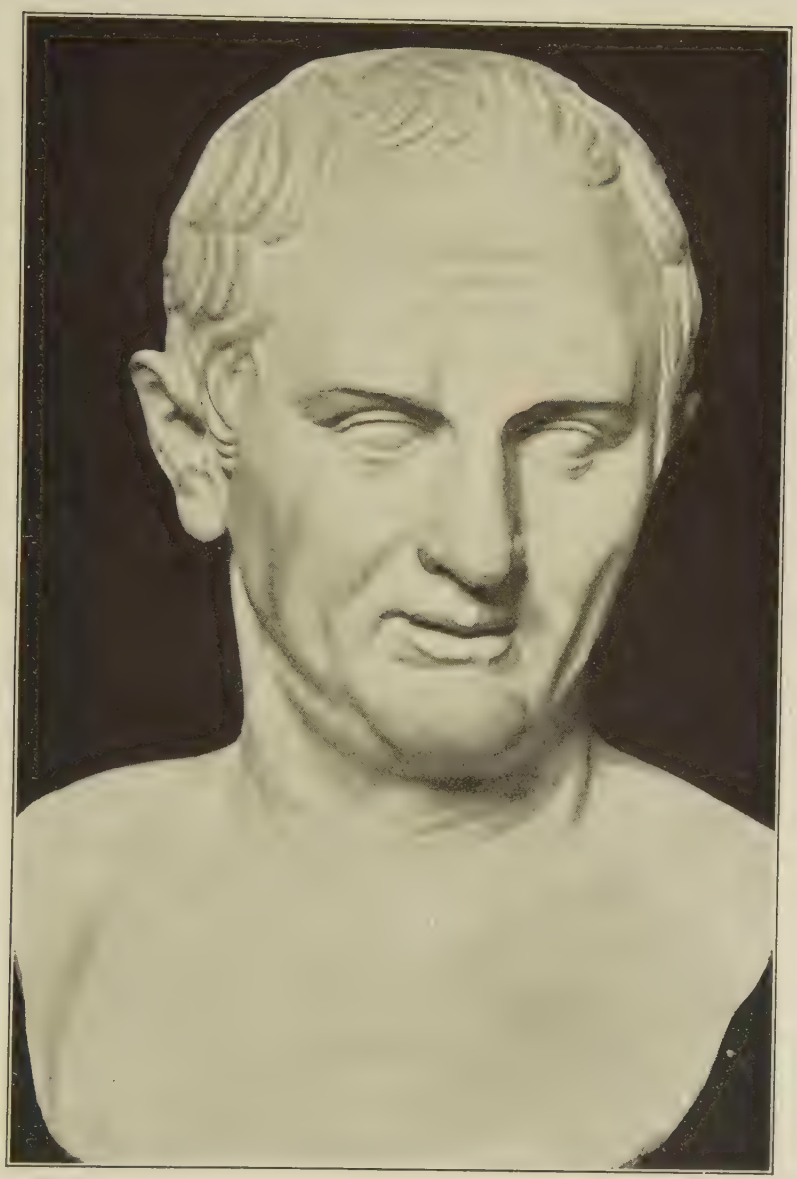
A bill, however, was passed the next year for his recall; and his return along the Appian Way was a kind of triumph. Liberal compensation was awarded to him for the loss of his property and the destruction of his houses. He now confined himself mostly to professional pursuits, and avoided entangling himself in political affairs. In 53 he was admitted to the College of Augurs, and the next year he reluctantly accepted the post of governor of Cilicia. When he returned to Rome, at the beginning of 49, the second civil war was on the point of breaking out between Cæsar and Pompey. After much hesitation Cicero joined Pompey in the East. The next year, however, Cæsar, victor at Pharsalia, became master of the Roman world, and Cicero turned his back on the vanquished; but he did not venture to show himself at Rome until the autumn of 47, when Cæsar visited him in his retreat at Brundisium, and gave him permission to return.

Cicero now shut himself up with his books, and busied himself with the composition of his works on philosophy and rhetoric. But domestic troubles pressed upon him in his seclusion.

He had now reached his sixty-first year, and after more than thirty years of married life he divorced his wife Terentia. The reasons for this step are not clearly known, but are conceivable. Almost immediately afterward he married his young and wealthy ward Publilia. He was embarrassed with debt at the time. Soon after this second marriage his only daughter, Tullia, deeply beloved, died in child-bed. This was the sharpest sorrow of his life. He had but just before parted with his only son, and before the year closed he had divorced his young wife, in whom he did not find the sympathy and consolation he needed. From public failures and private distresses he turned the more earnestly to his books and his philosophy.

During this period he appeared to be the intimate friend of Cæsar; but when Cæsar had fallen by the hands of Brutus and his fellow-conspirators (Ides of March, 44), Cicero openly applauded the deed, and took the part of the republicans. There is no evidence that he was privy to the conspiracy, but it is hardly possible to believe that he knew nothing of it. He fled from Rome, but soon returned, and, rising to the height of the great occasion, he displayed, in opposition to Antony, a vigor and an energy long unusual with him. In rapid succession he now delivered the series of fourteen orations against Antony, which he named after the "Philippics" of Demosthenes, and which rank among the most powerful of his speeches. This magnificent effort cost him his life. Antony could not forgive him; and when a proscription was planned by the triumvirs, Octavius, Antony, and Lepidus, Antony demanded the life of Cicero. As soon as the tidings reached him at his Tusculan villa, he fled, hoping to escape by sea; but he was overtaken in a wood by night, and, forbidding his attendants to resist, his head and hands were struck off by the pursuers (December 7, 43). They were sent to Rome, and with unpardonable brutality were exposed, by command of Antony, on the rostra, the scene of the orator's living triumphs.

The character of Cicero has been depicted by panegyrists and by calumniators. As usual, the truth probably lies between the extreme views. As a man he was distinguished by steadfast integrity and justice, "faithful among the faithless" of



MARCUS TULLIUS CICERO

the time. Learned, philosophic, and genial, he won a host of friends, and was singularly free from envy and jealousy of rivals. As a statesman, indeed, he failed to fulfill the promise of his early manhood, chiefly for want of the robustness of character which was needed to cope with the difficulties and dangers of the evil times on which he had fallen. As an author, both by his orations and his writings on speculative and political philosophy, he takes a very high place, and has reaped the admiration and love of thoughtful students through generation after generation. He does not, indeed, bear the palm of the originator or discoverer in philosophy, but the merit of lucid expositor. He loved Plato chiefly, and founded his dialogues "The Republic" and "The Laws" on the great works of Plato bearing the same titles. In other treatises or dialogues, the "De Officis," "Academica," "De Finibus," "Tusculanæ Disputationes," "De Naturâ Deorum," etc., he sets forth and discusses the doctrines of various Greek philosophers on the most concerning questions of human existence. Last, not least, among his writings are to be named his "Familiar Letters," of which about eight hundred are extant, half of them being addressed to his lifelong friend Atticus. "These," says Middleton, his admiring English biographer, "may justly be called the memoirs of the times, for they contain not only a distinct account of every memorable event, but lay open the springs and motives whence each of them proceeded." His works as a whole form the most authentic monuments of the events of his age. Moreover, in addition to their intrinsic worth, philosophical, historical, and biographical, they possess the charm of consummate literary style, and present to us the Latin language at its highest pitch of development.

Mozart

By WALLACE WOOD

AMONG those whose genius has contributed to give the opera its present highly artistic form, Mozart occupies the foremost rank. Born at Salzburg in 1756, the son of a musician, there is no example in history of a more happy musical organization than Mozart's, or of one manifested so early in life. When three years old he attracted attention by his evident delight in seeking out and striking chords on the piano; thirds and sixths specially pleased him. The musical lessons of his sister, five years older, he learned easily, and under the happy tuition of his father began himself to take lessons in his fourth year. In his fifth year he composed little melodies with correct harmony, of a simple character, which were written out for him by his father. The boy had an exquisite ear for pitch, and could detect a slight difference in the tuning of a violin with singular accuracy. His sister was an admirable player on the harpsichord in her eleventh year. The father, whose position as vice-chapelmaster at Salzburg was a poorly paid one, determined to give concerts in various cities to exhibit the precocious talent of his children. Mozart, with his sister, made his first appearance in public at Munich, in his sixth year; afterward visiting Vienna, Paris, and London, everywhere exciting astonishment, among old musicians even, by his wonderful musical abilities. He could play on the organ, harpsichord, piano, and violin, accompany French and Italian songs at sight, and readily transpose them into difficult keys.

The boy's exquisite sensibility colored all his actions. He

sought the love and friendship of all who came near him with a childlike simplicity that made him a general favorite. One day, as he sat in the lap of the Empress of Austria, he lost his balance and slipped down on the floor. One of the daughters of the empress, Marie Antoinette, afterward the unfortunate Queen of France, hastened to lift him up and soothe him. "You are very kind," said the little artist of six years; "I will marry you." "Why her, rather than one of my other daughters?" asked the empress. "Out of gratitude," said Mozart. "She was very good to me, while her sisters never stirred to help me." To all who came near him he asked one constant question, "Do you love me?" And his little eyes filled with tears if an answer were not quickly given. For his father he had the profoundest respect. "God first, and then papa," was a motto he frequently repeated.

After making the tour of Europe, his father returned to Salzburg, and set to work to give his son a thorough musical education, in theory and practice. He bestowed the greatest care on his education, assisting and encouraging all his youthful essays in composition with the enthusiasm of an artist added to a father's pride. Happy would it have been for poor Mozart if all his later surroundings had been of an equally loving kind. He studied the works of the famous organists of Germany and those of the old Italian masters, and it was this happy combination in his studies of two wholly different schools that prepared him for the task on which his reputation chiefly rests, that of fusing together into a single work the severe harmony of German music with the charming melody of Italy. The position of the family at Salzburg was a hard and unpleasant one, for the father was wretchedly paid. They were obliged to travel about giving concerts to keep out of debt. Mozart sought employment elsewhere without success. He arrived in Paris in 1778, when the contest between the rival musical systems of Gluck and Piccini was at its height, and for six months vainly sought an opportunity to produce an opera. The death of his mother, who had accompanied him to Paris, was a severe blow to him, and he returned to Salzburg, at his father's request, just as his prospects in Paris began to brighten The time

spent in Paris had not, however, been wasted, for he had the chance of hearing the various kinds of opera then in vogue. He was now appointed concert master and organist at Salzburg, with a small salary, and permission to travel occasionally to perform his new works in larger cities. "Idomeneo" was composed in 1780 for the Italian Opera at Munich, and was received with great applause in spite of its novelty. This work belonged to no existing school of music. It was as original in its phraseology and development as in its modulation, harmony, and instrumentation, and introduced a new epoch in dramatic music, which has not ceased to influence the stage even in our days.

Mozart's master, the Archbishop of Salzburg, treated him as if he were a domestic servant, and seemed to be jealous of the applause the young musician won from his admirers. At last Mozart threw up his miserable situation under him and determined to support himself and the young wife he had married by giving concerts and music lessons. The Emperor Joseph of Austria tried to found a German Operatic School, and Mozart wrote his "Belmont and Constanza" to promote this idea. There was, however, strong opposition displayed by the lovers of Italian music at Vienna, and both the opera and project failed. In 1786 he set the "Marriage of Figaro" to music as an Italian opera. The piece was successful, though violently assailed by his rivals and opponents. At Prague its reception was so favorable, Mozart was induced to visit that city, and here he spent the happiest period of his life. His opera of "Don Giovanni" was written in 1787 at Prague, and met with great success there, although coldly received at Vienna. In 1788 he returned to Vienna, and now came the busiest period of his life. It was at this time he began to feel symptoms of a disease of the lungs, coupled with a nervous affection, which often threw him into fits of melancholy. He worked feverishly to drive away his sad thoughts, composing with incredible rapidity, yet all this work bears the stamp of genius and perfection. The fear of an early death took possession of his mind. He thought he had not done enough work to establish his reputation, and he exhausted his strength by incessant labor day and night. It was in this condition he composed "The Magic

Flute," an opera wholly unlike anything he had written before. That a dying man could fill a fairy tale with the beauty and freshness of the melody he wrote for it, seems scarcely credible. This opera had an unexampled success at Vienna, being played no less than one hundred and twenty times running, and was hailed with enthusiasm all over Germany. While he was at work on "The Magic Flute" a mysterious stranger applied to him to compose a Requiem, and paid for it handsomely in advance. Mozart's health was already shattered by his intense labor, and being unable to discover the name of the stranger, the event preyed on his mind until he fancied there was something supernatural about it. He worked at it with the firm conviction it was his own Requiem; nothing could dispel the fatal delusion. His wife and friends tried in vain to distract his attention, but he continued to work on with restless energy until illness confined him to his bed, and death ended his sufferings at the early age of thirty-six. While on his deathbed he was nominated chapelmaster to St. Etienne Cathedral; another still better appointment was offered him at Amsterdam. The ill-fortune which pursued him through life, with brutal masters and petty rivalries, filled up the cup by dangling fame and wealth before his dying eyes.

In looking over the long list of his works, it is astonishing to think a man who spent so much of his time in traveling about giving concerts, and died in his thirty-sixth year, could ever have found time to accomplish so much. He wrote eight hundred works of various kinds, comprising eighteen operas, forty-nine symphonies, fifteen overtures, seventy pieces of sacred music, not to speak of an immense quantity of work he began but left uncompleted. No musician of any epoch has possessed so universal a genius for all the departments of musical art as Mozart. He was the greatest pianist of his time in Germany; his cantatas bear the inspiration of a true religious spirit, and in the opera he effected nothing less than a complete transformation. "Idomeneo" was a revolution in the Lyrical Drama. The change was carried to its highest pitch in "The Marriage of Figaro"; and the Romantic Opera may almost be said to have been created by "Don Giovanni" and "The Magic

Flute." His genius rose steadily without a sign of feebleness to the day of his death, and had he lived a few years longer, still grander works than these might have been expected from his fertile pen.

Mozart's biographer, C. E. Bourne, tells how the glorious *Zauberflöte*, "The Magic Flute," was written to assist a theatrical manager. At this time a strange melancholy began to show itself in his letters—it may be that already his overwrought brain was conscious that the end was not far distant. Such lines as these, pathetic and sad in their simple, almost childlike expression, occur in a letter he wrote during a short absence from his wife at Frankfort, in 1790: "I am as happy as a child at the thought of returning to you. If people could see into my heart I should almost feel ashamed—all there is cold, cold as ice. Were you with me, I should possibly take more pleasure in the kindness of those I meet here, but all seems to me so empty." On his return to Vienna pecuniary want was rather pressingly felt; his silver plate had to be pawned, and a perfidious friend, Stadler, made away with the tickets, and the silver was never redeemed. On one occasion Joseph Deiner chanced to call upon him, and was surprised to find Mozart and his wife Constanza dancing round the room. The laughing explanation was that they had no firewood in the house, and so were trying to warm themselves with dancing. Deiner at once offered to send in firewood, Mozart promising to pay—as soon as he could.

That grand work, the *Zauberflöte*, had just been completed, when a strange commission was given him. One day a tall, haggard-looking man, dressed in gray, with a very somber expression of countenance, called upon Mozart, bringing with him an anonymous letter. This letter contained an inquiry as to the sum for which he would write a mass for the dead, and in how short a time this could be completed. Mozart consulted his wife, and the sum of fifty ducats was mentioned. The stranger departed, and soon returned with the money, promising Mozart a further sum on completion, and also mentioned that he might as well spare the trouble of finding out who had given the commission, for it would be entirely useless. We now know that the commission had really been given by Count

Walsegg, a foolish nobleman, whose wife had died, and who wanted, by transcribing Mozart's score, to pass it off as his own composition—and this he actually did after the composer's death. Poor Mozart, in the weak state of health in which he now was, with nerves unstrung and overexcited brain, was strangely impressed by this visit, and soon the fancy took firm possession that the messenger had arrived with a mandate from the unseen world, and that the Requiem he was to write was for himself. Not the less did he ardently set to work on it.

Hardly was it commenced when he was compelled to write another opera, "La Clemenza di Tito," for which a commission had been given him by the Bohemian Estates, for production on the occasion of the Emperor Leopold's coronation in their capital. This was accomplished in the short space of eighteen days, and though it does not contain his best music, yet the overture and several of the numbers are full of a piquant beauty and liveliness, well suiting the festival of a people's rejoicing. His far greater work, the *Zauberflöte*, was produced in Vienna shortly afterward. It did not take very well at first, but subsequent performances went better. Mozart then returned to the Requiem he had already commenced; but, while writing, he had often to sink back in his chair, being seized with short swoons. Too plainly was his strength exhausted; but he persisted in his solemn work. One bright November morning he was walking with Constanza in the Prater, and sadly pointed out to her the falling leaves, and speaking of death, with tears in his eyes, he added, "I well know I am writing this Requiem for myself. My own feelings tell me that I shall not last long. No doubt some one has given me poison—I cannot get rid of this thought." With these gloomy fancies haunting his mind, he rapidly grew worse, and soon could not leave his room. The performances of the *Zauberflöte* were still going on, and it was extraordinarily successful. He took the greatest interest in hearing of them, and at night would take out his watch and note the time: "Now the first act is over, now is the time for the great 'Queen of Night.'" The day before his death he said to his wife, "Oh that I could only once more hear my *Flauto Magico*," humming, in scarcely audible voice,

the lively "Birdcatcher" song. The same day, at two o'clock in the afternoon, he called his friends together, and asked for the score of his nearly completed Requiem to be laid on his bed. Benedict Schack sang the soprano, his brother-in-law, Hofer, the tenor; Gerl, the bass, and Mozart himself took the alto in a weak, but delicately clear voice. They had got through the various parts till they came to the *Lacrymosa*, when Mozart burst into tears, and laid the score aside. The next day (Sunday) he was worse, and said to Sophie, his sister-in-law, "I have the taste of death on my tongue, I can smell the grave, and who can comfort my Constanza, if you don't stay here?" In her account of his last moments she says: "I found Süssmayer sitting by Mozart's bed. The well-known Requiem was lying on the coverlet, and Mozart was explaining to Süssmayer the mode in which he wished him to complete it after his death. He further requested his wife to keep his death secret until she had informed Albrechtsberger of it, 'for the situation of assistant organist at the St. Stephen church ought to be his before God and the world.' The doctor came and ordered cold applications on Mozart's burning head. . . . The last movement of his lips was an endeavor to indicate where the kettledrums should be used in the Requiem. I think I still hear the sound."

On a cold and stormy December day his body was taken to the Church of St. Stephen, and, amid a violent shower of snow and rain, was carried thence to the churchyard of St. Marx. His friends, who had followed the coffin part of the way, did not battle against the storm to the end, and so it fell out that not a single friend of his stood by his side when the coffin was lowered into the grave. And, by a strange mischance, arising from a change in the person who held the office of sexton, when Constanza afterward inquired as to the position of the grave, for the purpose of erecting a cross there, no information could be given, and to this day the spot has never been discovered. But, little matter!—his resting-place may be forgotten, but his memory still remains, and, so long as men continue to cherish and venerate the pure and beautiful in art and in human life, so long will Mozart, the great master of melody, be remembered and loved by them.

Beethoven

By WALLACE WOOD

LUDWIG VAN BEETHOVEN was one of those rare men who appear only at long intervals and make an epoch in an art. He was born at Bonn, on the Rhine, in 1770. Unlike Mozart, young Beethoven showed little or no predilection for musical studies, but his father compelled him to practice on the harpischord daily, in his fourth year. It was not until he had made some progress in his art that his ardor began to be excited. Mozart was a musician by instinct. Beethoven's musical inclinations were intellectual rather than intuitive, and had to be awakened before his interest was excited. His early teachers, Pfeiffer and Vander Eden, laid the foundation for the technical skill which afterward made him one of the most able pianists of Germany, and a later teacher, Neefe, made him familiar with the grand conceptions of Bach and Handel. For these works he had an admiration that became a kind of worship in after life. When eleven years old, it is said he could play the whole of Bach's pianoforte exercises, and had already shown the bent of his genius by composing three sonatas. His early education was neglected, and too exclusively devoted to music; it was not until his twenty-fifth year that he made amends for this by the study of general literature. Then he was smitten by a veritable passion for reading the great German poets, and the works of Homer, Virgil, and Tacitus, a passion which helped in some measure to relieve the troubles and afflictions of his unhappy life.

In his eighteenth year he went to Vienna to study with

Mozart. Recalled to Bonn by the illness of his mother, who died shortly afterward, he became the main support of the family. In 1792, his two younger brothers having found employment, he returned to Vienna, where, with the exception of short voyages undertaken for business or pleasure, he remained for the rest of his days. The first five years of his residence at Vienna were the happiest of his life. He had excellent patrons, was received into the best society, and became a general favorite by his admirable skill on the harpsichord, although his manners and temper were not of the kind to make or keep friends. When he arrived at Vienna, he possessed a rare talent of execution, but very little knowledge of harmony or composition. These he studied under Haydn and Albrechtsberger. His rapid progress in the study of musical form is due to his own unaided efforts rather than to any assistance he received from his teachers, whose methods were too scholastic to please his original tastes. Before the year 1800 he had composed twenty sonatas for the pianoforte, a large number of trios and quartets, as well as his first and second symphonies. The sale of his musical publications brought him very little money, and his position for some years was not an easy one. A pension was at length settled upon him, on condition that he should continue to live in Austria. Then he fixed his residence at Baden, a pretty village near Vienna; and there he would walk about for hours together in the most unfrequented spots, shunning all companionship, composing as he walked. It was his habit never to write down a single note, until the whole piece was complete in his head; but this habit did not prevent him correcting and modifying his manuscripts, until he was satisfied with them. His works had already placed him in a high position among composers, when a calamity of the most dreadful kind to a musician—the loss of hearing—gradually fell upon him, and finally rendered him quite deaf. His deafness sorely afflicted him, and had a marked effect upon the character of his compositions, giving them the tinge of passionate melancholy. The secret of the whole life of Beethoven is revealed in his sad complaints over the incurable deafness coming upon him. It saddened his thoughts, and was

the cause of the fits of ill-temper and misanthropic tendencies he manifested. Friends and admirers surrounded him, yet he led a solitary life, and frequently changed his lodgings to avoid visitors. To add to his troubles, he became involved in a law-suit, relating to the custody of his nephew, and for several years he produced but few new works. This nephew was wholly unworthy of the strong affection Beethoven lavished upon him. The boy failed to pass his school examination, and made an unsuccessful attempt to commit suicide. As this was an offense against the laws of Austria, Beethoven was compelled to remove his nephew from Vienna. He went to reside on his brother's estate on the Danube, but the society of his brother's family became insupportable, and he returned to Vienna in 1826. The return journey was undertaken in cold, wet weather; he caught a severe cold, which brought on inflammation of the lungs, succeeded by dropsy, and died in his fifty-sixth year.

Beethoven was never married, but his heart was more than once sensibly affected by the tender passion, even in his mature years. He treated his pianoforte as an intimate friend, to whom he could confide his thoughts and secrets, and taught it to respond in sympathy with all his innermost feelings, making his music the medium for communicating the feelings which swelled his own breast. Beethoven had a fine large head, and was endowed with mental capacity that would have made him a man of mark in any sphere of life. For reading, he had an insatiable appetite, being specially fond of history. He was republican in politics, and composed a symphony in honor of Napoleon, as first consul of France, but tore it up when he heard that Napoleon had made himself an emperor. Afterward persuaded to recompose it, he replaced the second part—a triumphal march—by a funeral march, to express the loss of his hopes in the man, and called it the "Heroic Symphony."

Rochlitz, who visited Beethoven in his later years, thus describes his personal appearance: He was of short stature, thickset and bony, slightly round-shouldered, with a full face, somewhat flushed, and brilliant, piercing eyes that seemed to transfix you. His thick black hair fell in uncombed masses

round his magnificent head. There was no play in the features, nor in the eyes, so full of life and genius, but an expression of benevolence and timidity, wholly unlike the character his fits of passion gave him. In all his manner, one could see the strained attention to catch every sound, noticeable in the manner of deaf persons of a sensitive temperament. He would speak gaily for a minute, and then sink into a profound silence.

Barbedette, speaking of Beethoven's work and genius, says: "Bach created the typical form of the sonata, the form which is most logical, largest, and most readily adapted to the development of a serious thought, or even that of some capricious fancy, restrained within due limits by the laws of art. The first part explains the subject, and develops its plan, terminating with a brief synopsis and peroration; then comes a slow movement, lending itself to the inspiration of melancholy, dreamy thoughts; this is followed by a third part, reveling in wild fantasy; and the whole ends with a fourth, of a lively, captivating character, leaving the auditor under the influence of a pleasing impression. Such is the framework of the sonata on which, for more than a century, all the great composers have exercised their genius. Haydn composed sonatas for a whole orchestra, and created the quartet and symphony. Mozart modified it to form the concerto, by making it a grand composition, rich in effects. While Beethoven—passionate, poetic Beethoven—took his predecessors' models, and surpassed them all. He made few innovations on the traditional form of the sonata. He has enriched it with the scherzo, a ravishing interlude that takes the place of the old minuet (the third part). When he does depart from the classical form, it is in his musical trifles, charming in themselves, but only the amusement of a great composer. Beethoven's genius was universal; he has embraced the whole circle of human emotions. It is not in this sense that Michael Angelo, Raphael, and Leonardo da Vinci, though they were painters, architects, and poets, at the same time were universal. Each of them represents a special phase of human nature. Beethoven has felt all phases, and expressed all; the simple emotions of confiding youth, then the difficulties of life, with the courage that sur-

mounts them, the combat, the victory, and the heroic joy it brings; finally, the exhaustion of a soul broken by the struggle, the deceptions of an unhappy love, the renunciations of earthly affections and thirst for the ideal, celestial contemplation, the solitary communion of man with the Infinite—this is the immense circle which his genius embraced; Goethe alone in literature has equaled this universality."

The personality and life of Beethoven (writes W. R. Alger) were profoundly lonesome. His immense native power of mind and sensibility, early set askew with the world of men, made him peculiarly sensitive to exactions, slights, and irritations. The death or fickleness of the maiden he loved in his youth apparently made a dark and sinister stamp on his social character, and left a permanent bitterness in his blood. His averseness to common intercourse was aggravated by his poverty, his devouring absorption in the science and art of music, and a singular combination in him of awkwardness and scorn, tender diffidence and Titanic pride. The lack of popular favor, the incompetent condemnation his wonderful compositions long suffered, must also have been a trial tending to sour him. Furthermore, as in the case of every man of primal genius, his transcendent originality doomed him to a determined struggle with the past, an uncompromising insurrection against conventional authority and usage. He defied the prescriptions of his predecessors, broke pedantic fetters, refuted his teachers, made new rules for himself, upheaved a world dead in professional routine and tradition that he might inspire it with fresh freedom and fresh triumphs; and thus, perforce, he stood alone, battling with obscurity, contempt, and hate, until he slowly conquered the recognition he deserved. Finally, in addition to these previous causes, the sternness of his isolation was made complete by the dreadful calamity of a dense and incurable deafness.

Dark indeed was his melancholy, bitter the revulsion of his capacious soul upon itself. He says, "I was nigh taking my life with my own hands. But Art held me back. I could not leave the world until I had revealed what lay within me." Resolved at any cost to be himself, and express himself, and

leave the record to posterity, he left behind opponents and patrons alike, and consecrated all to his genius and its ideal objects. Occupying for a long time a room in a remote house on a hill, he was called the Solitary of the Mountain. "His life was that of a martyr of the old legends, or an iron-bound hero of the antique." Poor, deaf, solitary, restless, proud, and sad, sometimes almost cursing his existence, sometimes ineffably glad and grateful, subject now to the softest yearnings of melancholy and sympathy, now to tempestuous outbreaks of wrath and wo, shut up in himself, he lived alone, rambled alone, created alone, sorrowed and aspired and enjoyed alone.

The character of Beethoven has many times been wronged by uncharitable misinterpretations. He has been drawn as a misanthrope, a selfish savage. His nature had attributes as glorious as the music born out of them. He was a democrat, who earnestly desired that the rights of all men should be secured to them in the enjoyment of freedom. Asked, in a lawsuit before a German court, to produce the proof of his nobility, he pointed to his head and his heart, and said, "My nobility is here, and here." He was a fond reader of Plato and of Plutarch. One of his biographers says, "The Republic of Plato was transfused into his flesh and blood." He always stood by his republican principles stanchly. It was in the firm belief that Napoleon meant to republicanize France that he composed and inscribed to him his Heroic Symphony. On learning that the First Consul had usurped the rank of emperor, he tore off the dedication and threw it down with explosive execrations. He sympathized intensely with that whole of humanity which to a genius like his ever reveals itself as a great mysterious being, distinct from individuals, yet giving the individual his sacredness and grandeur. His uncertain and furious temper was an accident of his physical condition, the unequal distribution of force in his nervous centers. An idea which to a man of stolid health and complacency would be nothing, entering the imagination of the rash and febrile Beethoven, was a terrific stimulus. To judge him justly, discriminating insight and charity are needed.

In his lofty loneliness his mislikers considered him as "a

growling old bear." Those who appreciated his genius thought of him as the mysterious "cloud-compeller of the world of music." Nearly all regarded him as an incomprehensible unique, into whose sympathetic interior it was impossible to penetrate. Carl Maria von Weber once paid him a visit, of which his son, Max Weber, has given a graphic description full of interesting lights. Himself kept scrupulously clean by an Oriental frequency of bathing, he sat in the disorderly, desolate room, amidst the slovenly signs of poverty, his massive, lion-like face glowing with the halo of immortality, his head crowned with a wild forest of hair. He was all kindness and affection to Weber, "embracing him again and again, as though he could not part with him."

When he produced his mighty opera, *Fidelio*, it failed. In vain he modeled and remodeled it. He went himself into the orchestra and attempted to lead it; and the pitiless public of Vienna laughed. To think now of the Austrian groundlings cackling at the sublimest genius who has ever lifted his scepter in the empire of sound, making him writhe under the torturing agony of so monstrous a reversal of their relative superiorities! After suffering this cruel outrage, he fled more deeply than ever into his cold solitude. As Weber says, "He crept into his lair alone, like a wounded beast of the forest, to hide himself from humanity." Nothing can be sadder in one aspect, grander in another, than the expression this unapproachable creator, this deaf Zeus of music, has given of his isolation. "I have no friend; I must live with myself alone; but I well know that God is nearer to me than to my brothers in the art."

Of course this is no entire picture either of the soul or the experience of Beethoven. He had his happy prerogatives and hours. Life to him, too, was often sweet and tender. He knew the joy of a fame which before he died had slowly grown to be stupendous. Almost every one of the musical celebrities who arose in his time, from the author of *Der Freischutz* to the author of *Der Erlkönig*, with pilgrim steps brought a tributary wreath to him as the greatest master. Above all, he had a sublime consciousness and fruition of his own genius. At one

time he says, "Music is like wine, inflaming men to new achievements, and I am the Bacchus who serves it out to them." At another time he says, "Tell Goethe to hear my symphonies, and he will agree with me that music alone ushers man within the portals of an intellectual world, ready to encompass him, but which he can never encompass." If he suffered hunger, loneliness, the misunderstanding of the vulgar and conventional, he kept himself free, and felt himself supreme in his sphere. An anonymous critic has well written of him: "He gained what he sought, but gained it with that stain of discord in his finer nature, which is to the soul of the artist what the shadow of a cloud is to a landscape. The desire to make the world different from what it was, in kind as well as degree, was the error which ruined his earthly peace; for he persisted in judging all relations of life by the unattainable ideal which drew him on in music. Yet it was out of this opposition to the reality, which was to him a sorrow and bitterness known to but few beside, that there came the final victory of his later creations." He also knew that his strains would sound his name and worth down the vista of future ages with growing glory. "I have no fear for my works. No harm can betide them. Whoever understands them shall be delivered from the burdens that afflict mankind."

EMINENT WOMEN

Harriet Beecher Stowe

By E. P. PARKER

Edited for this Series by John H. Clifford

HARRIET BEECHER, daughter of Rev. Lyman Beecher, D.D., was born in Litchfield, Conn., June 14, 1811. Her father was one of the sturdiest men and one of the most famous preachers that New England has produced. Her mother, Roxana (Foote) Beecher, was the granddaughter of General Ward, who served under Washington in the Revolutionary War. She was a woman of extraordinary talents, rare culture, fine taste, sweet and gentle temper; full of that native power whose exercise is spontaneous and effectual.

She died when Harriet was not quite four years old, but "her memory and example had more influence in molding her family, in deterring from evil and exciting to good, than the living presence of many mothers."

Mrs. Stowe relates that when, in her eighth year, she lay dangerously ill of scarlet fever, she was awakened one evening just at sunset by the voice of her father praying at her bedside, and heard him speaking of "her blessed mother, who is a saint in heaven!" The passage in "Uncle Tom's Cabin" where St. Clare describes his mother's influence is simply a reproduction of the influence of Mrs. Stowe's own mother, as it had always been in her family.

Immediately after her mother's death Harriet was taken to live with her mother's sister, in whose well-ordered house the

little girl found a happy home, the tenderest care, and the benefits of an unusually wholesome moral discipline and intellectual companionship.

Of her pleasant life in the farmhouse at Nutplains; of the good old grandma with bright white hair, who took the child into her arms, and held her close, and wept over her; of her Uncle George, who was a great reader, and full of poetry, and had Burns and Scott at his tongue's end, and whose recitations of Scott's ballads were the first poems she ever heard; of the house stored with all manner of family relics, and with strange and wonderful things brought by a seafaring uncle from the uttermost parts of the earth—supplied, moreover, with what was exceedingly rare in those days, a well-selected library—of these things Mrs. Stowe tells us in one of her pleasantest letters; and she adds: "The little white farmhouse under the hill was a Paradise to us, and the sight of its chimneys after a day's ride was like a vision of Eden!"

Nearly two years passed by, and Harriet, now again in her father's house, wonders at "a beautiful lady, very fair, with bright-blue eyes, and soft auburn hair," who comes into the nursery where she with her younger brothers are in bed, and kisses them, and tells them she loves them and will be their mother. This fair stranger was Dr. Beecher's second wife, Harriet Porter, of Portland, Maine. Of little Harriet she writes to her friends very handsomely. She speaks also of "the great familiarity and great respect subsisting between parent and children," and of the household as "one of great cheerfulness and comfort." "Our domestic worship is very delightful. We sing a good deal, and have reading aloud as much as we can. It seems the highest happiness of the children to have a reading circle."

One incident from Mrs. Stowe's "Early Remembrances" of Litchfield well illustrates her father's "inspiring talent," and not only that, but the unusual degree of intellectual activity which characterized the whole domestic life. One of the famous occasions in the course of the year was the apple-cutting season, in the autumn, when a barrel of cider apple-sauce had to be made. "The work was done in the kitchen—an immense

brass kettle hanging over the deep fireplace, a bright fire blazing and snapping, and all hands, children and servants, employed on the full baskets of apples and quinces which stood around. I have the image of my father still, as he sat working at the apple-peeler. 'Come, George,' he said, 'I'll tell you what we'll do to make the evening go off. You and I'll take turns, and see who'll tell the most out of Scott's novels!' And so they took them, novel by novel, reciting scenes and incidents, which kept the eyes of the children wide open, and made the work go on without flagging." Dr. Beecher was very fond, too, of setting all manner of discussions on foot, into which he would draw the children, arguing with them, correcting them in their logical slips, and so not only putting them in the way of acquiring new knowledge, but what was far better, arousing their minds, sharpening their wits, and teaching them how to think and reason.

The light literature which, in our days, is to be found in such abundance even in parsonages, to say nothing of Sunday-school libraries, was not included in the library of Dr. Beecher, and Harriet was hardly ready to satisfy her hunger as one young lady of our acquaintance once attempted to do, by beginning at one end of the library and reading it through, book by book. She had found and for a while had reveled in a copy of the "Arabian Nights"; and afterward, in her desperate search among sermons, tracts, treatises, and essays, she turned up a dissertation or commentary on Solomon's Song, which she read with avidity, "because it told about the same sort of things she had read of in the "Arabian Nights." She was again rewarded for her several hours' toil in what she calls "a weltering ocean of pamphlets," by bringing to light a fragment of "Don Quixote," which seemed to her like an "enchanted island rising out of an ocean of mud."

This was the time when the names of Scott, Byron, Moore, and Irving were comparatively new, and yet not so new as not to be in the mouths of all intelligent people. The novel, in those days, was regarded, by all pious people at least, as an unclean thing. It was not tolerated; and indeed, it had become really unclean in the hands of some of the previous generation of writers of fiction.

Great was the joy in that household when an exception was made to the prohibitory law under which all works of fiction were excluded from well-ordered households, as only so much trash and abomination, and Dr. Beecher said, "George, you may read Scott's novels. I have always disapproved of novels as trash, but in these are real genius and real culture, and you may read them!" This generous license was improved, for in one summer Harriet and George "went through 'Ivanhoe' seven times," so that they could recite several of the scenes from beginning to end! In the next house to the one in which Dr. Beecher lived, and but a few steps distant, dwelt "Aunt Esther"—a woman of strong mind, ready wit, and large information, to whose keen criticism Dr. Beecher frequently submitted his sermons and articles, and whose geniality and inexhaustible fund of entertaining information made her room a favorite resort of the children. From her hands Harriet one day received a volume of Byron's poems containing "The Corsair." This she read with wonder and delight, and thenceforth listened eagerly to whatever was said in the house concerning Byron. Not long after, she heard her father say sorrowfully, "Byron is dead—*gone!*" "I remember," she says, "taking my basket for strawberries that afternoon, and going over to a strawberry field on Chestnut Hill. But I was too dispirited to do anything; so I lay down among the daisies, and looked up into the blue sky, and thought of that great eternity into which Byron had entered, and wondered how it might be with his soul."

Not only in her father's house, and in the family circle, but in the society and schools of Litchfield as well, was her mind enriched and stimulated to independent thought. The town of Litchfield was celebrated in those days for the unusual number of cultivated, scholarly, and professional men who resided there, and for the high literary character of its society. In such a home, and in such a society, Harriet Beecher passed the first twelve years of her life. She was a pupil in the school taught by Miss Pierce and Mr. Brace. Of Mr. Brace, Mrs. Stowe speaks in terms of the highest praise, as a gentleman of wide information, well read in the English classics, of singular conversational powers, and a most "stimulating and inspiring

instructor." Her own simpler lessons were neglected and forgotten as she sat listening intently, hour after hour, to the recitations of the older classes, and to the conversations of Mr. Brace with them, in moral philosophy, rhetoric, and history. In this school particular attention was given to the writing of compositions. An ambition was kindled in the minds of the scholars to excel in this exercise.

Harriet was but nine years old when, roused by Mr. Brace's inspiration, she volunteered to write a composition every week. The theme for the first week was sufficiently formidable—"The Difference between the Natural and the Moral Sublime." But so great was the interest which the preparatory discussions had awakened in her mind, that she found herself in labor with the subject, felt sure that she had some clear distinctions in mind, and, although she could hardly write legibly or spell correctly, brought forth her first composition upon that question. Persevering in her efforts, she was soon publicly commended for her progress, and two years later she received the honor of an appointment to be one of the writers at the annual exhibition of the school. On that distinguished occasion she argued the negative of the following question: "Can the Immortality of the Soul be Proved by the Light of Nature?" We may smile at the idea of an argument on such a topic by a girl in her twelfth year, but she shall describe her first public triumph:

"I remember the scene at that exhibition—to me so eventful. The hall was crowded with the *literati* of Litchfield. Before them all our compositions were read aloud. When mine was read, I noticed that father, who was sitting on high by Mr. Brace, brightened and looked interested; and, at the close, I heard him say, 'Who wrote that composition?' '*Your daughter, sir!*' was the answer. It was the proudest moment of my life."

At about twelve years of age, Harriet went to Hartford, where her sister Catherine had opened a school for young ladies. She was one of a brilliant class that numbered among its members several ladies whose names became widely known. She was regarded as an absent-minded, introspective, reticent, and somewhat moody young lady, odd in her manners and habits, but a fine scholar, a great reader, and exceedingly clever in her com-

positions, whether in verse or prose. Even then she displayed something of that fondness and aptitude for delineating the peculiarities of New England manners and character for which, in later years, both she and her brother Henry Ward were distinguished. Children of New England, born and reared under its clearest skies, and amid its loveliest scenes, perfectly familiar with every phase of its social life, full of its native spirit of independence—whose home, also, and family relations were sufficient to inspire them with an ardent enthusiasm for the land of their fathers—they reveled in charming reminiscences and descriptions of it, and never wrote more graphically, as if under a genuine inspiration, than in those pages of "The Mayflower," of "The Minister's Wooing," of "The Pearl of Orr's Island," and of "Norwood," where they led their readers to and fro over its peaceful hills, and among its peculiar people of long ago.

In 1836 Harriet married Professor Calvin E. Stowe, a man of learning and distinction, at that time, professor of sacred literature in Lane Theological Seminary, Cincinnati, to which city the family of Dr. Beecher had removed in 1832, when he became president of the institution named.

Out of the good-fellowship that prevailed among many of the literary men and women of that vicinity a remarkable series of social and literary reunions was established under the name of the "Semicolon Club." In this brilliant circle Mrs. Stowe's genius soon began to shine conspicuously. Some of her contributions to these reunions were received with unaffected wonder and delight. Here she appears first to have become really conscious of her powers. At this time she was an occasional contributor to various periodicals. Not long after her marriage "The Mayflower" was published, which contained, besides some of the best of her "Semicolon" papers, several new sketches of New England life and character. Thenceforward her life flowed on in purely domestic channels for several years, without putting forth any decided signs of its future fruitfulness. And now we are brought to the threshold of that arena in which her greatest work was done.

She had always felt a deep interest in the slaves, and when-

ever opportunities occurred had manifested a practical benevolence toward them. By journeys into the adjoining state of Kentucky, by visits at the homes of her pupils from that state, she had made herself familiar with the different aspects of plantation life. For years she had improved excellent opportunities of studying the negro character and the operations of the slavery system. She was at the very point where the great antislavery conflict raged most fiercely—in the midst of the border warfare of abolitionism. Fugitive slaves were frequently concealed in her house. Children of fugitives were harbored and instructed there. Hard by was the Walnut Hills "underground railroad," of which her husband had the credit of being an active director. One day her two little children were going to the barn to play. The elder, to frighten his sister into some submission, cried, "The black man will catch you!" whereupon four burly fugitives, who were resting and hiding in the hay till nightfall, thinking themselves discovered, started up and ran away, to the infinite terror of both children. Sometimes quite a family would be secreted in the house, and the great difficulty, says Professor Stowe, "was to keep the little pickaninnies from sticking their heads out of the windows, and so betraying their retreat."

Often at dead of night the rattle of wagons bearing escaped slaves onward to the land of promise, and afterward the ominous tramp of hard-ridden horses were heard, telling of rapid flight and hot pursuit. The actual spiriting away from her pursuers of a poor colored girl by Mrs. Stowe's husband and her brother Charles, who, trusting first to God, and secondly to a sagacious old black horse, carried the fugitive away under cover of a starless night and over a perilous road to a place of safety in honest old Van Zandt's cabin, needed only a little disguising in the description to fit it for the pages of "Uncle Tom."

Amid all the antislavery discussions and tumults—amid all the excitements, outrages, and sufferings of which she had personal knowledge, and when mob-violence threatened the safety of the roof that sheltered her, Mrs. Stowe manifested no unusual intensity of feeling on the subject. Amid the earnest voices that argued and denounced slavery her voice was not

heard. She was a silent but close observer of passing events. Materials for her future work were unconsciously accumulating as she watched, and waited, and hoped, and prayed.

The seminary in which her husband was a prominent instructor became at length the scene of a painful and disastrous struggle between the two great forces of the age. Conservatism triumphed, but in its triumph it pulled down some of the strongest columns on which the institution rested. The seminary was seriously crippled, and, after protracted labors to restore its prosperity, finding his health failing, Professor Stowe retired to accept a professorship in Bowdoin College, at Brunswick, Maine, and in 1850 he entered upon his duties there. Just at this time the fugitive slave law was passed, and Mrs. Stowe was one of those whose souls it filled with indignation. In the light of that political act she felt that the policy of inaction was no longer right, and that slavery must be shown up to the world. This conviction was the corner-stone of "Uncle Tom's Cabin."

Topsy's solution of the problem of her own personal existence is the most satisfactory explanation of the production of this book. It grew! While as yet its form and plan lay undeveloped in her mind, the author made a beginning which, in fact, was a stroke reaching the very heart of her story.

One day, on entering his wife's room in Brunswick, Professor Stowe saw several sheets of paper lying loose here and there, covered with her handwriting. He took them up in curiosity and read them. The death of *Uncle Tom* was what he read. That was first written, and it was all that had been written. "You can make something out of this," said he. "I mean to do so," was the reply. Soon after, Gamaliel Bailey, who was then publishing an antislavery paper in Washington, solicited Mrs. Stowe to write a series of articles for its columns. The way was open, and she was ready. Her *Uncle Tom* should have a history, of which his death-scene should be the logical culmination. As she mused the fire burned. The true starting-point was readily found, and gradually a most felicitous story-form was conceived. The publication of "Uncle Tom" began in the "National Era," as a serial, in the summer of 1851, and

was continued from week to week till its conclusion in March, 1852.

It was not a product of leisure hours. She "wrought with a sad sincerity," and under most grievous burdens and disadvantages. Her health was delicate. Her cares were great. In charge of a large family, and compelled by the sternest of all necessities to make the most of very little and poor help in her household labors, much of this wonderful book was actually written by Mrs. Stowe as she sat, with her portfolio upon her knee, by the kitchen fire, in moments snatched from her domestic cares. "The book," as Professor Stowe says, "was written in sorrow, in sadness, and obscurity, with no expectation of reward save in the prayers of the poor, and with a heart almost broken in view of the sufferings which it described, and the still greater sufferings which it dared not describe."

With what avidity the weekly instalments of this serial were caught up and devoured by the readers of the "National Era"! "Uncle Tom's Cabin" was the theme of universal discussion. People who had never before bowed down to any idols of fiction were so completely captivated by this novel, that they not only read it, but read it to their children; and the papers that contained it, after being nearly worn out in going through many hands in different homes, were as carefully folded up and laid away as if the tear-stains on them had been sacred.

Strangely enough, however, when, after its publication in the "Era," Mrs. Stowe proposed its republication in book form to Messrs. Phillips and Sampson of Boston, the proposition was respectfully declined. That, she thought, was the end of it. A woman's shrewdness had something to do with securing its republication. The wife of Mr. Jewett, of Boston, had read the story, and advised her husband to publish it, if possible. It was offered to him, and he remarked to Professor Stowe that it would bring his wife "something handsome!" On returning home, his success and the remark of Mr. Jewett were reported to Mrs. Stowe, who, with an eye-twinkle, and a tone in which a little hope, more joy, and still more incredulity were expressed, replied, that she hoped it would bring her enough to purchase what she had not possessed for a long time—*a new silk dress!*

She was not obliged to wait long for that very desirable article, nor to limit herself very rigidly in the gratification of so legitimate a desire; for only a few months after its republication Mr. Jewett made his first settlement with Professor Stowe, and placed the sum of ten thousand dollars in his hands—"More money," said the Professor, "than I had ever seen in my life!" Large as were these first fruits, and enormous as was the sale of the book, the enterprise was far more remunerative to the publishers than to the author, and Mrs. Stowe was not made rich by her story.

The popularity of the book was unbounded, and its circulation unprecedented. No work of fiction in the English language was ever so widely sold. Within six months over 150,000 copies were sold in America, and within a few years it reached a sale of nearly 500,000 copies. The first London edition was published in May, 1852. The next September, the publishers furnished to one house alone, 10,000 copies each day for four weeks; making a sale of 240,000 copies in one month. Before the end of 1852 the book had been translated into the Spanish, Italian, French, Danish, Swedish, Dutch, Flemish, German, Polish, and Magyar languages. Soon it was translated into every European language, and also into Arabic and Armenian. There is a bookcase in the British Museum, filled with its various translations, editions, and versions.

Remarkable as was the literary popularity of the book, its political and moral influence was hardly less so. Said Lord Palmerston to one from whose lips the remark was taken as it here stands, "I have not read a novel for thirty years; but I have read that book three times, not only for the story, but *for the statesmanship of it!*" Lord Cockburn said, "She has done more for humanity than was ever before accomplished by any single book of fiction." Charles Dickens, Charles Kingsley, and other eminent persons expressed their appreciation of the work in terms equally enthusiastic.

Not only the reading, but the acting of "Uncle Tom"—and particularly the thrilling scene of *Eliza's* passage of the Ohio River—in New York, for 150 successful nights, operated mightily to awaken popular sympathy for the fugitive. As

was natural, the book made Mrs. Stowe the object of violent denunciation from those who upheld the system it so powerfully condemned.

In 1852 Mrs. Stowe went to reside in Andover, Mass., her husband having accepted a call to the professorship of sacred literature in the Theological Seminary there. In the following year she published the "Key to Uncle Tom's Cabin," in reply to enquiries and criticisms. In the same year she also wrote "A Peep into Uncle Tom's Cabin, for Children."

For a long while her health had been delicate, and now it was very seriously impaired. Her severe toil and the great excitement under which her labor had been performed had exhausted her strength, and she was almost prostrated. This fact determined her to accept the very urgent invitations she had received, from various parts of England and Scotland, to cross the sea. Accordingly, she embarked with her husband, her brother, and one or two personal friends, and arrived in Liverpool, April 11, 1853. She was everywhere welcomed with surprising enthusiasm and cordiality. Great assemblies gathered about her, at almost every step in her journey, to do her honor. One and the same feeling was everywhere expressed. The same enthusiasm pervaded all ranks of society. On the third day after her arrival in England, at a public meeting in Liverpool, the chairman, in the name of the associated ladies of Liverpool, presented Mrs. Stowe with a most signal testimonial of the esteem in which she was universally held. Great public meetings were held in Glasgow, in Edinburgh, in Aberdeen, and in Dundee; there were receptions, and dinners, and addresses, and scarcely an end to the public manifestations of affectionate regard for her.

After various excursions, to Paris, to Switzerland, to Germany, Mrs. Stowe returned to England and reëmbarked for America on the 7th of September. In the following year she published an account of these European experiences, in the form of letters written to friends at home, under the title of "Sunny Memories of Foreign Lands."

Established in her home once more, and restored in health, Mrs. Stowe resumed her literary labors; and in 1856, shortly

after another foreign tour, her second antislavery novel was published, under the title of "Dred: a Tale of the Dismal Swamp." The book inevitably comes into comparison with its predecessor; and whatever may be truly said in its praise, it cannot be questioned that, both as a work of art and as an effective revelation of slavery, it falls far below "Uncle Tom." Its chief defects, and those that hindered the completest fulfilment of its noble purpose, are its lack of unity, and here and there a departure from the simplicity of a narrative or representation into the disenchantments of discussion and argument, by which the reader is disturbed in his pleasant vision, and the reality of the scenes that move before him is explained away. The panorama does not move on without an interruption and in silence, as in the case of "Uncle Tom," interpreting itself, and silently but powerfully unfolding its purpose or moral, but stops now and then to give place to the voice of the delineator in explanations or vindications. Not long after the publication of "Dred," the author began to write another story, which was published as a serial in the columns of the "Atlantic Monthly," in 1859—"The Minister's Wooing," a tale of New England life in the latter part of the eighteenth century. It has not unfrequently been pronounced by literary men to be the ablest of all her books. Apart from the mere story told in it, it was rightly regarded as a subtle and masterly piece of theological criticism. As such it was no less warmly welcomed than bitterly assailed. But whatever may be thought of its soundness and merit, there can be no doubt of its great influence.

Immediately after the publication of "The Minister's Wooing" in book form, Mrs. Stowe visited Europe again, sojourning for the most part in Italy, where she wrote her next story, "Agnes of Sorrento," which also appeared as a serial in the "Atlantic Monthly," during the year 1862.

For many years Mrs. Stowe had been an occasional contributor to the New York "Independent"—a religious newspaper of great reputation and large circulation throughout the country. In 1862 she began to write for its columns "The Pearl of Orr's Island"—a pleasant story, whose scene is laid on the beautiful coast of Maine, at Harpswell, not far from Brunswick, where

she formerly resided, and whose plan turns upon certain traditions of that seaside community. Summer tourists still visit Orr's Island, and inspect the shell of a house in which the pretty Pearl grew. For many years Mrs. Stowe was one of the able corps of writers whose articles enriched the columns of the "Atlantic Monthly." "Little Foxes" and "Chimney Corner" papers were written for it, and both these series of piquant essays had a large sale at home and abroad. The "Queer Little People," whom Mrs. Stowe described to the readers of "Our Young Folks," were people of so much interest that her papers concerning them were gathered into a volume and scattered through the land to the delight of thousands of people both big and little.

Throughout her literary career Mrs. Stowe was known by her friends, and in later years became known to the public, as a writer of verse that, in certain tender and plaintive keys, possessed charm and power. Her poems are chiefly of a religious character, and are the rhythmical breathings of a deep and almost mystic piety. Two of the most beautiful have found a place in many hymn-books—that beginning, "When winds are raging o'er the upper ocean," and that whose first line is, "Still, still with Thee when purple morning breaketh."

In 1864 Mrs. Stowe built a beautiful house in the city of Hartford, where she afterward resided, surrounded by a large circle of family friends, and both admired and loved by all who enjoyed the honor of her acquaintance. She also had a home among the orange groves of Florida, where she was accustomed to pass the winter. Her literary labors continued for some years, among her later books being "Oldtown Folks," "Pink and White Tyranny," "Palmetto Leaves," "We and Our Neighbors," "Poganuc People," and others.

After the death of Professor Stowe, in 1886, Mrs. Stowe gradually failed in body and mind, but survived ten years, passing peacefully away at her home in Hartford, July 1, 1896. Her grave, situated between those of her husband and her son Henry, who was drowned in 1857, is in the burying-ground connected with the Theological Seminary at Andover.

Lydia Maria Child

By THOMAS WENTWORTH HIGGINSON

Edited for this Series by John H. Clifford

LYDIA MARIA FRANCIS was born at Medford, Mass., February 11, 1802. Her ancestor, Richard Francis, came from England in 1636, and settled in Cambridge. Her paternal grandfather, a weaver by trade, was in the Concord fight, and is said to have killed five of the enemy. Her father, Convers Francis, was a baker, first in West Cambridge, then in Medford, where he first introduced "Medford crackers." He was a man of strong character and great industry. Though without much cultivation, he had uncommon love of reading; and his antislavery convictions were peculiarly zealous, and must have influenced his children's later career. He married Susannah Rand, of whom it is only recorded that "she had a simple, loving heart, and a spirit busy in doing good."

They had six children, of whom Lydia Maria was the youngest, and Convers the next in age. Convers Francis was afterward eminent among the most advanced thinkers and scholars of the Unitarian body, at a time when it probably surpassed all other American denominations in the intellectual culture of its clergy. He had less ideality than his sister, less enthusiasm, and far less moral courage; but he surpassed most of his profession in all these traits. He was Theodore Parker's first learned friend, and directed his studies in preparation for the theological school. Long after, Mr. Parker used still to head certain pages of his journal, "Questions to ask Dr. Francis."

The modest "study" at Watertown was a favorite headquarters of what were called "the transcendentalists" of those days. Emerson, Margaret Fuller, Ripley, and the rest came often thither, in the days when the "Dial" was just emancipating American thought from old-world traditions.

In face and figure Dr. Francis resembled the pictures of Martin Luther, and his habits and ways always seemed to me like those of some genial German professor. With the utmost frugality in other respects, he spent money almost profusely on books, and his library—part of which he bequeathed to Harvard College—was to me the most attractive I have ever seen—more so than even Theodore Parker's. His sister had undoubtedly the superior mind of the two; but he who influenced others so much must have influenced her still more.

Their earliest teacher was a maiden lady, named Elizabeth Francis—but not a relative—and known universally as "Ma'am Betty." She is described as "a spinster of supernatural shyness, the never-forgotten calamity of whose life was that Dr. Brooks once saw her drinking water from the nose of her teakettle." She kept school in her bedroom; it was never tidy, and she chewed a great deal of tobacco; but the children were fond of her, and always carried her a Sunday dinner. Such simple kindnesses went forth often from that thrifty home. Mrs. Child once told me that always, on the night before Thanksgiving, all the humble friends of the household—"Ma'am Betty," the washerwoman, the berry-woman, the wood-sawyer, the journeymen-bakers, and so on—some twenty or thirty in all, were summoned to a preliminary entertainment. They there partook of an immense chicken-pie, pumpkin-pies (made in milk-pans), and heaps of doughnuts. They feasted in the large old-fashioned kitchen, and went away loaded with crackers and bread by the father, and with pies by the mother, not forgetting "turnovers" for their children. Such plain applications of the doctrine "It is more blessed to give than to receive" may have done more to mold the Lydia Maria Child of maturer years than all the faithful labors of good Dr. Osgood, to whom she and her brother used to repeat the Westminster Assembly's Catechism once a month.

Apart from her brother's companionship the young girl had, as usual then, a very unequal share of educational opportunities; attending only the public schools, with one year at the private seminary of Miss Swan, in Medford. Her mother died in 1814, after which the family removed for a time to Maine. In 1819 Convers Francis was ordained over the First Parish in Watertown, and there occurred in his study, in 1824, an incident which was to determine the whole life of his sister.

Dr. John G. Palfrey had written in the "North American Review" for April, 1821, a review of the now forgotten poem of "Yamoyden," in which he ably pointed out the use that might be made of early American history for the purposes of fictitious writing. Miss Francis read this article, at her brother's house, one summer Sunday noon. Before attending the afternoon service, she wrote the first chapter of a novel. It was soon finished, and was published that year—a thin volume of two hundred pages, without her name, under the title of "Hobomok; a Tale of Early Times. By an American."

In judging of this little book, it is to be remembered that it appeared in the very dawn of American literature. Irving had printed only his "Sketch-Book" and "Bracebridge Hall"; Cooper only "Precaution," "The Spy," "The Pioneers," and "The Pilot"; Miss Sedgwick only "The New England Tale," and possibly "Redwood." This new production was the hasty work of a young woman of twenty-two, inspired by these few examples. As the first work whose scene was laid in Puritan days, "Hobomok" will always have a historic interest; but it must be read in very early youth to give it any other attraction.

The success of this first effort was such as to encourage the publication of a second tale in the following year. This was "The Rebels; or, Boston before the Revolution. By the author of Hobomok." It was a great advance on its predecessor, with more vigor, more variety, more picturesque grouping, and more animation of style. It compared not unfavorably with Cooper's Revolutionary novels, and had in one respect a remarkable success. It contained an imaginary sermon by Whitefield and an imaginary speech by James Otis. Both of these were soon transplanted into school readers and books of declamation, and

the latter, at least, soon passed for a piece of genuine Revolutionary eloquence. I remember learning it by heart, under that impression, and was really astonished, on reading "The Rebels" for the first time, to discover that the high-sounding periods which I had always attributed to Otis were really to be found in a young lady's romance.

The young novelist soon became almost a fashionable lion. She was an American Fanny Burney, with rather reduced copies of Burke and Johnson around her. Her personal qualities soon cemented some friendships, which lasted her life long, except where her later antislavery action interfered. She opened a private school in Watertown, which lasted from 1825 to 1828. She established, in 1827, the "Juvenile Miscellany," that delightful pioneer among children's magazines in America; and it was continued for eight years. In October, 1828, she was married to David Lee Child, a lawyer of Boston.

In those days it seemed to be held necessary for American women to work their passage into literature by first compiling a cookery-book. They must be perfect in that preliminary requisite before they could proceed to advanced standing. It was not quite as in Prior's satire on Holland, "Invent a novel and be a magistrate," but, Give us our dinner and then, if you please, what is called the intellectual feast. Any career you choose, let it only begin from the kitchen. As Charlotte Hawes has since written, "First this steak and then that stake." So Mrs. Child published in 1829 her "Frugal Housewife," a book which proved so popular that in 1836 it had reached its twentieth edition, and in 1855 its thirty-third.

The "Frugal Housewife" now lies before me, after years of abstinence from its appetizing pages. The words seem as familiar as when we children used to study them beside the kitchen fire, poring over them as if their very descriptions had power to allay an unquenched appetite or prolong the delights of one satiated. There were the animals in the frontispiece, sternly divided by a dissecting-knife of printer's ink, into sections whose culinary names seemed as complicated as those of surgical science—chump and spring, sirloin and sperib—for I faithfully follow the original spelling. There we read with

profound acquiescence that "hard gingerbread is good to have in the family," but demurred at the reason given, "it keeps so well." It never kept well in ours! There we all learned that one should be governed in cookery by higher considerations than mere worldly vanity, knowing that "many people buy the upper part of the sparerib of pork, thinking it the most genteel; but the lower part is more sweet and juicy, and there is more meat in proportion to the bone."

Going beyond mere carnal desires, we read also the wholesome directions "to those who are not ashamed of economy." We were informed that "children could early learn to take care of their own clothes"—a responsibility at which we shuddered; and also that it was a good thing for children to pick blackberries—in which we heartily concurred. There, too, we were taught to pick up twine and paper, to write on the backs of old letters, like paper-sparing Pope, and if we had a dollar a day, which seemed a wild supposition, to live on seventy-five cents. We all read, too, with interest, the hints on the polishing of furniture and the education of daughters, and got our first glimpses of political economy from the "Reasons for Hard Times." So varied and comprehensive was the good sense of the book that it surely would have seemed to our childish minds infallible, but for one fatal admission, which through life I have recalled with dismay—the assertion, namely, that "economical people will seldom use preserves." "They are unhealthy, expensive, and useless to those who are well." This was a sumptuary law, against which the soul of youth revolted. Really the line of asceticism must be drawn somewhere. If preserves were to be voted extravagant, economy had lost its charms; let us immediately become spendthrifts, and have a short life and a merry one.

The wise counsels thus conveyed in this more-than-cookery-book may naturally have led the way to a "Mother's Book," of more direct exhortation. This was published in 1831, and had a great success, reaching its eighth American edition in 1845, besides twelve English editions and a German translation. This is a capital manual of indoor games, and is worth owning by any one who has a houseful of children, or is liable to serve as a Lord of Misrule at Christmas parties.

The year 1833 brought her to one of those bold steps which made successive eras in her literary life, the publication of her "Appeal for that Class of Americans called Africans." The name was rather cumbrous, like all attempts to include an epigram in a title-page—but the theme and the word "Appeal" were enough. It was under the form of an "Appeal" that the colored man, Alexander Walker, had thrown a firebrand into Southern society which had been followed by Nat Turner's insurrection; and now a literary lady, amid the cultivated circles of Boston, dared also to "appeal." Only two years before Garrison had begun the "Liberator," and only two years later (1835) he was destined to be dragged through Boston streets, with a rope round his neck, by "gentlemen of property and standing," as the newspapers said next day. It was just at the most dangerous moment of the rising storm that Mrs. Child appealed.

Harriet Martineau describes Mrs. Child as "a lady of whom society was exceedingly proud before she published her Appeal, and to whom society has been extremely contemptuous ever since. Her works were bought with avidity before, but fell into sudden oblivion as soon as she had done a greater deed than writing any of them."

As it was the first antislavery work ever printed in America in book form, so I have always thought this the ablest; that is, it covered the whole ground better than any other. I know that, on reading it for the first time, nearly ten years after its first appearance, it had more formative influence on my mind, in that direction, than any other, although of course the eloquence of public meetings was a more exciting stimulus.

While thus seemingly absorbed in reformatory work she still kept an outlet in the direction of pure literature, and was employed for several years on her "Philothea," which appeared in 1836. The scene of this novel was laid in ancient Greece.

In 1841 Mr. and Mrs. Child were engaged by the American Antislavery Society to edit the "Antislavery Standard," a weekly newspaper published in New York. Mr. Child's health being impaired, his wife undertook the task alone, and conducted the newspaper in that manner for two years, after which she aided

her husband in the work, remaining there for eight years in all. She was very successful as an editor, her management being brave and efficient, while her cultivated taste made the "Standard" attractive to many who were not attracted by the plainer fare of the "Liberator."

During all this period she was a member of the family of the well-known Quaker philanthropist, Isaac T. Hopper, whose biographer she afterward became. This must have been the most important and satisfactory time in Mrs. Child's whole life. She was placed where her sympathetic nature found abundant outlet, and plenty of coöperation. Dwelling in a home where disinterestedness and noble labor were as daily breath, she had great opportunities. There was no mere almsgiving there, no mere secretaryship of benevolent societies; but sin and sorrow must be brought home to the fireside and to the heart; the fugitive slave, the drunkard, the outcast woman, must be the chosen guest of the abode—must be taken and held and loved into reformation or hope. Since the stern tragedy of city life began, it has seen no more efficient organization for relief, than when dear old Isaac Hopper and Mrs. Child took up their abode beneath one roof in New York.

For a time she did no regular work in the cause of permanent literature—though she edited an antislavery Almanac in 1843—but she found an opening for her best eloquence in writing letters to the" Boston Courier." This was the series of "Letters from New York" that afterward became famous. They were the precursors of that modern school of newspaper correspondence, in which women have so large a share, and which has something of the charm of women's private letters—a style of writing where description preponderates over argument, and statistics make way for fancy and enthusiasm. Many have since followed in this path, and perhaps Mrs. Child's letters would not now be hailed as they then were. Others may have equaled her, but she gave us a new sensation, and that epoch was perhaps the climax even of her purely literary career.

Their tone also did much to promote the tendency, which was showing itself in those days, toward a fresh inquiry into the foundations of social science. The "Brook Farm" experiment

was then at its height; and though she did not call herself an "Associationist," yet she quoted Fourier and Swedenborg, and other authors who were thought to mean mischief; and her highest rhapsodies about poetry and music were apt to end in some fervent appeal for some increase of harmony in daily life. She seemed always to be talking radicalism in a greenhouse; and there were many good people who held her all the more dangerous for her perfumes. There were young men and maidens, also, who looked to her as a teacher, and were influenced for life, perhaps, by what she wrote. I knew, for instance, a young lawyer, just entering on the practice of his profession under the most flattering auspices, who withdrew from the courts forever—wisely or unwisely—because Mrs. Child's book had taught him to hate their contests and their injustice.

It was not long after this that James Russell Lowell, in his "Fable for Critics"—that strange medley of true wit and feeling intermingled with sketches of celebrities that are forgotten, and of personal hostilities that ought to be—gave himself up to one impulse of pure poetry in describing Mrs. Child.

"The Progress of Religious Ideas Through Successive Ages" was published in three large volumes, in 1855. She had begun it long before, in New York, with the aid of the Mercantile Library and the Commercial Library, then the best in the city. It was finished in Wayland, with the aid of her brother's store of books, and with his and Theodore Parker's counsel as to her course of reading. It seems, from the preface, that more than eight years elapsed between the planning and the printing, and for six years it was her main pursuit. For this great labor she had absolutely no pecuniary reward; the book paid its expenses and nothing more.

The plan and spirit of the work deserve praise. It was perhaps the best attempt up to that time in our language to bring together in a popular form, or in any form, the religious symbols and utterances of different ages, pointing out their analogies and treating all with respect. Recognizing all religions as expressions of one universal and ennobling instinct, it was impossible that she should not give dissatisfaction to many sincere minds; had it been possible to avoid this, she would have succeeded. Not

only is there no irreverence, but the author is of almost too sympathetic a nature to be called even a rationalist. The candor is perfect, and if she has apparently no prejudice in favor of the Christian religion, she has certainly what is rare among polemics who tend in her direction—no prejudice against it. She takes pains to point out its superiority to all others.

In 1857 Mrs. Child published a volume entitled "Autumnal Leaves; Tales and Sketches in Prose and Rhyme." It might seem from this title that she regarded her career of action as drawing to a close. If so, she was soon undeceived, and the attack of Captain John Brown upon Harper's Ferry aroused her, like many others, from a dream of peace.

Immediately on the arrest of Captain Brown she wrote him a brief letter, asking permission to go and nurse him, as he was wounded and among enemies, and as his wife was supposed to be beyond immediate reach. This letter she enclosed in one to Governor Wise. She then went home and packed her trunk, with her husband's full approval, but decided not to go until she heard from Captain Brown, not knowing what his precise wishes might be. She had heard that he had expressed a wish to have the aid of some lawyer not identified with the antislavery movement, and she thought he was entitled to the same considerations of policy in regard to a nurse. Meantime Mrs. Brown was sent for, and promptly arrived; while Captain Brown wrote Mrs. Child one of his plain and characteristic letters, declining her offer, and asking her kind aid for his family, which was faithfully given.

Her course in this matter led to correspondence with Governor Wise of Virginia, who administered some reproof for her expressions of sympathy for Captain Brown; and with Mrs. Mason, wife of Senator James Mason, who drafted the fugitive slave law. Mrs. Mason rebuked Mrs. Child with much vehemence. All this correspondence was widely published.

In 1864 Mrs. Child published "Looking toward Sunset"—a very agreeable collection of prose and verse, by various authors, all bearing upon the aspects of old age. This was another of those new directions of literary activity with which she so often surprised her friends. The next year brought still another in

"The Freedmen's Book"—a collection of short tales and sketches suited to the mental condition of the Southern freedmen, and published for their benefit. It was sold for that purpose at cost (sixty cents).

What was perhaps her favorite among the whole series appeared in 1867—"Miria; A Romance of the Republic." It was received with great cordiality, and is in some respects her best fictitious work. The scenes are laid chiefly at the South, where she gives the local coloring in a way really remarkable for one who never visited that region.

Mrs. Child published her last work, "Aspirations of the World," in 1878. Many years before this she had taken up her abode in the house bequeathed to her by her father at Wayland, Mass. Times of peace have no historians, and the later career of Mrs. Child had few of what the world calls events. Her domestic labors, her studies, her flowers, and her few guests kept her ever busy. She had no children of her own—though, as some one has said, a great many of other people's—but more than one whom she befriended dwelt with her in her retirement, and she went forth sometimes to find new beneficiaries. But for many of her kindnesses she needed not to leave home, since they were given in the form least to be expected from a literary woman—that of pecuniary bounty.

This remarkable woman died at her home in Wayland, October 20, 1880. In her we have one of those prominent instances in our literature, of persons born for the pursuits of pure intellect, whose intellects were yet balanced by their hearts, and both absorbed in the great moral agitations of the age. "My natural inclinations," she once wrote to me, "drew me much more strongly toward literature and the arts than toward reform, and the weight of conscience was needed to turn the scale." She doubtless gained in earnestness far more than she lost in popularity, in wealth, or even in artistic culture. In a community of artists, she would have belonged to that class, for she had that instinct in her soul. But she was placed where there was as yet no exacting literary standard; she wrote better than most of her contemporaries, and well enough for her public; she did not win that intellectual immortality which only the very best

writers command, and which few Americans have attained. But she won a meed which she would value more highly—that warmth of sympathy, that mingled gratitude of intellect and heart which men give to those who have faithfully served their day and generation.

Florence Nightingale

By JAMES PARTON

Edited for this Series by John H. Clifford

FLORENCE NIGHTINGALE is one of the fortunate of the earth. Inheriting from nature a striking and beneficent talent, she was able to cultivate that talent in circumstances the most favorable that could be imagined, and, finally, to exercise it on the grandest scale in the sight of all mankind. Whatever difficulties may have beset her path, they were placed in it not by untoward fortune; they existed in the nature of her work, or were inseparable from human life itself. She has had the happiness, also, of laboring in a purely disinterested spirit, and has been able to do for love what money could neither procure nor reward.

The felicity of both her names, *Florence* and *Nightingale*, has often been remarked; and it appears that she owed both of them to accident. Her father was William Edward Shore, an English gentleman of an ancient and wealthy Sheffield family, and her mother a daughter of William Smith, who was for many years a member of Parliament, where he was particularly distinguished for his advocacy of the emancipation of the slaves in the British possessions. In 1815 he inherited the estates of his granduncle, Peter Nightingale, on condition of assuming the name of Nightingale. It so happened that his second daughter first saw the light while the family were residing at the beautiful city of Florence, and to this fact she is indebted for her first name. She was born May 12, 1820.

Her father was a well-informed and intelligent man, and under his guidance she attained a considerable proficiency in the Latin language and in mathematics, as well as in the usual branches and accomplishments of female education. Early in life she was conversant with French, German, and Italian; she became also a respectable performer upon the piano; and she had that general acquaintance with science and that interest in objects of art which usually mark the intelligent mind.

Even as a little girl she was observed to have a particular fondness for nursing the sick. She had the true nurse's touch, and that ready sympathy with the afflicted which enables those who possess it to divine their wants before they are expressed. It was thus that she began her voluntary apprenticeship to the noble art of mitigating human anguish. Not content with paying the usual round of visits to the cottages near her father's estate, and giving, here a little soup, and there a flannel petticoat, and at another place a poor man's plaster, she seriously studied the art of nursing, visited hospitals in the neighborhood, and read with the utmost eagerness whatever she could find in her father's library relating to the treatment of disease and the management of asylums. This was no romantic fancy of her youth. She earnestly desired to know the best manner of mitigating the sufferings of the sick, the wounded, and the infirm; and she studied this beautiful science as a man studies that which he truly and ardently wishes to understand.

It being the custom of wealthy families in England to spend part of every year in London, Miss Nightingale was enabled to extend the sphere of her observation to the numberless hospitals and asylums of that metropolis. These institutions are on the grandest scale, and were liberally endowed by the generosity of former ages; but at that time many of them abounded in abuses and defects of every description. Everywhere she saw the need of better nurses, women trained and educated to their work. Excellent surgeons were to be found in most of them; but in many instances the admirable skill of the surgeon was balked and frustrated by the blundering ignorance or the obstinate conceit of the nurse. Those who observed this elegant young lady moving softly about the wards of

the hospitals, little imagined, perhaps, that from her was to come the reform of those institutions.

Miss Nightingale may almost be said to have created the art of which she is the most illustrious teacher; but she was yet far from having perfected herself; many years were still to elapse before she was prepared to speak with the authority of a master. Mrs. Gamp still flourished for a while, although her days were numbered.

It must not be supposed that this noble-minded lady denied herself the pleasures proper to her age, sex, and rank. She enjoyed the pleasures of society, both in the country and in town. Without being strictly beautiful, her face was singularly pleasing in its expression, and she had a slight, trim, and graceful figure. Her circle of friends and acquaintances was large, and among them she was always welcome; but, like most properly constituted persons of Saxon blood, the happiest spot to her on earth was her own home. The family connection of the Nightingales in England being numerous, she had friends enough for all the purposes of life among her own relations.

About 1845, in company with her parents and sister, she made an extensive tour in Germany, France, and Italy, visiting everywhere the hospitals, infirmaries, and asylums, and watching closely the modes of treatment practised in them. The family continued their journey into Egypt, where they resided for a considerable time, and where the gifts of Miss Nightingale in nursing the sick were for the first time called into requisition beyond the circle of her own family and dependents. Several sick Arabs, it is said, were healed by her during this journey, which extended as far as the farthest cataracts of the Nile. Her tour was of eminent use to her in many ways. It increased her familiarity with the languages of Europe, and gave her a certain knowledge of the world and of men, as well as of her art, which she turned to such admirable account a few years later. Returning to England, she resumed her ordinary life as the daughter of a country gentleman; but not for long.

A very numerous class in England are family governesses. Unable to save anything for their declining years, nothing can

be conceived more pitiable than the situation of a friendless English governess whom age or infirmities have deprived of employment and of home. For the benefit of such, an asylum was established in London, which, however, had but a feeble life and limited means. Miss Nightingale, on her return, was informed that the institution was on the point of being given up, owing to its improper management and the slenderness of its endowment. Her aid was sought by the friends of the asylum. She accepted the laborious post of its superintendent, and she left her beautiful abode in the country and took up her residence in the establishment in London, to which she gave both her services and a large part of her income. She restored order to its finances; she increased the number of its friends; she improved the arrangements of the interior; and when her health gave way under the excessive labors of her position, and she was compelled to retire to the country, she had the satisfaction of leaving the institution firmly established and well regulated.

But the time was at hand when her talents were to be employed upon a grander scale, and when her country was to reap the full result of her study and observation. The war with Russia occurred. In February and March, 1854, shiploads of troops were leaving England for the seat of war, and the heart of England went with them.

In all the melancholy history of warlike expeditions, there is no record of one managed with more cruel inefficiency than this. Everything like foresight, the adaptation of means to ends, knowledge of the climate, knowledge of the human constitution, seemed utterly wanting in those who had charge of sending these 25,000 British troops to the shores of the Black Sea. The first rendezvous was at Malta, an island within easy reach of many of the most productive parts of the two continents; but even there privation and trouble began. One regiment would find itself destitute of fuel, but overwhelmed with candles. In one part of the island there was a superfluity of meat, and no biscuit; while elsewhere there was an abundant supply of food for men, but none for horses.

When the troops reached Gallipoli their sufferings really began. No one had thought to provide interpreters; there were neither

carts nor draught animals; so that it frequently happened that a regiment would be on shore several days without having any meat. It does not appear to have occurred to any one that men could ever suffer from cold in a latitude so much more southern than that of England. But in the middle of April the men did begin to suffer much from cold. Many of them had no beds, and not a soldier in the army had more than one regulation blanket. Instead of undressing to go to bed, they put on all the clothes they had, and wrapped themselves in anything they could find. There was a small supply of blankets, but there was no one at hand authorized to serve them out, and it was thought a wonderful degree of courage in a senior staff-surgeon when he actually took the responsibility of appropriating some of these blankets for the use of the sick in the temporary hospital. The very honesty of the English stood in their way.

"These French Zouaves," wrote William Howard Russell, the celebrated London "Times" correspondent, "are first-rate foragers. You may see them in all directions laden with eggs, meat, fish, vegetables (onions), and other good things, while our fellows can get nothing. Sometimes, our servant is sent out to cater for breakfast or dinner; he returns with the usual 'Me and the Colonel's servant has been all over the town, and can get nothing but eggs and onions, sir;' and lo! round the corner appears a red-breeched zouave or chasseur, a bottle of wine under his left arm, half a lamb under the other, and poultry, fish, and other luxuries dangling round him. 'I'm sure, I don't know how these French manages it, sir,' says the crestfallen Mercury, and retires to cook the eggs."

Some of the general officers, instead of directing their energies to remedying this state of things, appear to have been chiefly concerned in compelling men to shave every day, and to wear their leathern stocks on parade. It was not until the army had been ten weeks in the field, and were exposed to the blazing heat of summer, that the Queen's Own Guards were permitted to leave off those terrible stocks, and they celebrated the joyful event by three as thundering cheers as ever issued from the emancipated throats of men. As late as the middle of April there

was still a lamentable scarcity of everything required for the hospital. "There were no blankets for the sick," wrote Russell, "no beds, no mattresses, no medical comforts of any kind; and the invalid soldiers had to lie for several days on the bare boards, in a wooden house, with nothing but a single blanket as bed and covering." Every time the army moved it seemed to get into worse quarters, and to be more wanting in necessary supplies. In July the cholera broke out, and carried off officers and men in considerable numbers.

On the 13th of September, 1854, 27,000 British troops were landed upon the shores of the Crimea, and marched six miles into the country. There was not so much as a tree for shelter on that bleak and destitute coast. The French troops who landed on the same day had small shelter-tents with them; but in all the English host there was but one tent. Toward night the wind rose, and it began to rain At midnight, the rain fell in torrents, and it continued to do so all the rest of the night, penetrating the blankets and overcoats of the troops, and beating pitilessly down upon the aged generals, the young dandies, the steady-going gentlemen, as well as upon the private soldiers of the English army, who slept in puddles, ditches, and watercourses, without fire, without grog, and without any certain prospect of breakfast. One general slept under a cart, and the Duke of Cambridge himself was no better accommodated. This was but the beginning of misery. On the following day, signals were made on the admiral's ship for all the vessels of the great fleet to send their sick men on board the "Kangaroo." Thoughtless order! In the course of the day, this vessel was surrounded by hundreds of boats filled with sick soldiers and sailors, and it was soon crowded to suffocation. Before night closed in, there were fifteen hundred sick on board of her, and the scene was so full of horror that the details were deemed unfit for publication. The design was that these sick men should be conveyed on the "Kangaroo" to the neighborhood of Constantinople, to be placed in hospital. But when she had been crammed with her miserable freight, she was ascertained to be unseaworthy, and all the fifteen hundred had to be transferred to other vessels. Many deaths occurred during the process of

removal. On the same day men were dying on the beach, and did actually die, without any medical assistance whatever. When the hospital was about to be established at Balaklava, some days after, sick men were sent thither before the slightest preparation for them had been made, and many of them remained in the open street for several hours in the rain.

Winter came on—such a winter as we are accustomed to in and near the city of New York. It began with a terrible hurricane. The whole army was still living in tents. No adequate preparation had been made, of any kind, for protecting the troops against such snows, and cold, and rain as they were certain to experience. This hurricane broke upon the camp early in the morning of November 14, an hour before daylight, the wind bringing with it torrents of rain. The air was filled with blankets, coats, hats, jackets, quilts, bedclothes, tents, and even with tables and chairs. Wagons and ambulances were overturned by the force of the wind. Almost every tent was laid prostrate. The cavalry horses, terrified at the noise, broke loose, and the whole country, as far as the eye could reach, was covered with galloping horses. During the day the storm continued to rage, while not a fire could be lighted, nor any beginning made of repairing the damage. Toward night it began to snow, and a driving storm of snow and sleet tormented the army during the night. This storm proved more deadly on sea than on shore, and many a ship, stored with warm clothing of which these troops were in perishing need, went to the bottom of the Black Sea.

A few days after, Russell wrote: "It is now pouring rain—the skies are black as ink—the wind is howling over the staggering tents—the trenches are turned into dikes—in the tents the water is sometimes a foot deep—our men have not either warm or waterproof clothing—they are out for twelve hours at a time in the trenches—they are plunged into the inevitable miseries of a winter campaign—and not a soul seems to care for their comfort, or even for their lives. These are hard truths, but the people of England must hear them. They must know that the wretched beggar, who wanders about the streets of London in the rain, leads the life of a prince compared with the

British soldiers who are fighting out here for their country."

While the army were in this condition they suddenly found themselves reduced to a short allowance of food, and for nine days there was no tea or coffee. The reason was, that the country roads, by which the provisions were brought from the seaside, seven miles distant, had become almost impassable. Every one could have foreseen that this would be the case during the rainy season. Every one could also see that the whole country was covered with small stones, just fit for making good roads; but nothing was done, and, for many miserable weeks, it was all that the commissary officers could do to keep the army alive. As for the port itself—Balaklava—it was such a scene of filth and horror as the earth has seldom exhibited. Indeed, it was said, at the time, that all the pictures ever drawn of plague and pestilence, whether in works of fact or of fiction, fell far short of the scenes of disease and death which abounded in this place. In the hospitals the dead lay side by side with the living, and both were objects appalling to look upon. There was not the least attention paid to cleanliness or decency, and men died without the least effort being made to save or help them. "There they lie," records a writer, "just as they were let gently down on the ground by their comrades, who brought them on their backs from the camp with the greatest tenderness, but who are not allowed to remain with them. The sick appear to be tended by the sick, and the dying by the dying." The four-footed creatures suffered not less than their masters. "Two hundred of your horses have died," said a Turk one morning to a British officer. "Behold! what I have said is the truth;" and, as he said these words, he emptied a sack upon the floor, and there were four hundred horses' ears heaped up before the eyes of the wondering officer.

In January deep snows came to aggravate all this misery. At one time there were three feet of snow upon the ground. On the 8th of January, 1855, one regiment could only muster seven men fit for duty; another had thirty; a freshly landed company was reduced from fifty-six to fourteen in a few days; and a regiment of Guards, which had had in all 1562 men, could muster but 210. What wonder! On that same day some of Queen

Victoria's own Household Guards were walking about in the snow, and going into action at night, without soles to their shoes! Many men were frozen stiff in their tents; and as late as January 19, when there were drifts of snow six feet deep, sick men were lying in wet tents with only one blanket! No one, therefore, will be surprised at the statement that on the 10th of February, out of a total of 44,948 British troops, 18,177 were in hospital.

The word hospital, when used in reference to the Crimean War, only conjures up scenes of horror. Two scenes, selected from many such, will suffice to convey to the reader a vivid idea of the hospitals of the Crimea before an Angel went from England to reform them. January 25 the surgeon of a ship, appointed to convey the sick to the general hospital at Scutari, went on shore at Balaklava and applied to an officer in charge of stores for two or three stoves to put on board his ship to warm the sick and dying troops. "Three of my men," said he, "died last night from choleraic symptoms brought on by the extreme cold of the ship, and I fear more will follow them from the same cause." "Oh," said the storekeeper, "you must make your requisition in due form, send it up to headquarters, and get it signed properly, and returned, and then I will let you have the stoves." "But my men may die meantime." "I can't help that; I must have the requisition." "It is my firm belief that there are men now in a dangerous state whom another night will certainly kill." "I really can do nothing; I must have a requisition properly signed before I can give one of those stoves away." "For God's sake, then, *lend* me some; I'll be responsible for their safety." "I really can do nothing of the kind." "But, consider, this requisition will take time to be filled up and signed, and meantime these poor fellows will go." "I cannot help that." "I'll be responsible for anything you do." "Oh, no, that can't be done." "Will a requisition signed by the post medical officer of this place be of any use?" "No." "Will it answer if he takes on himself the responsibility?" "Certainly not." The surgeon went off in sorrow and disgust, knowing well that brave men were doomed to death by the obstinacy of this keeper of her Majesty's stores.

In the middle of this terrible winter there was a period of three weeks when the hospitals nearest the main body of the army were totally destitute of medicines for the three most frequent diseases of an army in winter quarters; namely, fever, rheumatism, and diarrhœa. The most agonizing circumstance was, that the government had provided everything in superabundance. But one hospital would have a prodigious superfluity of fuel, and no mattresses. Another would have tons of pork, and no rice. Another would have plenty of the materials for making soup, but no vessels to make it in. Here, there would be an abundance of coffee, but no means of roasting it; and, there, a hundred chests of tea, and not a pound of sugar to put in it. Again, there would be a house full of some needed article, and no officer within miles who had authority to serve it out. The surgeons did their best; but what could the few surgeons of fifty regiments do with 20,000 sick men? As for nurses, there was hardly a creature worthy of the name in the Crimea. In view of such facts as these no one can be surprised that the great hospitals at Scutari were in such a condition, that, probably, they were the direct means of killing ten men for every one whom they saved from death. It had perhaps been better if the poor fellows had been wrapped in blankets and laid upon a sheet of india-rubber on the snow in the open air, fed now and then, and left to take their chance.

England heard of all this with amazement and consternation. It was the "Times" newspaper through which it learned the details, and people began spontaneously to send sums of money to the editor of that journal for the relief of the soldiers. The proprietors of the "Times" consented, at length, to receive and appropriate money for this object, and in thirteen days the sum of fifteen thousand pounds sterling was sent in. With this money thousands of shirts, sheets, stockings, overcoats, flannels, and tons of sugar, soap, arrowroot, and tea, and great quantities of wine and brandy were purchased, and a commissioner was sent out to superintend their distribution. But the great horror was, the neglect of the sick in the hospitals, and a cry arose for a corps of skilful, educated nurses.

There was but one woman in England fitted by character,

position, and education, to head such a band. Sidney Herbert, Secretary for War in the British cabinet, was an old friend of Florence Nightingale's father. Mr. Herbert was thus acquainted with the peculiar bent of Miss Nightingale's disposition, and the nature of her training. By a curious coincidence, she wrote to him offering her services, and he wrote to her asking her aid, on the same day. Other ladies of birth and fortune volunteered to accompany her, to whom were added some superior professional nurses. October 24, 1854, Florence Nightingale, accompanied by a clerical friend and his wife, and by a corps of thirty-seven nurses, left England for the Crimea, followed by the benedictions of millions of their countrymen.

They traveled through France to Marseilles. On their journey the ladies were treated with more than the usual politeness of Frenchmen; the innkeepers and even the servants would not take payment for their accommodation, and all ranks of people appeared to be in most cordial sympathy with their mission. Among other compliments paid Miss Nightingale by the press, one of the newspapers informed the public that her dress was charming, and that she was almost as graceful as the ladies of Paris.

From Marseilles they were conveyed in a steamer to Scutari, where the principal hospitals were placed, which they reached on the 5th of November. In all the town, crowded with misery in every form, there were but five unoccupied rooms, which had been reserved for wounded officers of high rank; these were assigned to the nurses, and they at once entered upon the performance of their duty. They came none too soon. In a few hours wounded men in great numbers began to be brought in from the action of Balaklava, and soon thousands more arrived from the bloody field of Inkerman. Fortunately, the "Times" commissioner was present to supply Miss Nightingale's first demands. Some days elapsed, however, before men ceased to die for want of stores, which had been supplied, which were present in the town, but which could not be obtained at the place and moment required. One of the nurses reported that, during the first night of her attendance, eleven men died before

her eyes, whom a little wine or arrowroot would almost certainly have saved.

Miss Nightingale at once comprehended that it was no time to stand upon trifles. On the second day after her arrival six hundred wounded men were brought in, and the number increased till there were three thousand patients under her immediate charge. Miss Nightingale, one of the gentlest and tenderest of women, surveyed the scene of confusion and anguish with unruffled mind, and issued her orders with the calmness that comes of certain knowledge of what is best to be done. If red tape interposed, she quietly cut it. If there was no one near who was authorized to unlock a storehouse, she took a few Turks with her, and stood by while they broke it open. During the first week her labors were arduous beyond what would have been thought possible for any one; she was known to stand for twenty hours directing the labors of men and women. Yet, however fatigued she might be, her manner was always serene, and she had a smile or a compassionate word for the suffering as she passed them by.

As soon as the first needs of the men were supplied, she established a washing-house, which she found time herself to superintend. Before that was done, there had been a washing contract in existence, the conditions of which were so totally neglected by the contractor, that the linen of the whole hospital was foul and rotten. She established a kitchen, which she also managed to inspect, in which hundreds of gallons of beef-tea and other liquid food were prepared every day. She knew precisely how all these things should be done; she was acquainted with the best apparatus for doing them; and she was thus enabled, out of the rough material around her—out of boards, camp-kettles, camp-stores, and blundering Turks—to create laundries and kitchens, which answered the purpose well till better could be provided. She also well understood the art of husbanding skilful labor. When a few nurses could be spared from the wards of the hospital, she set them to preparing padding for amputated limbs, and other surgical appliances; so that when a thousand wounded suddenly arrived from the battle-field, men no longer perished for the want of some trifling

"SHE MAY BE OBSERVED ALONE, WITH A LITTLE LAMP IN HER HAND, MAKING HER SOLITARY ROUNDS."

but indispensable article, which foresight could have provided.

The "Times" commissioner wrote: "She is a ministering angel in these hospitals; and, as her slender form glides quietly along each corridor, every poor fellow's face softens with gratitude at the sight of her. When all the medical officers have retired for the night, and silence and darkness have settled down upon those miles of prostrate sick, she may be observed alone, with a little lamp in her hand, making her solitary rounds."

The same writer continues: "The popular instinct was not mistaken which, when she set out from England on her mission of mercy, hailed her as a heroine. I trust that she may not earn her title to a higher though sadder appellation. No one who has observed her fragile figure and delicate health can avoid misgivings lest these should fail. With the heart of a true woman, and the manners of a lady, accomplished and refined beyond most of her sex, she combines a surprising calmness of judgment, and promptitude, and decision of character."

Incredible as it seems, the arrival of these ladies was far from being welcomed either by the medical or military officers, and it required all the firmness and tact of a Florence Nightingale to overcome the obstacles which were placed or left in her way. Several weeks passed before the hospital authorities cordially coöperated with her. Still more incredible is it that some cruel bigots in England severely criticised her conduct in accepting the services of some of the Sisters of Charity from Dublin. There was much discussion as to whether she was herself a Catholic or a Protestant; which led a witty clergyman to remark: "She belongs to a sect which unfortunately is a very rare one—the sect of the Good Samaritans."

What wonder that the troops idolized her! One of the soldiers said: "She would speak to one and to another, and nod and smile to as many more; but she couldn't do it to all, you know; we lay there by hundreds; but we could kiss her shadow as it fell, and lay our heads on the pillow again content." Another soldier said: "Before she came, there was such cussin' and swearin'; and after that it was as holy as a church."

All through that winter she toiled at her post, and all through

the spring till the middle of May. Then she was taken down with the camp-fever, and for four or five days her condition excited much alarm. She passed the crisis, however, and the whole army was soon rejoiced by hearing that she was convalescent. In her little book, "Notes on Nursing" (1858), there are but two allusions to her services in the Crimea. One is, that she had seen death in more forms than any other woman in Europe. The other is a touching reference to this convalescence. Speaking of the delight which the sick take in flowers, she says: "I have seen in fevers (and felt when I was a fever patient myself) the most acute suffering produced, from the patient (in a hut) not being able to see out of window, and the knots in the wood being the only view. I shall never forget the rapture of fever patients over a bunch of bright-colored flowers. I remember (in my own case) a nosegay of wild flowers being sent me, and from that moment recovery becoming more rapid."

By this time, excursionists and yachtsmen began to arrive at the Crimea, one of whom lent her a yacht, the use of which much aided her recovery. When she first sailed in it, she had to be carried to the vessel in the arms of men.

She remained in the Crimea a year and ten months, and reached home again in safety, but with health permanently impaired, on the 8th of September, 1856. All England felt that something must be done to mark the national gratitude, and perpetuate the memory of it forever. Fifty thousand pounds were raised, almost without an effort. With this money she founded the Nightingale Home for training nurses at St. Thomas's and King's College hospitals. The Sultan of Turkey sent her a magnificent bracelet. The Queen of England gave her a cross beautifully formed, and blazing with gems. The Queen invited her also to visit her in her retreat at Balmoral, and Miss Nightingale spent some days there, receiving the homage of the royal family.

Not the least service which this noble lady rendered the suffering sons of men was the publication of the work just referred to, one of the very few little books of which it can be truly said that a copy ought to be in every house. In this work

she gives the world, in a lively, vigorous manner, the substance of all that knowledge of nursing, which she has so laboriously acquired. Her directions are admirably simple, and still more admirably wise. "The chief duty of a nurse," she says, "is simply this: *to keep the air which the patient breathes as pure as the external air, but without chilling him.*" This, she insists, is the main point, and is so important that if you attend properly to that, you may leave almost all the rest to nature. She dwells most forcibly upon the absolute necessity, and wonderfully curative power, of perfect cleanliness and bright light. Her little chapter upon "Noise in the Sick-Room," in which she shows how necessary it is for a patient never to be startled, disturbed, or fidgeted, is most admirable and affecting. She seems to have entered into the very soul of sick people, and to have as lively a sense of how they feel, what they like, what gives them pain, what hinders or retards their recovery, as though she were herself the wretch whose case she is describing. If she had done nothing else in her life but produce this wise, kind, and pointed little work, she would deserve the gratitude of suffering man.

The book, too, although remarkably free from direct allusions to herself, contains much biographical material. We see the woman on every page—the woman who takes nothing for granted, whom sophistry cannot deceive, who looks at things with her own honest eyes, reflects upon them with her own fearless mind, and speaks of them in good, downright, Nightingale English. She ever returns to her grand, fundamental position, the curative power of fresh, pure air. Disease, she remarks, is not an evil, but a blessing; it is *a reparative process*—an effort of nature to get rid of something hostile to life. That being the case, it is of the first importance to remove what she considers the *chief* cause of disease—the inhaling of poisonous air. She laughs to scorn the impious cant, so often employed to console bereaved parents, that the death of children is a "mysterious dispensation of Providence." No such thing. Children perish, she tells us, because they are packed into unventilated schoolrooms, and sleep at night in unventilated dormitories.

"An extraordinary fallacy," she says, "is the dread of night

air. What air can we breathe at night but night air? The choice is between pure night air from without and foul night air from within. Most people prefer the latter. An unaccountable choice! An open window, most nights in the year, can never hurt any one." Better, she remarks, shut the windows all day than all night.

She has a very pleasing and suggestive passage upon the kind of conversation which is most beneficial to the sick. "A sick person," she observes, "does so enjoy hearing good news; for instance, of a love and courtship while in progress to a good ending. If you tell him only when the marriage takes place, he loses half the pleasure, which, God knows, he has little enough of; and, ten to one, but you have told him of some love-making with a bad ending. A sick person also intensely enjoys hearing of any material good, any positive or practical success of the right. He has so much of books and fiction, of principles, and precepts, and theories! Do, instead of advising him with advice he has heard at least fifty times before, tell him of one benevolent act which has really succeeded practically; it is like a day's health to him. You have no idea what the craving of the sick, with undiminished power of thinking, but little power of doing, is to hear of good practical action, when they can no longer partake in it."

These words give us a more correct conception of the mind and character of Florence Nightingale than any narrative of her life which has yet been given to the public. There was nothing of chance in her career. She gained her knowledge, as it is always gained, by faithful and laborious study, and she acquired skill in applying her knowledge by careful practice.

The example of Miss Nightingale had much to do in calling forth the exertions of American women during the Civil War. As soon as we had wounded soldiers to heal, and military hospitals to serve, the patriotic and benevolent women of America thought of Florence Nightingale, and hastened to offer their assistance; and, doubtless, it was the magic of her name which assisted to open a way for them, and broke down prejudices that might have proved insurmountable. When Florence Nightingale overcame the silent opposition of ancient surgeons

and obstinate old sergeants in the Crimea, she was also smoothing the path of American women on the banks of the Potomac and the Mississippi. Her name and example belong to the race which she has honored; but to us, whom she served in the crisis of our fate, thus associating her name with the benevolent and heroic women of our land, she will ever be peculiarly dear.

Besides "Notes on Nursing," Miss Nightingale published "Notes on Hospitals" (1859); "Notes on the Sanitary State of the Army in India (1863); "Life or Death in India" (1874), and other writings. She is the subject of Longfellow's beautiful poem, "Santa Filomena."

After her return from the Crimea Florence Nightingale did not cease her benevolent work. In labors richly abundant and manifold she devoted her time, her pen, and her fortune in carrying forward her life-work of practical philanthropy. The Order of Merit, with which she was decorated by King Edward VII—an honor never before conferred on a woman, though deserved by many—symbolizes but cannot enhance her worth, which shines by its own light. On her eighty-ninth birthday (1909) she received many tokens of remembrance. Between the living and the dead, as in the hospitals so long ago, still stands "the lady with the lamp," as the soldiers lovingly called the "Angel of the Crimea." Her enduring fame is prophesied in Longfellow's verse:

"On England's annals, through the long
Hereafter of her speech and song,
That light its rays shall cast
From portals of the past.

"A Lady with a Lamp shall stand
In the great history of the land,
A noble type of good,
Heroic womanhood."

Alice and Phœbe Cary

By HORACE GREELEY

Edited for this Series by John H. Clifford

YEARS ago the readers of some religious, and those of many rural, newspapers first noted the fitful appearance, in the poet's corner of their respective gazettes, of verses by Alice Cary. Two or three years later, other such—like, and yet different—also irradiated, from time to time, the aforesaid corner, purporting to be from the pen of Phœbe Cary. Inquiry at length elicited the fact that the writers were young sisters, the daughters of a plain, substantial farmer, who lived on and cultivated his own goodly but not superabundant acres, a few miles out of Cincinnati, Ohio. He was a Universalist in faith, and they grew up the same—writing oftener for the periodicals of their own denomination, though their effusions obtained wide currency through others, into which they were copied. I do not know, but presume, that Alice had written extensively, and Phœbe occasionally, for ten years, before either had asked or been proffered any other consideration therefor than the privilege of being read and heard.

This family of Carys claim kindred with Sir Robert Cary, a stout English knight, who, in the reign of Henry V, vanquished, after a long and bloody struggle, a haughty chevalier of Aragon, who challenged any Englishman of gentle blood to a passage at arms, which took place in Smithfield, London, as is chronicled in "Burke's Heraldry." Henry authorized the victor to bear the arms of his vanquished antagonist, and the crest is still worn by certain branches of the family. The genealogy is at best

unverified, nor does it matter. From *Walter* Cary—a French Huguenot, compelled to flee his country, upon the revocation by Louis XIV of the great Henry's Edict of Nantes, and who, with his wife and son, settled in England, where his son, likewise named Walter, was educated at Cambridge—the descent of the Ohio Carys is unquestioned. The younger Walter migrated to America, very soon after the landing of the "Mayflower" Pilgrims, and settled at Bridgewater, Mass., only sixteen miles from Plymouth Rock, where he opened a "grammar school," claimed to have been the earliest in America. Walter was duly blest with seven sons, whereof John settled in Windham, Connecticut; and of *his* five sons, the youngest, Samuel, was great-grandfather to Alice and Phœbe Cary.

Samuel, educated at Yale, becoming a physician, settled and practised at Lyme, where was born, in 1763, his son Christopher, who, at eighteen years of age, entered the armies of the Revolution. Peace was soon achieved; when, in default of cash, the young soldier received a land grant or warrant, and located therewith the homestead near Cincinnati, Ohio, whereon was born his son Robert, who in due time married the wife that bore him several children, of whom two are the subjects of this sketch.

Alice Cary was born April 20, 1820, and was early called to mourn the loss of her mother, of whom she has written: "My mother was of English descent—a woman of superior intellect, and of a good, well-ordered life. In my memory, she stands apart from all others—wiser, purer, doing more, and living better, than any other woman." Phœbe was born September 4, 1824. There were two younger sisters, of whom one died in youth, greatly beloved and lamented. A few weeks before her departure, and while she was still in fair health, she appeared for some minutes to be plainly visible in broad daylight to the whole family, across a little ravine from their residence, standing on the stoop of a new house they were then building, though she was actually asleep, at that moment, in a chamber of their old house, and utterly unconscious of this "counterfeit presentment" at some distance from her bodily presence. This appearance naturally connected itself with her death, when that occurred soon afterward; and thenceforth the family lent a ready ear to

narrations of spiritual (as distinguished from material) presence, which to many if not most persons are simply incredible.

The youngest of the family, named Elmina, was a woman of signal beauty of mind and person, whose poetic as well as her general capacities were of great promise; but she married while yet young, and thenceforward, absorbed in other cares, gave little attention to literature. She was early marked for its victim by consumption—the scourge of this, with so many other families—and yielded up her life while still in the bloom of early womanhood. I believe her marriage, and the consequent loss of her society, had a share in determining the elder sisters to remove to New York, which they did in 1850.

Alice had begun to write verses at eighteen, Phœbe at seventeen, years of age. Their father married a second time, and thence lived apart from, though near, the cottage wherein I first greeted the sisters in 1849; and, when the number was reduced to two by the secession of Elmina, Alice and Phœbe meditated, and finally resolved on, a removal to the great emporium.

Let none rashly conclude to follow their example who have not their securities against adverse fortune. They were in the flush of youth and strength; they were thoroughly, inalienably devoted to each other; they had property to the value, I think, of some thousands of dollars; they had been trained to habits of industry and frugality; and they had not merely the knack of writing for the press (which so many mistakenly imagine sufficient), but they had, through the last ten or twelve years, been slowly but steadily winning attention and appreciation by their voluntary contributions to the journals. These, though uncompensated in money, had won for them what was now money's worth. It would *pay* to buy their effusions, though others of equal intrinsic merit, but whose writers had hitherto won no place in the regard of the reading public, might pass unread and unconsidered.

Being already an acquaintance, I called on the sisters soon after they had set up their household gods among us, and met them at intervals thereafter at their home, or at the houses of mutual friends. Their parlor was not so large as some others, but quite as neat and cheerful; and the few literary persons or

artists who occasionally met, at their informal invitation, to discuss with them a cup of tea and the newest books, poems, and events, might have found many more pretentious but few more enjoyable gatherings I have a dim recollection that the first of these little tea-parties was held up two flights of stairs, in one of the less fashionable sections of the city; but good things were said there, that I recall with pleasure even yet; while of some of the company, on whom I have not since set eyes, I cherish a pleasant and grateful remembrance. As their circumstances gradually though slowly improved, by dint of diligent industry and judicious economy, they occupied more eligible quarters; and the modest dwelling they owned and improved, in the very heart of this emporium, was long known to the literary guild as combining one of the best private libraries with the sunniest drawing-room (even by gaslight) to be found between King's Bridge and the Battery.

Their first decided literary venture—a joint volume of poems, most of which had already appeared in sundry journals—was published in Philadelphia early in 1850, before they had abandoned "Clovernook," their rural Western home, for the brick-and-mortar whirl of the American Babel. Probably the heartiness of its welcome fortified their resolve to migrate eastward; though it is a safe guess that no direct pecuniary advantage accrued to them from its publication. But the next year witnessed the "coming out" of Alice's first series of "Clovernook Papers," prose sketches of characters and incidents drawn from observation and experience, which won immediate and decided popularity. The press heartily recognized their fresh simplicity and originality, while the public bought, read, and admired. Several goodly editions were sold in this country, and at least one in Great Britain,where their merits were generously appreciated by the critics. A second series, published in 1853, was equally successful. "Clovernook Children"—issued in 1854, and addressed more especially to the tastes and wants of younger readers—was hardly less commended or less popular.

"Lyra and Other Poems," published in 1853, was the first volume of verse wherein Alice Cary challenged the judgment of critics independently of her sister. It was a decided success.

"The Maiden of Tlascala," a narrative poem of seventy-two pages, was first given to the public in 1855.

Her first novel—"Hagar; a Story of To-Day"—was written for and appeared in the "Cincinnati Commercial," appearing in a book form in 1852. "Married, not Mated," followed in 1856, and "The Bishop's Son," her last, was issued in 1867. Each of these had a good reception, alike from critics and readers; though their pecuniary success was perhaps less decided than that of her poems and shorter sketches.

Of her "Pictures of Country Life," brought out in 1859, the "Literary Gazette" of London, never accustomed to flatter American authors, said:

"Every tale in this book might be selected as evidence of some new beauty or unhackneyed grace. There is nothing feeble, nothing vulgar, and, above all, nothing unnatural or melodramatic. To the analytical subtlety and marvelous naturalness of the French school of romance she has added the purity and idealization of the home affections and home life belonging to the English; giving to both the American richness of color and vigor of outline, and her own individual power and loveliness."

Few American women have written more than Miss Cary, and still fewer have written more successfully. Yet she did not write rapidly nor recklessly, and her works evince conscientious, painstaking effort, rather than transcendent genius or fitful inspiration. Ill health in later years interrupted her labors; but in the intervals of relative exemption from weakness and suffering her pen was still busy.

From her many poems that I would gladly quote, I choose this as the shortest, not the best:

"We are the mariners, and God the sea;
And, though we make false reckonings, and run
Wide of a righteous course, and are undone,
Out of his deeps of love we cannot be.

"For, by those heavy strokes we misname ill,
Through the fierce fire of sin, through tempering doubt,
Our natures more and more are beaten out
To perfecter reflections of his will!"

Phœbe wrote far less copiously than Alice; in fact, for years she chose to bear alone the burden of domestic cares, in order

that her more distinguished sister should feel entirely at liberty to devote all her time and strength to literature. And, though she had been widely known as the author of good newspaper prose, as well as far more verse, I think the critical public was agreeably surprised by the quality of her "Poems of Faith, Hope, and Love," published in 1868. There are one hundred pieces in all, and hardly one of them could well be spared. A buoyant faith and a sunny philosophy are evinced throughout, with a hearty independence of thought and manner, which no one ever succeeded in affecting, and no one who possesses them could afford to barter for wealth or fame The following verses, widely copied and relished, are here given, as affording a fair chapter of wholesome, bracing autobiography:

A WOMAN'S CONCLUSIONS

"I said, if I might go back again
To the very hour and place of my birth;
Might have my life whatever I chose,
And live in any part of the earth;—

"Put perfect sunshine into my sky,
Banish the shadow of sorrow and doubt;
Have all my happiness multiplied,
And all my suffering stricken out;

"If I could have known, in the years now gone,
The best that a woman comes to know;
Could have had whatever will make her blest,
Or whatever she thinks will make her so;

"Have found the highest and purest bliss
That the bridal wreath and ring enclose;
And gained the one out of all the world
That my heart as well as my reason chose;

"And if this had been, and I stood to-night
By my children, lying asleep in their beds,
And could count in my prayers, for a rosary,
The shining row of their golden heads;—

"Yea! I said, if a miracle such as this
Could be wrought for me, at my bidding, still
I would choose to have my past as it is,
And to let my future come as it will!

"I would not make the path I have trod
More pleasant or even, more straight or wide;
Nor change my course the breadth of a hair,
This way or that way, to either side.

"My past is mine, and I take it all;
Its weakness—its folly, if you please;
Nay, even my sins, if you come to that,
May have been my helps, not hindrances!

"If I saved my body from the flames
Because that once I had burned my hand;
Or kept myself from a greater sin
By doing a less—you will understand;

"It was better I suffered a little pain,
Better I sinned for a little time,
If the smarting warned me back from death,
And the sting of sin withheld from crime.

"Who knows its strength by trial, will know
What strength must be set against a sin;
And how temptation is overcome
He has learned, who has felt its power within!

"And who knows how a life at the last may show?
Why, look at the moon from where we stand!
Opaque, uneven, you say; yet it shines,
A luminous sphere, complete and grand!

"So let my past stand, just as it stands,
And let me now, as I may, grow old;
I am what I am, and my life for me
Is the best—or it had not been, I hold."

If I have written aright this hasty sketch, there is hope and comfort therein for those who are just entering upon responsible life with no more than average opportunities and advantages. If I have not shown this, read the works of Alice and Phœbe Cary, and find it there!

As these sisters were lovely and pleasant in their lives, so, it may almost be said, in death they were not divided; for they both died in 1871—Alice in New York, on the 12th of February, and Phœbe on the 31st of July, at Newport, Rhode Island.

Margaret Fuller Ossoli

By THOMAS WENTWORTH HIGGINSON

Edited for this Series by John H. Clifford

MARGARET FULLER is connected, slightly but firmly, with my earliest recollections. We were born and bred in the same town (Cambridge, Mass.), and I was the playmate of her younger brothers. Their family then lived at the old "Brattle House." There I dimly remember the discreet elder sister, book in hand, watching over the gambols of the lovely little Ellen. It is well to mention even such slight ties of association as these, for they unconsciously influence one's impressions; and, after all, it is the personal glimpses which make the best part of biography, great or small, and indeed of all literature. How refreshing it is, amid the chaff of Aulus Gellius, to come upon a reference to Vergil's own copy of the "Æneid," which the writer had once seen, "*quem ipsius Vergilii fuisse credebat*"; and nothing in all Lord Bacon's works ever stirred me like that one magic sentence, "When I was a child, and Queen Elizabeth was in the flower of her years." I can say that when I was a child, Margaret Fuller was the queen of Cambridge, though troubled with a large minority of rather unwilling and insurrectionary subjects.

Sarah Margaret Fuller was born May 23, 1810; the eldest child of Timothy Fuller and Margaret Crane. Her birthplace was a house on Cherry Street. The family afterward removed to the "Dana House," which then crowned, in a stately way, the hill between Old Cambridge and Cambridgeport. It was later still that they resided in the "Brattle House." This was

Margaret Fuller's home until 1833, except that she spent a year or more at the school of the Misses Prescott, in Groton, Mass., where she went through that remarkable experience described by herself, under the assumed character of Mariana, in "Summer on the Lakes." In 1826 she returned to Cambridge.

The society of that University town had then, as it still has, great attractions for young people of talent. It offers something of that atmosphere of culture for which such persons yearn—tinged, perhaps, with a little narrowness and constraint. She met there in girlhood the same persons who were afterward to be her literary friends, colaborers, and even biographers. It was a stimulating and rather perilous position, for she found herself among a circle of highly cultivated young men, with no equal female companion; although she read Locke and Madame de Staël with Lydia Maria Francis, afterward better known as Mrs. Child. Carlyle had just called attention to the rich stores of German literature; all her friends were exploring them, and some had just returned from the German universities. She had the college library at command, and she had that vast and omnivorous appetite for books which is the most common sign of literary talent in men, but is for some reason exceedingly rare among women.

In 1833 her father removed to Groton, Mass., much to her regret. Yet her life there was probably a good change in training for one who had been living for several years in an atmosphere of mental excitement. In March, 1834, she wrote thus of her mode of life:

"Four pupils are a serious and fatiguing charge for one of my somewhat ardent and impatient disposition. Five days in the week I have given daily lessons in three languages, in geography and history, besides many other exercises on alternate days. This has consumed often eight, always five hours of my day. There has been also a great deal of needlework to do, which is now nearly finished, so that I shall not be obliged to pass my time about it when everything looks beautiful, as I did last summer. We have had very poor servants, and, for some time past, only one. My mother has been often ill. My grandmother, who passed the winter with us, has been ill. Thus you

may imagine, as I am the only grown-up daughter, that my time has been considerably taxed.

"But as, sad or merry, I must always be learning, I laid down a course of study at the beginning of winter, comprising certain subjects, about which I had always felt deficient. These were the History and Geography of modern Europe, beginning the former in the fourteenth century; the Elements of Architecture; the works of Alfieri, with his opinions on them; the historical and critical works of Goethe and Schiller, and the outlines of history of our own country.

"I chose this time as one when I should have nothing to distract or dissipate my mind. I have nearly completed this course, in the style I proposed—not minute or thorough, I confess—though I have had only three evenings in the week, and chance hours in the day for it. I am very glad I have undertaken it, and feel the good effects already. Occasionally I try my hand at composition, but have not completed anything to my own satisfaction."

On September 23, 1835, her father was attacked by cholera, and died within three days. Great as must have been the blow to the whole family, it was greatest of all to Margaret. The tie between them had been very close, and this sudden death threw the weight of the whole household upon the eldest child. It came at what had seemed to her the golden moment of her whole life; for she was about to visit Europe with her constant friends, Professor and Mrs. Farrar, and with their friend Harriet Martineau, who was just returning home. But all this must be at once abandoned. Mr. Fuller had left barely property enough to support his widow, and to educate the younger children, with the aid of their elder sister. Mrs. Fuller was in delicate health, and of a more yielding nature than Margaret, who became virtually head of the house. Under her strong supervision, two out of the five boys went honorably through Harvard College—a third having previously graduated—while the young sister was sent to the best schools, where she showed the family talent.

In the autumn of 1836 Margaret Fuller went to Boston, where she taught Latin and French in Mr. Alcott's school, and

had classes of young ladies in French, German, and Italian. She also devoted one evening in every week to translating German authors into English, for the gratification of Dr. Channing. The following extract will show how absorbing were her occupations:

"And now let me try to tell you what has been done. To one class I taught the German language, and thought it good success when, at the end of three months, they could read twenty pages of German at a lesson, and very well. This class, of course, was not interesting, except in the way of observation and analysis of language.

"With more advanced pupils I read, in twenty-four weeks, Schiller's 'Don Carlos,' 'Artists,' and 'Song of the Bell,' besides giving a sort of general lecture on Schiller; Goethe's 'Hermann and Dorothea,' 'Götz von Berlichingen,' 'Iphigenia,' first part of 'Faust'—three weeks of thorough study this, as valuable to me as to them; and 'Clavigo'—thus comprehending samples of all his efforts in poetry, and bringing forward some of his prominent opinions; Lessing's 'Nathan,' 'Minna,' 'Emilia Galotti'; parts of Tieck's 'Phantasus,' and nearly the whole first volume of Richter's 'Titan.'

"With the Italian class, I read parts of Tasso, Petrarch—whom they came to almost adore—Ariosto, Alfieri, and the whole hundred cantos of the 'Divina Commedia,' with the aid of the fine Athenæum copy, Flaxman's designs, and all the best commentaries. This last piece of work was and will be truly valuable to myself."

She was invited, in 1837, to become a teacher in a private school just organized, on Mr. Alcott's plan, in Providence, R. I. "The proposal is," she wrote, "that I shall teach the elder girls my favorite branches for four hours a day—choosing my own hours and arranging the course—for a thousand dollars a year, if upon trial I am well pleased enough to stay." This was a flattering offer, and certainly shows the intellectual reputation she had won. She accepted it, for the sake of her family, though it involved the necessity of leaving the friends and advantages which Boston had given. She had also to abandon her favorite literary project, the preparation of a Life of Goethe

for Mr. Ripley's series of translations from foreign literature. It was perhaps as a substitute for this that she translated "Eckermann's Conversations with Goethe," though it did not appear till after her removal to Jamaica Plain, in 1839. It is an admirable version, and there is after all no book in English from which one has so vivid and familiar impression of Goethe.

She took a house in Jamaica Plain, on her own responsibility, in the spring of 1839, and removed thither the family, of which she was practically the head. The next year they returned once more to Cambridge, living in a small house near her birthplace.

In the autumn of 1839 she instituted that remarkable conversational class, which so stimulated the minds of the more cultivated women of Boston. The very aim and motive of these meetings showed her clear judgment. She held that women were at a disadvantage as compared with men, because the former were not called on to test, apply, or reproduce what they learned; while the pursuits of life supplied this want to men. Systematic conversations, controlled by a leading mind, would train women to definite statement, and continuous thought; they would make blunders and gain by their mortification; they would seriously compare notes with each other, and discover where vague impression ended and clear knowledge began.

These conversations lasted during several successive winters, with much the same participants, numbering from twenty to thirty. These were all ladies. During one brief series, the experiment of admitting gentlemen was tried, and it seems singular that this should have failed, since many of her personal friends were of the other sex, and certainly men and women are apt to talk best when together.

It is said that no record of her conversation does it any justice. I have always fancied that the best impression to be obtained of the way she talked when her classes called her "inspired," must be got by reading her sketch of the Roman and Greek characters, in her autobiographic fragment. That was written when her conversations most flourished, in 1840, and a marvelous thing it is. It is something to read and reread, year after year, with ever new delight.

While thus serving women, she aided men also, by her editor-

ship of the "Dial." This remarkable quarterly, established in 1840, by a circle of her friends, was under her exclusive charge for two years, and these the most characteristic years of its existence. It was a time of great seething in thought and many people had their one thing to say, which being said, they retired into the ranks of common men. The less instructed found their outlet in the radical conventions, then so abundant; the more cultivated uttered themselves in the "Dial." The contributers, who then thronged around Margaret Fuller—Emerson, Alcott, Parker, Thoreau, Ripley, Hedge, Clarke, W. H. Channing—were the true founders of American literature. They emancipated the thought of the nation, and also its culture, though their mode of utterance was often crude and cumbrous from excess of material. These writers are all now well known, and some are famous; but at that time not one of them was popular, save Theodore Parker, whose vigorous common sense soon created for itself a wide public. It was his articles, as Mr. Emerson told me, that sold the numbers; that is, as far as they did sell, which was not very far. The editor was to have had two hundred dollars as her annual salary, but it hardly reached that sum, and I believe that the whole edition was but five hundred copies.

I can testify to the vast influence produced by this periodical, even upon those who came to it a year or two after its first appearance. When the unwearied Theodore Parker attempted, half a dozen years after, to embody the maturer expression of the same phase of thought in the "Massachusetts Quarterly Review," he predicted that the new periodical would be the "The Dial, with a beard." But the result was disappointment. It was all beard, and no "Dial."

During the first year of the "Dial's" existence, it contained but little from the editor—four short articles, the "Essay on Critics," "Dialogue between Poet and Critic," "The Allston Exhibition," and "Menzel's View of Goethe"—and two of what may be called fantasy-pieces, "Leila," and "The Magnolia of Lake Pontchartrain." The second volume was richer, containing four of her most elaborate critical articles—"Goethe," "Lives of the Great Composers," "Festus," and "Bettine

Brentano." Few American writers have ever published in one year so much of good criticism as is to be found in these four essays. She wrote also, during this period, the shorter critical notices, which were good, though unequal. She was one of the first to do hearty justice to Hawthorne, of whom she wrote, in 1840, "No one of all our imaginative writers has indicated a genius at once so fine and so rich." Hawthorne was at that time scarcely known, and it is singular to read in her diary, four years earlier, her account of reading one of his "Twice-told Tales," under the impression that it was written by "somebody in Salem," whom she took to be a lady.

I find that I underscored in my copy of the "Dial," with the zeal of eighteen, her sympathetic and wise remark on Lowell's first volume. "The proper critic of this book would be some youthful friend to whom it has been of real value as a stimulus. The exaggerated praise of such an one would be truer to the spiritual fact of its promise than accurate measure of its performance." This was received with delight by us ardent Lowellites in those days, and it still seems to me admirable.

In the third volume of the "Dial," she wrote of "Beethoven," "Sterling," "Romaic and Rhine Ballads," and other themes. In the fourth volume she published a remarkable article, entitled, "The Great Lawsuit; Man versus Men, Woman versus Women." It was a cumbrous name, for which even the vague title, "Woman in the Nineteenth Century," was hailed as a desirable substitute, when the essay was reprinted in book form. In its original shape, it attracted so much attention that the number was soon out of print; and it is not uncommon to see sets of the "Dial" bound up without it.

She printed, in 1841, another small translation from the German—a portion of that delightful book, the correspondence between Bettine Brentano and her friend Günderode. Margaret Fuller was one of the best of translators, whether in reproducing the wise oracles of Goethe, or the girlish grace and daring originality of Bettine and her friend.

During the summer of 1843 she made a tour to the West with her friends James Freeman Clarke and his artist-sister. The result of this was her first original work, "Summer on the

Lakes"—a book which, with all artistic defects upon its head, will yet always remain delightful to those who first read it in its freshness. Though most of its statements of fact are long since superseded, it yet presents something which is truer than statistics—the real aroma and spirit of Western life.

In 1844 Margaret Fuller removed to New York. It is not the least of Horace Greeley's services to the nation, that he was willing to entrust the literary criticisms of the "Tribune" to one whose standard of culture was so far above that of his readers or his own. Nevertheless, there she remained for nearly two years, making fearless use of her great opportunity of influence. She was dogmatic, egotistic, and liable to err; but in this she did not differ from her fellow-critics. The point of difference was in the thoroughness of training to which she had submitted—at least in certain directions—the elevation of her demands, her perfect independence, and her ready sympathy. With authors who demanded flattery on the one side, and a public on the other which demanded only intellectual substance, and was almost indifferent to literary form, she bravely asserted that literature was to be regarded as an art. Viewing it thus, she demanded the highest; reputations, popularity, cliques, to her were nothing; she might be whimsical, but she was always independent, and sought to try all by the loftiest standard. If she was ever biased by personal considerations—and this rarely happened—it was always on the chivalrous side.

She had the rare quality of discerning both needs of the American mind—originality and culture—and no one, except Emerson, has done so much to bridge the passage from a tame and imitative epoch to a truly indigenous literature. Most of us are either effeminated by education, or are left crude and rough by the want of it.

In her day, as now, there were few well-trained writers in the country, and they had little leisure for criticism; so that work was chiefly left to boys. The few exceptions were cynics, like Poe, or universal flatterers, like Willis and Griswold. Into the midst of these came a woman with no gifts for conciliation, with no personal attractions, with a habit of saying things very explicitly and of using the first person singular a good deal too

much. In her volume of "Papers on Literature and Art," published in 1846, there is a preface of three pages in which this unpleasant grammatical form occurs just fifty times. This is very characteristic; she puts the worst side foremost. The preface once ended, the rest of the book seems wise and gentle, and only egotistic here and there. It is remarkable to see how many of her judgments have been confirmed by the public mind.

The only complaint I should make in regard to this book is founded on its title, "Papers on Literature and Art." With art, save as included in literature, she should not have meddled. At least, she should have dealt only with the biography and personal traits of artists—not with their work. One of her early friends said that the god Terminus presided over her intellect; but to me it seems that she did not always recognize her own limits. A French wit said that there were three things he had loved very much, without knowing anything about them —music, painting, and women. Margaret Fuller loved all three, and understood the last.

If, however, she was thus tempted beyond her sphere, it was less perhaps from vanity than because she yielded to the demand popularly made on all our intellectual laborers, that they should scatter themselves as much as possible. Literary work being as yet crude and unorganized in America, the public takes a vague delight in seeing one person do a great many different things. It is like hearing a street musician perform on six instruments at once; he plays them all ill, but it is so remarkable that he should play them together. Margaret Fuller, under such influence, wrote on painting and music, and of course wrote badly.

She had by inheritance certain unpleasant tricks of manner, which gave the impression, as Emerson said, of "a rather mountainous Me." She was accustomed to finding herself among inferiors, and lorded it a little in her talk. She was also obliged, as a woman, to fight harder than others, first for an education and then for a career. All these influences marred her, in some degree; and those whom her criticisms wounded, made the most of the result. But though her most private

diaries and letters have been set before the public, I do not see that anything has been produced which shows a petty or conceited disposition, while she has certainly left on record many noble disclaimers. A woman who could calmly set aside all the applauses she received for her wonderful conversation by pointing out to herself that this faculty "bespoke a second-rate mind," could not have had her head turned by vanity. At another time she wrote in her diary, "When I look at my papers, I feel as if I had never had a thought that was worthy the attention of any but myself; and 'tis only when, on talking with people, I find I tell them what they did not know, that my confidence at all returns."

In truth, she was not made of pure intellect; if that quality marks men (which I have never discovered), then she was essentially a woman. "Of all whom I have known," wrote one of her female friends, "she was the largest woman, and not a woman who wished to be a man." And one of her friends of the other sex wrote of her, "The *dry light* which Lord Bacon loved she never knew; her light was life, was love, was warm with sympathy, and a boundless energy of affection and hope." The self-devotion of her closing years brought no surprise to those who remembered how she had sacrificed her most cherished plans for the sake of educating her brothers; and how she had through all her life been ready to spend money and toil for those around her, when she had little money and no health. She gave to the community, also, the better boon of moral courage; it showed itself most conspicuously in the telling of unwelcome truth; but it was manifested also in heroic endurance, since she was, as Emerson has testified, "all her life the victim of disease and pain."

Her life thus did more for the intellectual enfranchisement of American women than was done by even her book on the subject, though that doubtless did much, exerting a permanent influence on many minds. No one has ever given so compact a formula for the requirements of woman. She claims for her sex "not only equal power with man—for of that omnipotent nature will never permit her to be defrauded—but a *chartered* power, too fully recognized to be abused." Never were there

ten words which put the whole principle of impartial suffrage so plainly as these. And even where her statements are less clear, they always rest on wise reflection, not on any one-sided view. Thus, for instance, she showed better than most her faith in the eternal laws which make women unlike man—for she was ready to trust these laws instead of legislating to sustain them. She knew that there was no fear of woman's unsexing herself. "Nature has pointed out her ordinary sphere by the circumstances of her physical existence. She cannot wander far. . . . Achilles had long plied the distaff as a princess, yet at first sight of a sword, he seized it. So with woman—one hour of love would teach her more of her proper relations than all your formulas."

After twenty months of happy life and labor in New York, she sailed for Europe, thus fulfilling the design abandoned eleven years before, when her home duties demanded the sacrifice.

Over the tragic remainder of her life I shall pass but lightly, for I have preferred to reverse the proverb and be the historian of her times of peace alone. It is because they were not really her times of peace, but only her training for final action; besides, it was during those years that she was most misconstrued and maligned; and it is more interesting to dwell on this period than to add a garland where all men praise. Enough to say that in that later epoch all the undue self-culture of her earlier life was corrected, and all its self-devotion found a surer outlet. That "hour of love" of which she had written came to her, and all succeeding hours were enriched and ennobled. Throwing herself into the struggle for a nation's life, blending this great interest with the devotion due to her Italian husband, she lived a career that then seemed unexampled for an American woman, though our Civil War afforded many parallels. During the siege of Rome, in 1848, the greater part of her time was passed in the hospital "*dei Pellegrini*," which was put under her special direction. "The weather was intensely hot; her health was feeble and delicate; the dead and dying were around her in every stage of pain and horror; but she never shrank from the duty she had assumed." "I have seen," wrote the American

consul, Mr. Cass, "the eyes of the dying, as she moved among them, extended on opposite beds, meet in commendation of her universal kindness."

She was married in Italy, in 1847, to Giovanni Angelo, Marquis Ossoli—a man younger than herself, and of less intellectual culture, but of simple and noble nature. He had given up rank and station in the cause of the Roman Republic, while all the rest of his family had espoused the other side; and it was this bond of sympathy which first united them. Their child, Angelo Philip Eugene Ossoli, was born at Rieti, September 5, 1848. After the fall of the republic it was necessary for them to leave Rome, and this fact, joined with her desire to print in America her history of the Italian struggle, formed the main reasons for their return to this country. They sailed from Leghorn, May 17, 1850, in the bark "Elizabeth."

Singular anticipations of danger seem to have hung over their departure. "Beware of the sea" had been a warning given Ossoli by a fortune-teller, in his youth, and he had never before been on board a ship. "Various omens have combined," wrote his wife, "to give me a dark feeling." "In case of mishap, however, I shall perish with my husband and child." Again she wrote, "It seems to me that my future on earth will soon close." "I have a vague expectation of some crisis, I know not what. But it has long seemed that in the year 1850 I should stand on a plateau in the ascent of life, where I should be allowed to pause for a while and take a more clear and commanding view than ever before. Yet my life proceeds as regularly as the fates of a Greek tragedy, and I can but accept the pages as they turn."

As they were leaving Florence at the last moment, letters arrived which would probably have led them to remain in Italy, had not all preparations been made. And on the very day of sailing, in Leghorn, Margaret lingered for a final hour on shore, almost unable to force herself to embark. It seemed as if there were conflicting currents in their destiny, which held them back while they urged them forward.

Their voyage was very long, and the same shadow still appeared to hang over them. The captain of the bark, in

whom they had placed the greatest confidence, soon sickened and died of malignant smallpox, and was buried off Gibraltar. They sailed thence on June 9. Two days after, the little Angelo was attacked with the same fearful disease, and only recovered after an illness that long seemed hopeless. On July 15, they made the New Jersey coast at noon, and stood to the northeast, the weather being thick, and the wind southeast. The passengers packed their trunks, assured that they should be landed at New York the next morning. By nine o'clock the wind had risen to a gale, and this, with the current, swept them much farther to the north than was supposed. At two and a half, A. M., the mate in command took soundings, found twenty-one fathoms of water, pronounced all safe, and retired to his berth. One hour afterward the bark struck on Fire Island beach, just off Long Island.

The main and mizzen masts were at once cut away, but the ship held by the bow, and careened toward the land, the waves sweeping over her and carrying away every boat. She was heavily laden with marble and soon bilged. The passengers hastily left their berths and collected in the cabin, which was already half full of water. They braced themselves as well as they could, against the windward side. Little Angelo cried, the survivors say, until his mother sang him to sleep, while Ossoli quieted the rest with prayer.

The crew were at the forward end of the vessel; and when the wreck seemed ready to go to pieces, the second mate came aft to the cabin with two sailors, and helped the passengers to a safer place. This transfer was made terribly dangerous by the breaking surf. The captain's wife, who went first, was once swept away, and was caught only by her hair. Little Angelo was carried in a canvas bag, hung round the neck of a sailor.

Passengers and crew were now crowded round the foremast as the part likely to last longest. Here they remained for several hours. Men were seen collecting on the beach, but there was no life-boat. After a time, two sailors succeeded in reaching the shore, the one with a life-preserver, the other with a spar. Then Mr. Davis, the courageous mate, bound the captain's

wife to a plank, and swam with her to the shore, where she arrived almost lifeless. The distance was less than a hundred yards, but the surf was fearful. Madame Ossoli was urged to attempt the passage, but steadily refused to be separated from her husband and child. Time was passing; the tide was out; the sea grew for the time a little calmer. It was impossible to build a raft, and there was but this one chance of escape before the tide returned. Still the husband and wife declined to be parted; and, seeing them resolute, the first mate ordered the crew to save themselves, and most of them leaped overboard. It was now past three o'clock; they had been there twelve hours. At length the tide turned, and the gale rose higher.

The after part of the vessel broke away, and the foremast shook with every wave. From this point the accounts vary, as is inevitable. It seems, however, to be agreed that the few remaining sailors had again advised the Ossolis to leave the wreck; and that the steward had just taken little Angelo in his arms to try to bear him ashore, when a more powerful sea swept over, and the mast fell, carrying with it the deck, and all on board. Ossoli was seen to catch for a moment at the rigging, and then to sink. The last recorded glimpse of Margaret was when she was seated at the foot of the mast, in her white night-dress, with her hair fallen loose about her shoulders. Their bodies were never found; but that of the little Angelo was cast upon the beach twenty minutes after, and was reverently buried among the sand-hills by the sailors, one of whom gave his chest for a coffin. The remains were afterward transferred to Mount Auburn cemetery, near Boston, and there reinterred in presence of weeping kinsfolk, who had never looked upon the living beauty of the child.

It was the expressed opinion of one who visited the scene, a few days after, that seven resolute men could have saved all on board the "Elizabeth." The life-boat from Fire Island lighthouse, three miles off, was not brought to the beach till noon, and was not launched at all. For a time the journals were full of the tragedy that had taken away a life whose preciousness had not been fully felt till then. But now, looking through the vista of years, even this great grief appears softened by time.

The very forebodings which preceded it seem now to sanctify that doom of a household, and take from its remembrance the sting. Three months before, in planning her departure, this wife and mother had thus unconsciously accepted her coming fate: "Safety is not to be secured by the wisest foresight. I shall embark more composedly in our merchant-ship, praying fervently, indeed, that it may not be my lot to lose my boy at sea, either by unsolaced illness or amid the howling waves; or, if so, that Ossoli, Angelo, and I may go together, and that the anguish may be brief." Her prayer was fulfilled.

The precious manuscript, for whose publication her friends and the friends of Italy had looked with eagerness, was lost in the shipwreck. Her remaining works were reprinted in Boston, a few years later, under the careful editorship of her brother Arthur—that "Chaplain Fuller," who had been educated by her self-sacrifice, and who afterward gained a place beside hers, in the heart of the nation, by his heroic death at Fredericksburg, in the Civil War.

Lucretia Mott

By ELIZABETH CADY STANTON

Edited for this Series by John H. Clifford

IT was in London that I first met Lucretia Mott. We chanced to stop at the same house, with a party of Americans, who had come to attend the "World's Convention." Seated by her at the dinner-table I was soon oblivious to everything but the lovely Quakeress, though a bride, with my husband by my side. She was then in her prime, small in stature, slightly built, with a large head, high, square forehead, remarkably fine face, regular features, dark hair and eyes. She was gentle and refined in her manners, and conversed with earnestness and ease.

There were several clergymen at the table that day, who, in the course of conversation, rallied Mrs. Mott on her views of woman. She calmly parried all their attacks—now by her quiet humor turning the laugh on them, and then by her earnestness and dignity silencing their ridicule and sneers. Though a stranger, I could not resist saying all the good things I thought on her side of the question, and I shall never forget the look of recognition she gave me when she saw that I already comprehended the problem of woman's rights and wrongs. She was the first liberal-minded woman I had ever met, and nothing in all Europe interested me as she did. We were soon fast friends, and were often rallied on our seeming devotion to each other. I was never weary listening to her conversation.

On one occasion, with a large party, we visited the British Museum, where it is supposed all people go to see the wonders of the world. On entering, Mrs. Mott and myself sat down near the door to rest for a few moments, telling the party to go

on, that we would follow. They accordingly explored all the departments of curiosities, supposing we were slowly following at a distance; but when they returned to the entrance, after an absence of three hours, there we sat in the same spot, having seen nothing but each other, wholly absorbed in questions of theology and social life. She had told me of the doctrines and divisions among Quakers, of the inward light, of Elias Hicks, of Channing, of a religion of life, and of Mary Wollstonecraft and her social theories. I had been reading Combe's "Constitution of Man," and moral philosophy, and Channing's works, and had already thought on all these questions; but I had never heard a woman talk what, as a Scotch Presbyterian, I had scarcely dared to think.

On the following Sunday I went to hear Mrs. Mott preach in a Unitarian church. Though I had never heard a woman speak, yet I had long believed she had the right to do so, and had often expressed the idea in private circles; but when at last I saw a woman rise up in the pulpit and preach as earnestly and impressively as Mrs. Mott always did, it seemed to me like the realization of an oft-repeated happy dream.

The day we visited the Zoölogical Gardens, as we were admiring the gorgeous plumage of some beautiful birds, one of the gentlemen remarked:

"You see, Mrs. Mott, our Heavenly Father believes in bright colors. How much it would take from our pleasure if all the birds were dressed in drab!"

"Yes," said she, "but immortal beings do not depend on their feathers for their attractions. With the infinite variety of the human face and form, of thought, feeling, and affection, we do not need gorgeous apparel to distinguish us. Moreover, if it is fitting that woman should dress in every color of the rainbow, why not man also? Clergymen with their black clothes and white cravats are quite as monotonous as the Quakers."

Owing to her liberal views, Mrs. Mott was shunned by the Orthodox Quakers of England, though courted by the literati and nobility. I have seen her by the side of the Duchess of Sutherland, conversing on the political questions of the time with a grace and eloquence that proved her in manners the peer

of the first woman in England, though educated in Quaker austerity, under our plain republican institutions.

From the following extracts from Mrs. Mott's memoranda, the reader will get an insight into the moving and governing principles of her calm, consistent, and beautiful life.

"A native of the Island of Nantucket—of the Coffins and Macys on the father's side, and of the Folgers on the mother's; through them related to Dr. Franklin.

"Born in 1793. During childhood was made actively useful to my mother, who, in the absence of my father, on a long voyage, was engaged in mercantile business, often going to Boston and purchasing goods in exchange for oil and candles, the staple of the island. The exercise of women's talents in this line, as well as the general care which devolved upon them, in the absence of their husbands, tended to develop their intellectual powers and strengthen them mentally and physically.

"In 1804 my father's family removed to Boston, and in the public and private schools of that city I mingled with all classes without distinction. My parents were of the religious Society of Friends, and endeavored to preserve in their children the peculiarities of that sect, as well as to instil its more important principles. My father had a desire to make his daughters useful. At fourteen years of age I was placed with a younger sister, at the Friends' Boarding-School, in Dutchess County, State of New York, and continued there for more than two years without returning home. At fifteen, one of the teachers leaving the school, I was chosen as an assistant, in her place. Pleased with the promotion, I strove hard to give satisfaction, and was gratified, on leaving the school, to have an offer of a situation as teacher, if I was disposed to remain, and informed that my services should entitle another sister to her education without charge. My father was, at that time, in successful business in Boston; but with his views of the importance of training a woman to usefulness, he and my mother gave their consent to another year being devoted to that institution. In the spring of 1809 I joined our family in Philadelphia, after their removal there.

"At the early age of eighteen I married James Mott, of New York—an attachment formed while at the boarding-school.

He came to Philadelphia and entered into business with my father. The fluctuation in the commercial world for several years following our marriage, owing to the embargo, and the War of 1812, the death of my father, and the support of a family of five children devolving on my mother, surrounded us with difficulties. We resorted to various modes of obtaining a comfortable living; at one time engaged in the retail dry goods business, then resumed the charge of a school, and for another year was engaged in teaching.

"These trials, in early life, were not without their good effect in disciplining the mind, and leading it to set a just estimate on worldly pleasures. I, however, always loved the good, in childhood desired to do the right, and had no faith in the generally received idea of human depravity. My sympathy was early enlisted for the poor slave, by the class-books read in our schools, and the pictures of the slave-ship, as published by Clarkson. The ministry of Elias Hicks and others, on the subject of the unrequited labor of slaves, and their example in refusing the products of slave labor, all had their effect in awakening a strong feeling in their behalf. The unequal condition of woman in society also early impressed my mind. Learning, while at school, that the charge for the education of girls was the same as that for boys, and that when they became teachers, women received but half as much as men for their services, the injustice of this was so apparent, that I early resolved to claim for my sex all that an impartial Creator had bestowed.

"At twenty-five years of age, surrounded with a little family and many cares, I felt called to a more public life of devotion to duty, and engaged in the ministry in our Society, receiving every encouragement from those in authority, until a separation among us, in 1827, when my convictions led me to adhere to the sufficiency of the light within us, resting on truth as authority, rather than 'taking authority for truth.' The popular doctrine of human depravity never commended itself to my reason or conscience. I 'searched the Scriptures daily,' finding a construction of the text wholly different from that which was pressed upon our acceptance. The highest evidence of a sound faith being the practical life of the Christian, I have felt a far greater interest

in the moral movements of our age than in any theological discussion.

"The temperance reform early engaged my attention, and for more than twenty years I have practised total abstinence from all intoxicating drinks. The cause of peace has had a share of my efforts, leading to the ultra non-resistance ground—that no Christian can consistently uphold, and actively engage in and support a government based on the sword, or relying on that as an ultimate resort. The oppression of the working classes by existing monopolies, and the lowness of wages, often engaged my attention; and I have held many meetings with them, and heard their appeals with compassion, and a great desire for a radical change in the system which makes the rich richer and the poor poorer.

"The various associations and communities tending to greater equality of condition have had from me a hearty Godspeed. But the millions of downtrodden slaves in our land being the greatest sufferers, the most oppressed class, I have felt bound to plead their cause, in season and out of season, to endeavor to put my soul in their souls' stead, and to aid, all in my power, in every right effort for their immediate emancipation. This duty was impressed upon me at the time I consecrated myself to that gospel which anoints 'to preach deliverance to the captive,' 'to set at liberty them that are bruised.' From that time the duty of abstinence as far as practicable from slave-grown products was so clear, that I resolved to make the effort 'to provide things honest' in this respect. Since then our family has been supplied with free-labor groceries, and, to some extent, with cotton goods unstained by slavery.

"The labors of the devoted Benjamin Lundy, and his 'Genius of Universal Emancipation' published in Baltimore, added to the untiring exertions of Clarkson, Wilberforce, and others in England, including Elizabeth Heyrick, whose work on slavery aroused them to a change in their mode of action, and of William Lloyd Garrison, in Boston, prepared the way for a convention in Philadelphia, in 1833, to take the ground of immediate, not gradual, emancipation, and to impress the duty of unconditional liberty, without expatriation. In 1834 the Philadelphia Female

A. S. Society was formed, and, being actively associated in the efforts for the slaves' redemption, I have traveled thousands of miles in this country, holding meetings in some of the slave States, have been in the midst of mobs and violence, and have shared abundantly in the odium attached to the name of an uncompromising *modern* abolitionist, as well as partaken richly of the sweet return of peace attendant on those who would 'undo the heavy burdens and let the oppressed go free, and break every yoke.'

"In 1840 a World's Antislavery Convention was called in London. Women from Boston, New York, and Philadelphia were delegates to that convention. I was one of the number; but, on our arrival in England, our credentials were not accepted because we were women. We were, however, treated with great courtesy and attention, as strangers, and as women, were admitted to chosen seats as spectators and listeners, while our right of membership was denied—we were voted out. This brought the woman question more into view, and an increase of interest in the subject has been the result. In this work, too, I have engaged heart and hand, as my labors, travels, and public discourses evince. The misrepresentation, ridicule, and abuse heaped upon this, as well as other reforms, do not, in the least, deter me from my duty. To those, whose name is cast out as evil for the truth's sake, it is a small thing to be judged of man's judgment.

"This imperfect sketch may give some idea of the mode of life of one who has found it 'good to be always zealously affected in a good thing.'

"My life, in the domestic sphere, has passed much as that of other wives and mothers in this country. I have had six children. Not accustomed to resigning them to the care of a nurse, I was much confined to them during their infancy and childhood. Being fond of reading, I omitted much unnecessary stitching and ornamental work, in the sewing for my family, so that I might have more time for this indulgence, and for the improvement of the mind. For novels and light reading I never had much taste. The 'Ladies Department,' in the periodicals of the day, had no attraction for me."

While walking in the streets of London, Mrs. Mott and I resolved on a Woman's Convention, as soon as we returned to America. Accordingly, in the summer of 1848, while she was on a visit to her sister, Martha Wright, of Auburn, I proposed to her, to call a Woman's Rights Convention, at Seneca Falls, where I then lived. She consented, and the call was immediately issued in the county papers, and we at once prepared resolutions, speeches, and a declaration of sentiments.

After much consultation over the declaration, finding that our fathers had similar grievances to our own, and the same number, we decided to adopt the immortal declaration of '76 as our model. James Mott—one of nature's noblemen, both in character and appearance, the husband of Lucretia—presided at this first convention. Among those who took part in the discussions were Frederick Douglass, Thomas and Mary Ann McClintock, and their two daughters, Ansel Bascom, Catharine Stebbins, Amy Post, and Martha Wright. It continued through two days, was well attended, and extensively reported.

The declaration was published in nearly every paper in the country, and the nation was convulsed with laughter, from Maine to Louisiana, though our demands for suffrage, the right to property, work, and wages were the same that wise men accept to-day, the same that Henry Ward Beecher preached in his pulpit, and John Stuart Mill pressed on the consideration of the British Parliament.

Martha Wright, the sister of Lucretia, took an active part in this convention. Though not a public speaker, she was a most efficient worker in our cause. In a letter to me, speaking of her sister, soon after the death of Mr. Mott in 1868, she says: "The striking traits of Lucretia's character are remarkable energy, that defies even time, unswerving conscientiousness, and all those characteristics that are summed up in the few words, love to man, and love to God." "Though much broken by the heavy affliction, that has come to her so unexpectedly, for, frail as she is, she never thought she would survive her strong and vigorous husband, she has borne it better than we anticipated."

Almost to the end of her long life Mrs. Mott continued her

public activities, making frequent journeys in the interest of the causes she had at heart. In her later years she was an active worker for the objects of liberal religion, joining in the aims of various bodies representing the freer forms of faith. Her last public appearance was at the suffrage convention held in New York in 1878. She died near Philadelphia, November 11, 1880.

Jenny Lind (Madame Goldschmidt)

By JAMES PARTON

Edited for this Series by John H. Clifford

BEFORE a great singer can be produced, there must exist a combination of gifts and circumstances. A fine voice is only one of the requisites. The possessor of that voice must have received from nature an extraordinary physical stamina and a great power of sustained effort, as well as a considerable degree of taste and intelligence. The training of a great vocalist is one of the severest trials of human endurance—so severe that no creature would submit to it unless compelled to do so by necessity or an overmastering ambition.

I have heard young ladies try their powers upon the operatic stage, who had had what was called a thorough musical education, and who had received from nature a sufficient voice. Before they had been three minutes upon the stage their incapacity would become so apparent as to be painful to the listener. They had every requisite for success except a five years' drill from some crabbed and unrelenting old master. When, therefore, we burst into wild applause after the execution of a fine aria, and when we pay for its execution a thousand dollars or more, it is not the mere accidental possession of a voice which we so bountifully compensate; it is culture, toil, years of self-denial, as well. The singer may be reaping the late reward of the greater part of a lifetime of most arduous exertion.

To no singer who has ever delighted the public are these remarks more applicable than to the subject of this memoir.

The gift that nature bestowed upon her was beautiful, but imperfect, and a culture which we may well style heroic was necessary to perfect it.

Jenny Lind was a native of Sweden. She was born at Stockholm, October 6, 1820. Her parents were respectable, laborious, and poor—her father a teacher of languages, her mother a schoolmistress. Jenny was the first child of their marriage, and there was afterward born to them a son named John. There is a great difference in children as to the age when they can first sing a tune; some children being unable to sing a bar of one until they are six or seven years of age. Jenny Lind, it need scarcely be said, was not one of these. She could sing the airs of her native land with correctness, and even with some expression, when she was but twenty months old. By the time she was three years of age singing was her delight; she was always singing; and she had the faculty of catching every song she heard, and repeating it with remarkable exactness. She was a lonely and timorous child. The absence of her father, who was abroad all day pursuing his vocation, and the constant occupation of her mother in her school, left her very much alone; and during her solitary hours, her voice and her music were the unfailing solace of her existence. The first nine years of her life were marked by no particular event. The Swedes are a musical people, and many children in Stockholm, besides Jenny Lind, were fond of singing.

When she was about nine years of age the silvery tones of her voice chanced to catch the ear of an actress, named Lundberg, who at once discerned its capabilities. Madame Lundberg went to the parents and told them how delighted she had been with the singing of their child, and advised them to have her educated for the opera. It so happened that the mother of the child, being a rather strict Lutheran, had a prejudice against the drama, and regarded going upon the stage as something dishonorable, if not disreputable. The talents of the child, however, were so remarkable that her scruples were in part overcome, and she consented to leave the matter to the decision of Jenny herself. The child was more than willing, and very soon Madame Lundberg had the pleasure of conducting her to

one of the most noted music-masters of Stockholm. M. Crœlius —for such was the name of this teacher—was an old man; and nothing delights a good old music-teacher more than to have a docile and gifted pupil. He soon became an enthusiast respecting his new acquisition, and at length he resolved to present her to the manager of the royal theater.

When the enthusiastic Crœlius presented her to the manager, that potentate saw before him a pale, shrinking, slender, undersized child, between nine and ten years of age, attired with Sunday stiffness in a dress of black bombazine. We are told that he gazed upon her with astonishment and contempt.

"You ask a foolish thing," said he. "What shall we do with that ugly creature? See what feet she has! and then her face! She will never be presentable. No, we cannot take her. Certainly not!"

The old music-teacher was too confident of the value of the talent which the child possessed to be abashed by this ungracious reception.

"Well," said he, with some warmth, "if you will not take her, I, poor as I am, will take her myself, and have her educated for the stage."

The old man's enthusiasm piqued the curiosity of the manager, and he consented at length to hear her sing. Undeveloped as her voice then was, it already had some of that rapture-giving power which it afterward possessed in such an eminent degree. The manager changed his mind, and Jenny was at once admitted to the training-school attached to the royal theater. There she had the benefit of highly competent instructors, as well as the inspiring companionship of children engaged in the same pursuits.

The pupils of the training-school were required, now and then during the season, to perform in little plays written and arranged expressly for them. It was in one of these, in the eleventh year of her age, that Jenny Lind made her first appearance in public. The part assigned her was that of a beggar-girl—a character which her pallid countenance and slight person fitted her to represent. She acted with so much simplicity and truth, and sang her songs with such intelligent expression, as to secure the

favor of the audience in a high degree. She made what we now call a hit. Other children's plays were written for her, in which for two winters she delighted the people of Stockholm, who regarded her as a prodigy.

At the height of her transient celebrity, her brilliant prospects clouded over. She observed with alarm that her upper notes grew weaker, and that her other tones were losing their pleasure-giving quality. By the time she was thirteen years of age her upper notes had almost ceased to exist, and no efforts of her teachers could restore them. It was as though the heiress of a great estate were suddenly informed that her guardian had squandered it, and that she must prepare to earn her livelihood by ordinary labor. The scheme of educating her for the opera was given up, though she continued for four years longer to be an assiduous member of the school, studying instrumental music, and the theory of composition. One of the severest of her trials was that of being forbidden to use her voice, except for a short time every day in very simple music.

Her seventeenth birthday came round. The master of the training-school was about to give at the theater a grand concert, in order to display the talents and improvement of his pupils. The chief part of this concert was to consist of the celebrated fourth act of "Robert le Diable," in which *Alice* has but one solo assigned to her, and that is not a favorite with singers. When all the parts had been distributed except that of the undesirable *Alice*, the director thought of poor Jenny Lind, and offered it to her. She accepted it and began to study the music. She had become a woman since she had last looked the terrible public in the face, and she became so anxious as the time approached for her reappearance, that she began to fear the total suspension of her powers. A strange thing happened to her that night. When the moment came for her to sing the solo attached to her part, she rose superior to the fright under which she had been suffering, and began the air with a degree of assurance which surprised herself. Wonderful to relate, her upper notes suddenly returned to her in all their former brilliancy, and every note in her voice seemed at the same moment to recover its long-lost sweetness and power.

No one had anticipated anything from the *Alice* of that evening, and thunders of applause greeted the unexpected triumph. Except herself, no one was so much surprised as the director of the school, whose pupil she had been for six years. Besides warmly congratulating her that evening, he told her on the following morning that she was cast for the important part of *Agathe* in "Der Freischütz." Great was the joy of the modest girl, conscious of her powers, upon learning that *Agathe*, the very character toward which she had long felt herself secretly drawn, but to which of late she had hardly dared to aspire, was the one appointed for her first appearance at the royal theater. At the last rehearsal, it is said, she sang the music with so much power and expression that the musicians laid down their instruments to give her a round of applause.

The evening came. We have an account of her début from the pen of her friend and kindred genius, Fredrika Bremer:

"I saw her at the evening representation. She was then in the spring of life, fresh, bright, and serene as a morning in May; perfect in form; her hands and her arms peculiarly graceful, and lovely in her whole appearance. She seemed to move, speak, and sing without effort or art. All was nature and harmony. Her singing was distinguished especially by its purity, and the power of soul which seemed to swell in her tones. Her 'mezzo voice' was delightful. In the night scene, where *Agathe*, seeing her lover coming, breathes out her joy in rapturous song, our young singer, on turning from the window at the back of the stage to the spectators again, was pale for joy; and in that pale joyousness she sang with a burst of outflowing love and life, that called forth, not the mirth, but the tears of the auditors."

But her probation was not yet finished. After this dazzling success, she remained for a while the favorite of the Stockholm public, adding new characters to her list and striving in every way known to her to remedy certain serious defects in her voice and vocalization. Miss Clayton informs us that her voice was originally wanting in elasticity, which prevented her from holding a note, and made it difficult for her to execute those rapid passages and those brilliant effects upon which the reputation of an operatic singer so much depends. Who could imagine

this when hearing that wonderful execution of her later years? In her efforts to improve her voice while performing at the opera she overstrained it, and the public of Stockholm, limited in number and fastidious in taste, left her to sing to empty boxes. She felt the necessity of better instruction than her native city afforded. Garcia was then living at Paris, at the height of his reputation as a trainer of vocalists. She desired to place herself under his instruction; but although she had been a leading performer at the Stockholm opera for a year and a half, she was still unable to afford the expense of a residence in Paris. To raise the money she gave concerts, accompanied by her father, in the principal towns of Sweden and Norway. Her concerts were successful, according to the standard of Sweden; nevertheless, she was compelled to make the journey alone, while her parents pursued their ordinary labors at home. Her first interview with Garcia was disheartening in the extreme.

"My good girl," said he, after hearing her sing, "you have no voice; or, I should rather say, that you *had* a voice, but are now on the point of losing it. Your organ is strained and worn out; and the only advice I can offer you is to recommend you not to sing a note for three months. At the end of that time, come to me again, and I will do my best for you."

Few readers can conceive of the dejection and tedium of such a period spent by this lonely girl, far from her home and country, and denied the consolation of exercising her talent.

"I lived," said she once, "on my tears and my thoughts of home."

At the appointed time she stood again in the master's presence. He told her that her voice was improved by rest and capable of culture. She placed herself under his instruction, and profited by it; but, strange to say, Garcia never predicted for her a striking success, either because her voice had not yet regained its freshness, or the old master's ear had lost its acuteness. He used to say that if she had as much voice as she had intelligence, she would become the greatest singer in Europe, and that she would have to sing second to many who had not half her ability.

During her residence at Paris, she had the honor of singing

before Meyerbeer, who instantly perceived the peerless quality of her voice. He arranged a grand rehearsal for her, with a full orchestra, when she sang the three most difficult scenes from three favorite operas. She delighted the company of musicians and the great master who heard her, and she narrowly escaped being engaged at once for the Grand Opera of Paris.

Her musical education was now complete. Returning home, she gave a series of performances at Stockholm, which enraptured the public, carried her local reputation to the highest point, and secured for her a pressing invitation to sing at Copenhagen. It seems that she was still distrustful of her powers, and shrank from the ordeal of appearing in a country not her own. Her scruples at length gave way, and she appeared before the Danes in the part of *Alice*, in "Robert le Diable." We have an interesting account of her success at Copenhagen, in the autobiography of Hans Christian Andersen, who not only heard her sing, but became acquainted with her. He says:

"It was like a new revelation in the realms of art. The youthful, fresh voice forced itself into every heart; here reigned truth and nature, and everything was full of meaning and intelligence. At one concert she sang her Swedish songs. There was something so peculiar in this, so bewitching, people thought nothing about the concert-room; popular melodies, executed by a being so purely feminine, and bearing the universal stamp of genius, exercised an omnipotent sway. All Copenhagen was in raptures."

The students of the university gave her a serenade by torchlight, and she was the first to whom such a compliment was paid. Her success incited her to fresh exertions. Andersen, who was with her when this serenade was given, records, that after it was over she said, while her cheek was still wet with tears:

"Yes! yes! I will exert myself; I will endeavor; I will be better qualified when I again come to Copenhagen!"

From this time forward, she knew little but triumph. When she left Stockholm again to enter upon an engagement at Berlin, the streets were crowded with people to bid her farewell. At Berlin, the Countess Rossi (Madame Sontag) pronounced her "the best singer in Europe." At Hamburg, a silver wreath

was presented to her at the end of a most brilliant engagement. At Vienna, her success was beyond all precedent, and when she reappeared at Berlin the enthusiasm was such that it became a matter of great difficulty to procure admission to the theater.

After four years of such success as this, her popularity ever increasing, she accepted an engagement to sing in London. Her departure from her native city was attended by most extraordinary demonstrations. Her last concert in Stockholm was given in aid of a charitable institution founded by herself, and the tickets were sold at auction at prices unheard of before in frugal Sweden. Many thousand persons, it is said, were upon the wharf when she sailed, and she went on board the steamer amid the cheers of the people and the music of military bands. She reached London in April, 1847, and soon began her rehearsals at the Queen's Theater. When her voice was first heard in that spacious edifice at a rehearsal, no one was so enchanted as Lablache, the celebrated basso.

"Every note," he exclaimed, "is like a pearl!"

She was pleased with the simile, and when they had become better acquainted, she reminded him of it in a very agreeable manner. She came up to him one morning at rehearsal, and said to him:

"Will you do me the favor, Signor Lablache, to lend me your hat?"

Much surprised, he nevertheless handed her his hat, which she took with a deep courtesy, and, tripping away with it to the back part of the stage, began to sing an air into it. She then brought back the hat to Lablache, and, ordering that portly personage to kneel, she returned it to him with the remark:

"I have now made you a rich man, signor, for I have given you a hat full of pearls!"

Everything which a favorite does seems graceful and pleasant. This trifling act delighted the whole company.

Three weeks elapsed before she appeared in London, during which the excitement of the public rose to fever heat, and when the eventful evening came the theater was crammed to its utmost capacity. Queen Victoria, Prince Albert, and many of the leading personages in England were present. She sang the part of

Alice, in "Robert le Diable." Nervous, as she really was, she succeeded so completely in controlling herself, that she appeared to the audience remarkably self-possessed, and by the time she had completed her first aria every one present felt that the greatest singer of the time, if not of any time, was this stranger from Stockholm.

At Edinburgh a concert was given, for performing in which she received a thousand pounds sterling, Lablache two hundred, and another singer one hundred and fifty, and yet the managers cleared twelve hundred pounds. Her charities constantly increased in number and amount. In almost every place she gave a part of her gains to charitable institutions. After two years of continual triumph, she resolved to take her leave of the stage, and to sing thenceforth only in the concert-room. Her last performance was in May, 1849, when she played the part of *Alice*, in the presence of the Queen of England and an immense multitude of the most distinguished personages in England.

Her fame had long ago crossed the Atlantic. In October, 1849, P. T. Barnum, who had recently returned home after a three years' tour with the famous General Tom Thumb, conceived the happy idea of bestowing upon his countrymen the delight of hearing the voice of "the Swedish Nightingale." "I had never heard her sing," he said. "Her reputation was sufficient for me." He cast about him at once for a fit person to send to Europe to engage the songstress, and soon pitched upon the right person, John Hall Wilton, who was instructed to engage Jenny Lind on shares, if he could; but he was authorized, if he could do no better, to offer her a thousand dollars a night for one hundred and fifty nights. Besides this, all her expenses were to be paid, including servants, carriages, and secretary, and she was to have the privilege of selecting three professional persons to accompany her. Mr. Barnum further agreed to place the whole amount of money for the hundred and fifty nights in the hands of a London banker before she sailed. When Mr. Wilton reached Europe he discovered that four persons were negotiating with her for an American tour. All of these individuals, however, merely proposed to divide with her the profits, and none of them were in a position to guarantee her

against loss. She frankly said to Wilton, after she had satisfied herself respecting Mr. Barnum's character:

"As those who are trying to treat with me are all anxious that I should participate in the profits or losses of the enterprise, I much prefer treating with you, since your principal is willing to assume all the responsibility, and take the entire management and chances of the result upon himself."

The negotiation did not linger. Mr. Barnum gives a ludicrous account of the manner in which he received the news that Jenny Lind had signed the desired agreement. He received the telegraphic dispatch in Philadelphia which announced Wilton's arrival in New York with the agreement in his pocket, and that Mademoiselle Lind was to begin her concerts in the following September.

"I was somewhat startled," he tells us, "by this sudden announcement, and feeling that the time to elapse before her arrival was so long that it would be policy to keep the engagement private for a few months, I immediately telegraphed Wilton not to mention it to any person, and that I would meet him the next day in New York. The next day I started for that city. On arriving at Princeton we met the cars, and, purchasing the morning papers I was overwhelmed with surprise and dismay to find in them a full account of my engagement with Jenny. However, this premature announcement could not be recalled, and I put the best face upon the matter. Being anxious to learn how this communication would strike the public mind, I informed the gentlemanly conductor (whom I well knew) that I had made an engagement with Jenny Lind, and that she would surely visit this country in the following August.

"'Jenny Lind! Is she a dancer?' asked the conductor.

"I informed the conductor who and what she was, but his question had chilled me as if his words were ice! Really, thought I, if this is all that a man in the capacity of a railroad conductor between Philadelphia and New York knows of the greatest songstress in the world, I am not sure that six months will be too long a time for me to occupy in enlightening the entire public in regard to her merits."

Long before the great songstress landed all America was on

the *qui vive*. On Sunday, September 1, 1850, at twelve o'clock, the steamer "Atlantic," with Jenny Lind on board, came to opposite the quarantine ground, New York, and Mr. Barnum who had been on the island since the evening before, was soon on board.

"But where did you hear me sing?" Jenny Lind asked him, as soon as the first compliments had been exchanged.

"I never had the pleasure of hearing you before in my life," said the manager.

"How is it possible," she rejoined, "that you dared risk so much money on a person you never heard sing?"

"I risked it on your reputation," he replied, "which in musical matters I would much rather trust than my own judgment."

Mr. Barnum had made ample provision for her landing. The wharves and ships were covered with thousands of people on that pleasant Sunday afternoon to see her step on shore. A large bower of green trees and two triumphal arches covered with flags and streamers were seen upon the wharf—the work of Mr. Barnum's agents. The carriage of that enterprising person conveyed her to the Irving House, which was surrounded all that afternoon and evening with crowds of people. Mr. Barnum tells us that he had the pleasure of dining with her that afternoon, and that during the meal she invited him to take a glass of wine with her. He replied:

"Miss Lind, I do not think you can ask any other favor on earth which I would not gladly grant; but I am a teetotaler, and must beg to be permitted to drink your health and happiness in a glass of cold water."

Nineteen days elapsed before her first appearance in public, during which she was the center of attraction, and the theme of every tongue. The acute and experienced Barnum, perceiving that his enterprise was an assured success, endeavored to guard against the only danger which could threaten it. Two days after the arrival of the "Nightingale" he told her that he wished to make a little alteration in their agreement.

"What is it?" she asked, much surprised.

"I am convinced," replied he, "that our enterprise will be much more successful than either of us anticipated. I wish,

therefore, to stipulate that you shall always receive a thousand dollars for each concert, besides all the expenses, and that after taking fifty-five hundred dollars per night, for expenses and my services, the balance shall be equally divided between us."

Jenny Lind was astonished; and supposing that the proposition was dictated by a sense of justice, she grasped the manager by the hand, and exclaimed:

"Mr. Barnum, you are a gentleman of honor! You are generous. I will sing for you as long as you please. I will sing for you in America—in Europe—anywhere!"

Mr. Barnum hastened to let people know that the change in the agreement was not the dictate of pure generosity. He feared that envious persons would create discontent in her mind, and he thought "it would be a stroke of policy to prevent the possibility of such an occurrence."

The tickets for the first concert were sold at auction, and produced the astonishing sum of $17,864. Jenny Lind instantly resolved to give her portion of the proceeds to the charitable institutions of the city.

The eventful evening came. Five thousand persons assembled at Castle Garden, who had paid for the privilege sums which varied from two dollars to two hundred and twenty-five. It was the largest audience before which she had ever appeared, and she was considerably agitated. When the conductor of the concert led her forward, attired in white, with a rose in her hair, the audience stood up and gave her three thundering cheers, and continued for several seconds to clap their hands and wave their hats and handkerchiefs. She had a singularly pleasing way of acknowledging the applause of an audience. She had a timid, shrinking look, which appealed powerfully to popular sympathy, and inflamed the enthusiasm of the spectators to the highest degree. The orchestra began to play the prelude to "Casta Diva"—a piece which displayed all the power, all the thrilling sweetness, and some of the defects of her wonderful organ. Never had an assembly come together with such high-wrought expectations. Nevertheless, those expectations seemed to be more than realized, and the last notes of the song were lost in the irrepressible acclamations of the people.

This success was the beginning of a splendid career in America. Under Mr. Barnum's management, she gave ninety-five concerts. The total receipts were $712,161. The average receipts of each concert were $7,496. The sum received by Jenny Lind was $176,675. Mr. Barnum's receipts, after paying her, were $535,486.

After enchanting the United States it remained for Jenny Lind to conquer the fastidious and difficult public of Havana. A striking scene occurred on the occasion of her first appearance there. The people were much offended by the unusual prices charged for admission, and came to the concert determined not to be pleased—a circumstance of which Jenny Lind was ignorant. The scene was thus described at the time in the New York "Tribune":

"Jenny Lind appeared, led on by Signor Belletti. Some three or four hundred persons clapped their hands at her appearance; but this token of approbation was instantly silenced by at least two thousand five hundred decided hisses. Thus, having settled the matter that there should be no *forestalling* of public opinion, and that if applause was given to Jenny Lind in that house it should first be incontestably *earned*, the most solemn silence prevailed. I have heard 'the Swedish Nightingale' often in Europe as well as America, and have ever noticed a distinct tremulousness attending her first appearance in any city. Indeed, this feeling was plainly manifested in her countenance as she neared the footlights; but when she witnessed the kind of reception in store for her—so different from anything she had reason to expect—her countenance changed in an instant to a haughty self-possession, her eye flashed defiance, and, becoming immovable as a statue, she stood there, perfectly calm and beautiful. She was satisfied that she now had an ordeal to pass and a victory to gain worthy of her powers. In a moment her eye scanned the immense audience, the music began, and then followed—how can I describe it?—such heavenly strains as I verily believe mortal never breathed except Jenny Lind, and mortal never heard except from her lips. Some of the oldest Castilians kept a frown upon their brow and a curling sneer upon their lip; their ladies, however, and most of the audience

began to look surprised. The gushing melody flowed on, increasing in beauty and glory. The *caballeros*, the *señoras*, and *señoritas* began to look at each other; nearly all, however, kept their teeth clenched and their lips closed, evidently determined to resist to the last. The torrent flowed faster and faster, the lark flew higher and higher, the melody grew richer and richer; still every lip was compressed. By and by, as the rich notes came dashing in rivers upon our enraptured ears, one poor critic involuntarily whispered a 'brava.' This outbursting of the soul was instantly hissed down. The stream of harmony rolled on till, at the close, it made a clean sweep of every obstacle, and carried all before it. Not a vestige of opposition remained, but such a tremendous shout of applause as went up was never before heard.

"The triumph was most complete. And how was Jenny Lind affected? She, who stood a few moments previous like adamant, now trembled like a reed in the wind before the storm of enthusiasm which her own simple notes had produced. Tremblingly, slowly, and almost bowing her face to the ground, she withdrew. The roar and applause of victory increased. *Encore! encore! encore!* came from every lip. She again appeared, and, courtesying low, again withdrew; but again, again, and again did they call her forth, and at every appearance the thunders of applause rang louder and louder. Thus five times was Jenny Lind called out to receive their unanimous and deafening plaudits."

Mr. Barnum gave his version of the story:

"I cannot express what my feelings were as I watched this scene from the dress circle. When I witnessed her triumph, I could not restrain the tears of joy that rolled down my cheeks; and, rushing through a private box, I reached the stage just as she was withdrawing after the fifth encore.

"'God bless you! Jenny, you have settled them,' I exclaimed.

"'Are you satisfied?' said she, throwing her arms around my neck. She, too, was crying with joy, and never before did she look so beautiful in my eyes as on that evening."

In Havana, as in every other large city in America, she bestowed immense sums in charity, and gave charity concerts

which produced still larger benefactions. During her residence in America, she gave away, in all, about fifty-eight thousand dollars.

The precaution which Mr. Barnum had taken against the intermeddling of envious persons proved to be insufficient, and after the ninety-fifth concert, Jenny Lind desired the contract to be annulled, and to give concerts on her own account. The manager gladly assented, and they separated excellent friends.

Jenny Lind met her destiny in America. Among the performers at her concerts was Mr. Otto Goldschmidt, a pianist and composer, whom she had formerly known in Germany, and with whom she had pursued her musical studies. Her friendship for this gentleman ripened into a warmer attachment, and ended in their marriage at Boston, in 1852. After residing some time at Northampton, Mass., they returned to Europe, where they afterward resided, finally settling in England. Occasionally, Madame Goldschmidt appeared in public concerts and oratorios. At fifty years of age her voice was said to retain a considerable degree of its former brilliancy and power. Living, as she did in great privacy, little was now known of her way of life; but that little was honorable to her. Her charities were still bountiful and continuous, and she remained as estimable a member of society as she was a shining ornament to it. The great secret of her success as an artiste was well expressed by her friend Jules Benedict: "Jenny Lind makes a conscience of her art."

This noble woman, beloved throughout the world, died at her cottage, Wynd's Point, Malvern, England, November 2, 1887.

Emma Willard

By E. B. HUNTINGTON

Edited for this Series by John H. Clifford

TO woman rather than to man, and to woman in the last century rather than in any former one, belongs the credit of preparing the way for the future liberal education of women. In earlier times the aids to her education had been few and defective. A really liberal education for her was hardly possible. Collegiate and university courses were usually closed against her; so that if occasionally a woman succeeded in gaining the reputation of a scholar, it was mainly due to her own unaided exertions—a triumph of her personal genius and will. We have reached a state of public sentiment now, however, which accords to woman the right to enter any field of literature or art she may choose; and to a large extent we are furnishing her with such aids as for generations have been furnished for her brothers.

Already we have gathered excellent fruits from the advance in our theory and system of woman's culture. Our multiplied young ladies' seminaries and collegiate institutions, and our colleges and professional schools in which the two sexes are prosecuting together the studies formerly confined to only one of them, are important results. Still maturer fruit we have in the increasing numbers of thoroughly educated women prepared to occupy chairs of instruction, once filled only by the most honored alumni of the best universities. We have come to welcome woman's taste, and tact, and power, into every department of educational work. Without attempting even to name the many eminent women whose personal attainments and ser-

vices have contributed largely toward this result, we shall here briefly sketch the career of only one who ranks as a distinguished pioneer in this most excellent work.

Her honored position Mrs. Willard deserves whether we regard her as a pioneer, creating for herself, and her sex, a new place and rank among educators, or simply as an earnest and skilful worker, rendering eminent service in this field. The story of her life is a true epic, needing only the simplest recital.

February 23, 1787, is the date of her birth; Samuel and Lydia (Hinsdale) Hart were her parents; and a quiet country farmhouse in the parish of Worthington, in Berlin, Conn., was her birthplace. Born of the best New England stock, she inherited the noblest qualities of her parentage. Her father, a man of unusual strength of intellect and will, was self-reliant, and well-read, at least in the English literature of the times. Her mother was a quiet and practical woman, gifted with native tact and shrewdness, gentle, firm, and efficient. The home they made for their children was just the home in which gifted children would like to be reared. And this home more than anything else determined the character and success of Emma, their sixteenth child. Being one of seventeen of her father's children, and one of the ten whom her own mother had borne him, she early found in this large circle one important means of her training.

Let us enter that rural home. We will take an early evening hour, about midwinter, and for the date it may be anywhere between her birthday and the year 1804, the date of her first attempt to teach. The scene we shall witness will best prepare us for what we are to learn of the great work of her future life.

The children have already spent their six hours in their school. They have severally done up the chores which, in those primitive times, children were supposed able to do. They had just finished with thanksgiving their relishful supper. The younger of them have already dropped away into the sweet sleep of their night's rest. The huge wood fire glows warmly upon that happy home circle gathering around it. The older children, all aglow with a joyful interest, finish the little story of their day's fun, and frolic, and work, and successively test their skill in read-

ing aloud a few well-chosen passages from the selectest authors of the day. Then father and mother, no less joyful, add the benediction of their few words of approval, and their timely hints for correction. And now, for another half-hour, or hour, if this be deemed needed, the father and mother—blessed mentors they!—read, in their turn, aloud, and with the skill which long practice has given them, their lessons for themselves and their little flock. Milton chances, it may be, to be the classic now in hand; and, as the magnificent word-picture opens before them, the very youngest of the group is stirred with fancies and thoughts that shall be to them the germs of their own thinking for many a year to come.

Happy, blessed group, for whose early years such a home is furnished! What child of gifts could fail of large fruitage, whose bloom is amid such home sunshine and warmth?

Let us take one more lesson from that Worthington home; and let the mother of the family be our teacher. Notice with what womanly ingenuity she makes their slender resources ample for all their home wants, and even for the gratification of a cultivated home taste. Notice how thoughtfully she provides for the poor family out under the hill, to whom the warm breakfast she sends them makes the only glad hour of their poverty-stricken home. And then, when all these home and neighborhood duties are so skilfully discharged, she is not satisfied until she has given her children a lesson of thoughtful kindness to the little birds that are to sing for them. The refuse wool, which can be of no use to the family, she teaches her little ones to leave about on the bushes for a hint to the charming warblers to build their fleece-lined nests near to the human home she would have blest by their sweet singing.

And thus, this admirable home training, with some two years of study in the village academy, then just opened under a skilful teacher, brought Emma forward to the beginning of her life-work. She had used her opportunities well. She had been required to think and plan for herself. Her powers of observation and her practical judgment had been equally taxed and improved; and it is not too much to say, that, in literary attainment, and still more, in ability to learn, she had exceeded her

years. A young lady of fourteen, who, on a cold night in mid-winter, wrapping herself in her cloak, with the horse-block for her observatory, could there by moonlight master the lesson of astronomy, which the merry song-singers in the house would leave her no opportunity there to learn, has already some elements of character that are the best pledges of success.

She has now just passed her seventeenth birthday. Through the friendly solicitation of a neighbor, an intelligent lady, who, though more than twice her age, had found in her an equal, she was installed as teacher of one of the village schools. Her first day's experience here settled many a principle for her future course. The tact with which she began would well have crowned the end of another teacher's professional career. With her, a difficulty once encountered was mastered forever. Discarding the rod as a means of discipline, after the second day's trial, she sought and found her way so directly to the hearts of her pupils; she so skilfully planned their exercises and their sports; she so soon and so thoroughly excited their interest in their school duties, and so made this interest itself the only needed discipline, that her first school soon reported itself in all the neighborhood as a marvel of the times. She found herself, even thus early in her mere girlhood, crowned with the laurels of her first success. And now, for three years, in learning and teaching, a part of which time was spent in excellent schools in Hartford, she was fast preparing herself for entering upon the great work of her life. And what was of especial value to her was the habit, then established, of prosecuting her own advanced studies while engaged in teaching those already mastered.

Such success soon attracted attention. The spring of 1807 brings to her calls from three important schools, in Westfield, Mass., Middlebury, Vt., and Hudson, N. Y. She accepted the Westfield call; and as assistant teacher in the excellent academy of that town, she at once won for herself a good name. But Miss Hart was not the person to fill long a subordinate place. Before her first season was over she had decided to accept the call from Middlebury; and midsummer of the same year finds her at the head of her new school there. A year of "brilliant success" crowns this third experiment, and settles the question

of her fitness for the work she had chosen. Local jealousies soon spring up, and the school, in spite of her great popularity, suffers; yet even this opposition had its influence in training and disciplining her for a better and stronger work.

While in this struggle, a new call is made upon her. Dr. John Willard, of Middlebury, a physician of good repute, and a man of solid political merit, had discovered the gifts and graces of the young teacher. Nor was he long in winning his way to her heart and hand. They were happily married in August, 1809, when, for a few years, her work of teaching was interrupted.

Pecuniary reverses soon came upon them; and to aid in retrieving their fortune, Mrs. Willard, in 1814, proposed to return to her chosen profession. She opened in Middlebury a boarding-school for girls. But she was also preparing for something more. She had, even then, detected how low and unworthy were the aims and results of that class of schools. She was especially struck with the difference between the collegiate course of a young man, and the highest culture which the best schools of the day furnished for young women; and the discovery had been to her a summons to a new work.

With what enthusiasm she entered upon that work! Carefully reviewing the whole subject of woman's education, she drew up her plan for an enlarged course of study, corresponding, as nearly as the different sexes would indicate, with the collegiate course for young men. But she found herself in advance of the age. The leaders in public opinion were not yet ready for such a change. She fortunately finds her husband in full sympathy with her, and so takes heart again, as she goes on testing its feasibility. Working daily, ten, twelve, or even fifteen hours in her school duties, she still takes time to master new studies herself that she may in due time carry her pupils through them. And so, by exploring new fields of science and literature herself; by teaching and drilling her classes, as few classes of young ladies had ever before been drilled; by adding to the old course new studies, and submitting the proficiency of her pupils to the criticism of the most learned men of the day; and by skilfully winning over to her new ideas a few leading minds, she was preparing the way for a new era in woman's education; making

possible the establishment and support of the great collegiate institutions in which women may take rank in all literature with their most scholarly brothers.

Some four years were spent in this preparation. Meanwhile the unwonted stimulus thus furnished to her own boarding-school had worked greatly in her favor. The fame of her experiment had gone far and wide; and she was now prepared to take the first steps toward a permanent institution in which her enlarged views and hopes could be more fully realized. The very location of the institution was a matter of careful thought; and for it, the State of New York, and of that State, the neighborhood of the head waters of the Hudson, was chosen.

And now, in 1818, she is prepared for her work. She has matured her plans, and secured strength for their execution. She submits her proposals to the large-minded Governor De Witt Clinton, of New York, with a special plea that he would lay the matter in due form, and with the weight of his approval, before the legislature. The very plan, which in 1814 had begun to shape itself to her eager search, sketched and resketched even to the seventh time, was thus, in 1818, submitted to the judgment of those who make and sustain the institutions of their age. Of the details of that plan we have not space to treat. It is due, however, to say, that down to this day, nothing has been contributed to our educational literature which exceeds either the wisdom of its details or the eloquence of its plea. The Governor heartily approved the measures which it recommended. The legislature so far endorsed them as to incorporate an academy at Waterford, N. Y., in which the founder might still more clearly show their feasibility.

A still more important end secured by this movement was an acknowledgment, on the part of the legislature, that the academies in the State, designed for the education of women, were entitled to the same pecuniary aid as institutions of learning for the other sex; and a vote was accordingly passed appropriating their proportion of the literature fund to academies for girls.

We cannot but feel that it was most fortunate for Mrs. Willard that such a man as Governor Clinton was ready to second her

aims. And yet, it is very certain, we think, that but for Mrs. Willard herself, her years of patient and zealous and skilful working, we have no reasons for believing that, for at least another quarter of a century, such concessions would have been made, even to so just a demand.

In the spring of 1819, thus encouraged by the legislature, Doctor and Mrs. Willard opened their new school in a rented building in Waterford, Their success was such as to warrant Governor Clinton, in his message of 1820, in referring to it as follows:

"I cannot omit to call your attention to the Academy for Female Education, which was incorporated last session at Waterford, and which, under the superintendence of distinguished teachers, has already attained great usefulness and prosperity. As this is the only attempt ever made in this country to promote the education of the female sex by the patronage of government; as our first and best impressions are derived from maternal affections; and as the elevation of the female character is inseparably connected with happiness at home, and respectability abroad; I trust that you will not be deterred, by commonplace ridicule, from extending your munificence to this meritorious institution."

The citizens of Troy, attracted by the success of the Waterford school, proposed to furnish a building with suitable grounds for a larger institution there, if Mrs. Willard would consent to a removal. On the expiration of the lease in Waterford, this proposal from Troy was accepted, and in May, 1821, the Willards took possession of the Troy property, which since that date has been used for the Emma Willard Seminary, thus established.

The same industry and zeal in her profession, and the same progress in her personal culture marked the course of Mrs. Willard here as in her former schools. To the studies she had already added to the ordinary curriculum of the schools for young ladies of that day, she now, after thoroughly mastering them herself, adds the higher mathematics, geometry, including trigonometry, algebra, conic sections, and Enfield's natural philosophy. With all this working she still found time for remodeling the science of geography and history; and the results of this painstaking to furnish herself suitable implements of her pro-

fession appeared in the Woodbridge and Willard Geographies and Atlases, in 1823, and Mrs. Willard's "Temple of Time and Chronographer of Ancient History." This ingenious design received a medal at the World's Fair, in London, 1851. The certificate of testimonial, signed by Prince Albert, was no empty tribute to the eminent author, but rather a tribute to the substantial contribution to our aids in learning and teaching what ought to be the most fascinating, yet what had notoriously become the most uninteresting, of all our studies.

In entering upon her enlarged sphere of labors in Troy, Mrs. Willard found the gain of her preceding work. The young ladies whom she had taught, and who had caught something of the inspiration of her aims and zeal, were now already trained for her help. Her experience and practice had made the work of classification and management easy to her, and her great reputation, of itself, would go far toward making her success a certainty.

She had scarcely settled herself to her work when an unforeseen trial came upon her. Her husband, who, as head of the family, as physician and financial manager of the large household, and as her constant and intelligent adviser, had been a real partner and sharer of her work, after a painful sickness, died in 1825. On her rested now the great burden which he had borne for her.

Yet, with a strong resolution she carried it. Rearranging school terms, simplifying and methodizing her work, she could even add to her former duties the financial management of the school. She neither neglected the claim of the humblest pupil under her charge, nor any important item of business in managing the large establishment. Down to 1838 she thus continued the motive power and mainspring of that first of American schools for young women.

And her reward was not long delayed. It came in the triumph of her own school. It came in the increased stimulus she had given to the cause of woman's education. It came in the readier facilities accorded to young women in our collegiate institutions; and still more signally in those large institutions expressly for women which her success had made possible. We

can now readily see how much Mount Holyoke, Oberlin, Antioch, Packer, Vassar, Smith, Wellesley, and Bryn Mawr are indebted to her pioneer work.

While achieving this success at home, she had not been unmindful of the claims of woman abroad. In 1830 she had sought abroad the rest and health which her home duties required, and the relief from her professional work gave her the opportunity to examine the educational condition of women in other lands. Her womanly heart was touched with the report that came to her of the degraded condition of woman in classic Greece, and on her return she organized a society in Troy to aid in establishing a school in Athens for educating native teachers. She prepared a volume on her European tour, giving the benefit of its profits to the Greek school.

But the time at length came when it was necessary for her to retire from the pressure of these great burdens upon her. Her son, John H. Willard, who had grown up under a training which had specially fitted him for it, and his wife, who for nineteen years had been with her as pupil, or teacher, or vice-principal, now accepted the trust, and relieved her of its further care.

But Mrs. Willard all these years had been not simply the practical teacher, but also a most unwearied student, and the opportunity was now afforded her of prosecuting her studies with new zeal. She had been testing William Harvey's theory of the circulation of the blood, and she set herself to the careful study of this problem. With all the enthusiasm of a professional anatomist and physiologist, she explored the entire field, and the result was her "Treatise on the Circulation of the Blood," published in 1846, which received the attention of the medical faculty.

At the same time these investigations were going on, her feelings became deeply interested in the public schools of her native State. While on a visit to Berlin, she was asked to furnish her views on the subject of common-school education, to be submitted to the citizens of her native town assembled in an educational meeting. The paper she submitted showed so much wisdom, and indicated so true an interest in the common schools,

that the parish, by vote, put their schools for the year under her care. Her success in managing them was a marvel.

And so, by study and writing, even to twelve and fourteen hours daily; by stirring up educators and schools to more skilful and earnest working, both in Connecticut and New York; by suggesting new plans and methods of teaching; by projecting normal schools before the day of normal schools had come, this woman, thoroughly alive to all that promised to advance her race, used more diligently her years of rest than most workers do the hours of their busiest toil. And if the question is raised, how could one with only a woman's strength sustain such efforts, the answer will only lead us to still another field of her unwearied and painstaking labor. She worked for it. She studied carefully the condition and wants of her physical nature, and provided for both. She trained even her muscles to their healthful and self-sustaining work. She wishes a clear, vigorous, lifeful brain, and she uses the only methods she could discover that promised it. See her, early in the morning, at her honest, earnest, muscular work. And when she has entered upon the mental labor of the day, see her, at the end of each two hours through the day, resting her toiling brain by vigorous physical exercise, until the equilibrium is restored. You need not fear for her, as she drops the sash of her study window, and facing the fresh cold breeze stands there exercising the muscles of her chest until her lungs have been satisfied with their needed food, and her blood freshly pours its health-tides throughout her now reinvigorated frame. She has now worked her whole system up to working trim, and you need not wonder if, when she seats herself at her papers, she should record a thought or a theory which shall henceforth change and rule the thoughts and theories of men.

It is really no marvel that one with such a physical and mental constitution as she inherited, with such skilful training as her very necessities had imposed on her younger life, and with the care which her maturer years had exercised over both her body and brain, should at fifty years of age give to the world her Troy Seminary; at sixty, her original work on the circulation of the blood; at sixty-two, her treatise on "Respiration and its Ef-

fects"; and at sixty-five, a work on astronomy in which even masters in the science were interested. It is no marvel that, after having had an important part in the training of more than five thousand young women, she still found time and strength to become the teacher of the teachers of men. It is no marvel that at fifty-eight she could, in a journey of eight thousand miles, traverse a continent, rejoicing everywhere equally in the joy of her pupils and in the prosperity of the schools for young women which her influence had contributed to found; nor that at sixty-seven she could cross the ocean, and mingle in the exercises and enjoy the honors of the World's Educational Convention, and thence make the tour of France, Switzerland, Germany, and Belgium tributary still to her zeal for observation and learning.

Besides the works already mentioned, Mrs. Willard published in 1828 a "History of the United States"; in 1830, a book of poems, of which the best known is "Rocked in the Cradle of the Deep"; in 1837, "Universal History in Perspective"; in 1849, "Last Leaves of American History"; and in 1857, "Morals for the Young."

But not alone in these literary and educational works did Mrs. Willard use her great powers. Her religious character was also as carefully educated. She spoke with great deliberation in her weighty charge to those whom she would commission with the solemn trust of teachers, when she said to them, in all the seriousness of her earnest convictions: "So far, however, from depending on set times for the whole discharge of the duty of training the young to piety and virtue, you are, during all your exercises, to regard it as the grand object of your labors."

Of her active and wide-reaching benevolence the record is a private one. Yet many and timely were her benefactions. Scores of the young women she aided to secure the education which, without such aid, they could not have secured, are still grateful for her quick sympathies and generous aid.

The serene dignity of age well befitted the form that earlier was radiant with womanly beauty. Under the shadow in her own dear seminary she rejoiced in this noble monument of her life till that life calmly reached its close. She died at Troy, April 15, 1870. A statue in her honor has been erected in that city.

Elizabeth Barrett Browning

By EDWARD Y. HINCKS

Edited for this Series by John H. Clifford

MRS. BROWNING was not only a great poet, but a greater woman. She loved and honored art, but she loved and honored humanity more. Born and reared in England, her best affections were given to Italy, and her warmest friends and most enthusiastic admirers were found in America.

And, as there is no woman in whose life and character we may naturally take a greater interest, so there is none whom we have better facilities of knowing. Of the ordinary materials out of which biographies are made, her life indeed furnishes few. Its external incidents were not many nor marked.

With all her genius this writer possessed in full measure the artlessness of her sex. Her theory of poetry, too, was that it was but the expression of the poet's inner nature. Hence, as might be expected, her poems are but transparent media for the revelation of herself. Her queenly soul shines through them as wine through a crystal vase. Her friendships, her love, her grief, her patriotism, her philanthropy, her religion—all are in them simply and unaffectedly revealed to us. To obtain a correct conception of Mrs. Browning, therefore, we must study her character as revealed in her poems, aided, of course, by the light which our knowledge of the events of her outward life will afford. As the result of our study we shall see that whatever fault we may be compelled to find with the artist, we cannot withhold our entire and hearty admiration for the character of the woman. We shall find that her genius, far from marring,

exalted and ennobled her womanhood. We shall feel that the poet was greater than her poems.

Elizabeth Barrett Barrett was born at Coxhoe Hall, Durham, March 6, 1806. Her father was a private gentleman in opulent circumstances. Her early life was passed partly in London, partly in Herefordshire, in sight of the Malvern Hills. One of her minor poems, "The Lost Bower," describes with her peculiar power of graphic picturing the scenery surrounding her early home:

"Green the land is where my daily
Steps in jocund childhood played,
Dimpled close with hill and valley,
Dappled very close with shade;
Summer-snow of apple-blossoms running up from glade to glade.

"Far out, kindled by each other,
Shining hills on hills arise,
Close as brother leans to brother,
When they press beneath the eyes
Of some father praying blessings from the gifts of Paradise."

The whole poem, which is one of its author's simplest and sweetest, is well worthy of study for its autobiographical interest. It gives us the picture of a dreamy and thoughtful, but not morbid child, loving to ramble in the wild woods, which her fancy peopled with the heroes and heroines of old.

Mrs. Browning was a child of remarkable precocity. She wrote verses at ten, and appeared in print at the age of fifteen. In the dedication to her father of the edition of her poems that appeared in 1844, she pleasantly speaks "of the time far off when I was a child and wrote verses, and when I dedicated them to you who were my public and my critic." This childish precocity was not an indication of early ripening genius. Her powers matured slowly. She wrote very crudely when past thirty. She never attained her full maturity. Miss Barrett's education was such as a woman rarely receives. She was taught in classics, philosophy, and science. Her acquaintance with Greek literature was very extensive. It embraced, not only the great classic authors, but also many of the Church Fathers, and the Greek Christian poets. She studied Greek under the instruction of her blind friend, the Rev. Hugh Stuart Boyd, to whom she afterward dedicated the poem entitled "The Wine of Cyprus."

But it may be doubted whether Mrs. Browning was a thorough and scientific student of the Greek language. If she had been so, the effect of such study would have been to correct her taste, and make much of her language less obscure. Indeed, in spite of her wide reading, one cannot but form the impression from perusing her writings that she did not receive a thorough and systematic mental training. Had she been able to receive the drill of the grammar school and university she might have used her extraordinary natural gifts to far greater advantage.

Miss Barrett's first published volume was a small book entitled "An Essay on Mind and Other Poems," published in 1826. The "Essay on Mind" was an ambitious and immature production, in heroic verse, which the author omitted from the collection of her poems that she afterward made.

In 1833 she published a translation of the "Prometheus Bound" of Æschylus. This translation was severely criticised at the time of its publication, and Miss Barrett herself was so dissatisfied with it that she executed an entirely new version, which was included in a subsequent collection of her poems.

In 1835 she formed an acquaintance with Mary Russell Mitford, which soon ripened into intimacy. To this intimacy the public are indebted for Mrs. Browning's charming little poem, addressed "To Flush, my Dog" (Flush was a gift from Miss Mitford), and for the oft-quoted description of Miss Barrett as a young lady in her friend's "Recollections of a Literary Life."

Miss Mitford thus describes her friend as she appeared at the age of thirty:

"Of a slight, delicate figure, with a shower of dark curls falling on either side of a most expressive face, large, tender eyes, richly fringed by dark eyelashes, a smile like a sunbeam, and such a look of youthfulness that I had some difficulty in persuading a friend that the translatress of the 'Prometheus' of Æschylus, the authoress of the 'Essay on Mind', was old enough to be introduced into company."

Some time after this she suffered from the bursting of a blood-vessel in one of the lungs. A milder climate being deemed necessary for her recovery, she went to Torquay, a watering-place in Devonshire. There she was rapidly gaining in vigor.

when an event occurred that nearly killed her by its shock, and saddened much of her future life. Her brother Edward, who had gone there to see her, was drowned while on a sailing excursion, within sight of the windows of the house in which she lived. His body was never found.

"This tragedy," writes her friend, "nearly killed Elizabeth Barrett. She was utterly prostrated by the horror and the grief, and by a natural but most unjust feeling that she had been in some sort the cause of this great misery. She told me herself that, during the whole winter, the sounds of the waves rang in her ears like the moans of one dying." So prostrated in body was she by this calamity that a year elapsed before she could be removed by slow stages to her father's house in London. There she lived for seven years, confined to a darkened room, at times so feeble that life seemed almost extinct, but struggling against debility and suffering with almost unexampled heroism. There she continued her studies, having a Plato bound like a novel to deceive her physician, who feared that mental application would react injuriously upon her enfeebled frame. There she wrote, while lying on a couch, unable to sit erect, the poem of "Lady Geraldine's Courtship" in twelve hours, in order that the volume of her poems to be published in this country might be completed in season to catch the steamer.

From that sick chamber went forth poems sufficient in quantity to be the result of industrious application on the part of one in good health. And though these poems bear marks of the peculiar circumstances in which they were written, in a somewhat morbid tone, they show no trace of debility in thought or imagination. Mrs. Browning wrote no "In Memoriam" to tell in melodious notes the story of her grief. No direct allusion to it is made, if we mistake not, in her poems. She does not, like most of the poets of her sex, brood plaintively over her woes, and sing over and over again, in slightly altered form, the melancholy strain, "I am bereft, and life is dark." Her nature was too strong thus to allow grief to take possession of it. Sorrow deepened and elevated her nature, instead of mastering it. There was in her none of the egotism of grief. She threw her whole soul with redoubled ardor into her high vocation, finding

consolation where great souls have always found it—in noble work.

And yet, though there is not the least trace in her writings of an egotistical brooding over grief, there is abundant evidence in them of the deep suffering through which she passed. It would be difficult to find a nobler expression of great sorrow, bravely endured, than is afforded by her sonnets on "Comfort," "Substitution," "Bereavement," and "Consolation." These simple but majestic records of her grief are far more affecting, because they are far less labored and artistic, and seem to come more directly from the heart, than the mournful beauty of the "In Memoriam."

In 1838 Mrs. Browning published "The Seraphim and Other Poems," and in 1844 "Poems" in two volumes, including "A Drama of Exile." At about this time Leigh Hunt speaks of her in the following language:

"Miss Barrett, whom we take to be the most imaginative poetess that has appeared in England, perhaps in Europe, and who will grow to great eminence if the fineness of her vein can but outgrow a certain morbidity."

In our own country, Edwin P. Whipple observed: "Probably the greatest female poet that England has ever produced, and one of the most unreadable, is Elizabeth B. Barrett. In the works of no woman have we ever observed so much grandeur of imagination, disguised as it is in an elaborately infelicitous style. She has a large heart and a large brain, but many of her thoughts are hooded eagles."

It seems to us that these critics dealt very justly with Mrs. Browning. The faults of the two largest poems which she had published were glaring and extremely offensive to a correct taste. "The Seraphim" is a dialogue between two angels who are witnessing the crucifixion, and giving utterance to their emotion as they gaze upon the awful spectacle. The very theme of the poem is enough to show that it must be a failure. The task of depicting the feelings which that stupendous sacrifice awakened in seraphic souls, is one which no one of our race should attempt.

"A Drama of Exile" shows greater power of imagination

and deals with a more approachable subject than "The Seraphim," but is hardly less open to criticism. It is based upon the expulsion of Adam and Eve from the garden of Eden. The poem opens with an exulting soliloquy by Lucifer, which is interrupted by the entrance of Gabriel. In the colloquy which ensues between them the fallen angel exults over his success, and Gabriel meets his taunts with pitying scorn, and bids him depart and "leave earth to God." The scene then changes. Adam and Eve appear in the distance, flying across the glare made by the flaming sword, and are followed in their flight by a lamentation and farewell, chanted by a chorus of Eden spirits; the spirits of the trees, the rivers, the birds and the flowers each in turn taking up the song.

The scene now changes to the outer extremity of the light cast by the flaming sword. There Adam and Eve stand and look forward into the gloom. Eve, in an agony of remorse, throws herself upon the ground, and begs her husband to spurn her, his seducer, from him forever. Adam raises and comforts her, and assures her of his forgiveness and continued love. A chorus of invisible angels, who had ministered to their pleasure in Eden, then chant the exiles a "faint and tender" farewell. Lucifer now appears upon the scene, and taunts his victims upon their ruin, until he is interrupted and driven away by a lament coming from his lost love, the morning star.

In the next scene Adam and Eve have advanced farther into a wild, open country. As they stand lamenting their fate, they are confronted by twelve shadowy creatures, which are the projections of the signs of the zodiac—the ram, the bull, the crab, the scorpion, etc. To let the poet state her own obscure conception:

> "Not a star pricketh the flat gloom of heaven;
> But girdling close our nether wilderness,
> The zodiac figures of the earth loom slow,
> Drawn out as suiteth with the place and time
> In twelve colossal shapes instead of stars."

Their attention is drawn from these by two spirits, of whom one calls itself "the spirit of the harmless earth," and the other "the spirit of the harmless beasts," who mourn the ruin that man has brought upon them, and, joined and assisted by

Lucifer, revile the wretched pair for the curse they have brought upon God's fair creation. When they have driven Adam and Eve to a frenzy of agony, Christ appears, rebukes the earth-spirits and commands them to become man's comforters and ministers, foretells the redemption which He will accomplish for the race, and bids our first parents—

> "In which hope move on,
> First sinners and first mourners; love and live,
> Doing both nobly because lowlily."

The earth-spirits promise obedience and disappear. A chorus of angels then chants the promise of immortal life to mortals, and thus the drama ends.

From this outline the reader may judge for himself whether, as a whole, the poem is strained, extravagant, and unequal to its theme.

Mrs. Browning's imagination could soar very high, but it could not, like Milton's, float tranquilly, supported by its strong pinion, in the clear upper air. Her genius seemed rather to emit brilliant flashes than to shed a steady radiance. "A Drama of Exile" contains many noble passages. Some of its conceptions give evidence of great originality and power. But passages in a poem written upon such a subject, which excite a reader's laughter by their extravagance, are fatal to its claims to be considered a great work of the imagination.

But those seven years of solitude and illness bore other and better fruit than "A Drama of Exile." Many of those beautiful short poems, on which Mrs. Browning's claims to our gratitude chiefly rest, are the fruit of that stern and protracted contest with extreme physical weakness and mental suffering. Then was written "Lady Isobel's Child"; a poem that combines more of Mrs. Browning's peculiar powers—her tenderness, her clear vision into the spiritual world, her ability to describe with wonderful vividness the appearances of nature, and her skill in using the pictures which she paints to heighten emotional effect—with fewer faults than almost any of her other poems. Then, also, was written "Bertha in the Lane"—the simplest and sweetest of her poems; and the "Rime of the Duchess May"—a poem whose vigor of movement

and graphic picturing no woman has equaled and few men have surpassed.

Then was written "The Cry of the Children," which will rank with those few noble poems in which genius utters, in its own thrilling tones, the cry of a humble and neglected class for relief.

Then was written "The Dead Pan"—a poem full of noble truth as well as beauty; a poem that gladly bids farewell to the old classic fables in which beauty was once enshrined, because a higher beauty is found in the truth and spiritual illumination of to-day.

What nobler creed for a poet than this:

> "What is true and just and honest,
> What is lovely, what is pure—
> All of praise that hath admonished
> All of virtue, shall endure;
> These are themes for poets' uses,
> Stirring nobler than the muses,
> Ere Pan was dead."

A prose work of Mrs. Browning's, published in 1863, two years after her death, but originally printed in the "London Athenæum" in 1842, entitled "Essays on the Greek Christian Poets and the English Poets," is written in a terse and vigorous style, disfigured here and there by a harsh or unpleasant figure or strained metaphor. It possesses sufficient merit to show that she might have attained a high rank as a prose writer. Its most noticeable merit is a certain felicity in putting subtle spiritual thought into language. It is of especial interest to the student of Mrs. Browning's poetry, as giving, in connection with her judgment upon most English poets, her theory of the true nature of the poetic art. This theory, which is closely allied to the theory of the realists in painting, may be stated as follows: There is poetry wherever God is and the works of God are. There is as true poetry in man and whatever pertains to man, of whatsoever grade of society or degree of cultivation, as in the grandest objects of nature. The poet must delineate what he sees and express what he feels.

In 1846 Mrs. Browning left her sick-room (she was literally assisted from her couch) to become the wife of Robert Browning,

a greater poet than herself, and a man not unworthy in nobility of soul as well as in depth of intellect of such a wife. And not to be unworthy of such a woman's love is indeed to be great!

In a series of sonnets, slightly disguised by their title, "Sonnets from the Portuguese," written to her husband before their marriage, she has poured out the wealth of her love, and at the same time displayed the loftiness and delicacy of her nature. Whoever wishes to know Mrs. Browning should study carefully these beautiful and artless poems, which tell the most sacred feelings of a woman's heart with such simplicity and truthfulness and freedom from false shame that the most fastidious taste cannot be offended by their recital. Nor are they interesting alone from the insight which they give us into the heart of their author. They are of unique interest, because they give us the revelation of a great woman's love. They set before us an affection which combines, with the passionate fervor of man's devotion, a clinging, self-renouncing tenderness which is peculiar to woman. They reveal to us a love unselfish in its essence, distrusting only its own worthiness and sufficiency to satisfy its object, and longing to be swallowed up in his larger nature. How false in the presence of such desire for self-renunciation on the part of so highly-gifted a nature appears the common cant that culture and genius and strong thought injure the finer qualities of a woman's soul!

"From their wedding-day," writes a friend, "Mrs. Browning seemed to be endowed with new life. Her health visibly improved, and she was enabled to make excursions in England prior to her departure for the land of her adoption—Italy—where she found a second and a dearer home."

She lived some time at Pisa, and thence removed to Florence, where the remainder of her life was passed.

"For nearly fifteen years," says the writer from whom we have quoted above, "Florence and the Brownings were *one* in the thoughts of many English and Americans."

Mrs. Browning's poems, for many years before her death, were more widely and heartily admired by American than by English readers. Her love of liberty and generous sympathy with all efforts to elevate the race made America dear and

Americans welcome to her. Her conversational powers were of the highest order. It was but natural, therefore, that her house should attract many American travelers to discuss with this little broad-browed woman those "great questions of the day," which we are told "were foremost in her thoughts and, therefore, oftenest on her lips."

Mrs. Browning's affections soon took root in Italy. The depth and fervor of the love which she bore her adopted country was such as man or woman have rarely borne for native land. It had the intensity of a personal attachment with a moral elevation such as love for a single person never has. It glows like fire through all her later poems. Her love for her adopted country was not a mere romantic attachment to its beauty and treasures of art and historic associations. It was a practical love for its men and women. She longed to see them elevated, and therefore she longed to see them free.

Her affection for Italy found its first expression in "Casa Guidi Windows," published in 1851. The poem consists of two parts, the former of which (written in 1848) describes the popular demonstrations in Florence occasioned by the promise of Duke Leopold II to grant a constitution to Padua. It goes on from this to call upon Italy to free her conscience from priestly domination, and her person from Austrian rule. It calls for a deliverer to break the fetters of priestcraft and tyranny. It asks the sympathy of all European nations, each of which is so deeply indebted to Italy for literature and art:

> "To this great cause of southern men, who strive
> In God's name for man's rights, and shall not fail."

The second part, written three years afterward, when Leopold had proved false, and the constitutional party had been crushed, describes the return of the Duke to Florence under the protection of Austrian bayonets, and gives utterance to the execrations of the despairing patriots of Italy against "false Leopold," a treacherous pope, and a lying priesthood. The poet then goes on in a magnificent strain to accuse the nations who were then flocking to the World's Fair in London of gross materialism and insensibility to the sufferings of their own oppressed and miserable and the wrongs of outraged Italy.

In 1848 Mrs. Browning's son and only child was born. As before, she had thrown the sorrow of her early life, and the love which had followed and superseded it, into her poetry, so this new and crowning affection found its fit and full expression in her verse. Before, it was the wife who wrote; now, it is the wife and mother. Her love for her child deepened and intensified her love for humanity. It strengthened her faith in God. It made her love him with that love which only mothers know. And as her poetry was the expression of what was noblest and deepest in her nature, it could not but follow that it should be full of the evidences of this its best affection.

Had Mrs. Browning died childless she never could have written that noble poem entitled "Mother and Poet," in which she has expressed so powerfully the anguish of that Italian poetess, whose two sons fell fighting for Italian liberty. Nor could she have written "Only a Curl," that touching, exquisite poem written to console two bereaved friends in America. Those who are fond of making comparisons will find a good opportunity for the exercise of their ingenuity in comparing this little poem with that of Tennyson entitled "To J. S.," likewise written to comfort an afflicted friend. That of the laureate is a far more beautiful work of art; after reading its melodious lines Mrs. Browning's verses sound rugged and harsh. Its writer's sympathy and love are expressed with exquisite delicacy and pathos. Its metaphors are full of beauty. Under ordinary circumstances one would read it with far more pleasure than "Only a Curl." But the latter poem, if it gratifies less the sense of beauty, is more richly fraught with consolation to a sorrowing soul. Its sympathy seems the more heartfelt for being less graceful. It does more than express sympathy. It carries the bereaved to the source of all comfort. It inspires him with the writer's lofty faith. It lets a ray of heavenly light into his soul.

In 1856 "Aurora Leigh" was published. This poem, which Mrs. Browning calls "the most mature of my works, and that into which my highest convictions upon life and art have entered," was finished in England, under the roof of the writer's

cousin and friend, John Kenyon—to whom it is dedicated. Mr. Kenyon was a genial and cultivated gentleman, the author of several graceful poems. He died in 1858, leaving his cousin a considerable addition to her fortune.

"Aurora Leigh" is a social epic—a sort of novel in blank verse. But a great poem cannot be constructed upon an absurd and improbable plot. Its characters must act as human beings in the same circumstances might naturally be expected to do. They must talk like men and women, making allowance for the limitations under which the artist works. They must not be used as puppets, to express the thoughts of the writer, but whatever they say must be the natural expression of their own personality. And especially should this be the case when the scene of the poem is laid, not in the mythical past, but in the broad, clear light of the present.

Judged by this standard, "Aurora Leigh" cannot be pronounced a great poem. The plot is awkward and improbable; the events are improbable and clumsily connected. The story and characters seem like an ill-contrived piece of mechanism intended to serve as a vehicle to convey the writer's impressions of the social life of her day.

But, notwithstanding all the faults which disfigure "Aurora Leigh," it is full of genius and power. It is not a great poem, but many of its passages are great. It contains much vigorous thought; many profound spiritual truths delicately and forcibly expressed; much noble description of natural scenery. It is a book to be read by detached passages rather than as a single work of art; and to one reading it thus it is full of interest and profit. Though not worthy of being the great work of Mrs. Browning's life, it must hold a high rank among the poems which the last century produced.

In 1859 Mrs. Browning published a little book entitled "Poems before Congress." These poems, which contained eulogies upon Louis Napoleon for the assistance he had rendered to Italy in her struggle for independence, and blamed England for lukewarmness toward the new nation struggling into freedom, were severely criticised by the English press. She was called disloyal to her native land, and was said to have prosti-

tuted her genius to eulogizing a tyrant and usurper. Of the nobility of the motives which actuated her to write as she did, the following extract from a letter which she wrote to a friend affords ample evidence:

"My book has had a very angry reception in my native country, as you probably observe; but I shall be forgiven one day; and meanwhile, forgiven or unforgiven, it is satisfactory to one's own soul to have spoken the truth as one apprehends the truth."

It may readily be supposed that Mrs. Browning's deep love of liberty would have led her to take a deep interest in America. That this was indeed the case, her own writings and the testimony of her friends give us abundant evidence. "Her interest in the American antislavery struggle," says Theodore Tilton, "was deep and earnest. She was a watcher of its progress, and afar off mingled her soul with its struggles. She corresponded with its leaders, and entered into the fellowship of their thoughts."

She wrote for a little book, which the Abolitionists published in 1848, called the "Liberty Bell," a poem entitled "A Curse for a Nation." Of this we will quote a single verse as a specimen:

"Because yourselves are standing straight
In the state
Of Freedom's foremost acolyte,
Yet keep calm footing all the time
On writhing bond-slaves—for this crime
This is the curse—write."

Many years after she wrote to an American friend concerning this poem:

"Never say that I have cursed your country. I only declared the *consequences of the evil* in her, and which has since developed itself in thunder and flame. I feel with more pain than many Americans do the sorrow of this transition time; but I do know that it is transition; that it *is* crisis, and that you will come out of the fire purified, stainless, having had the angel of a great cause walking with you in the furnace."

But she did not live to see her prophecy verified. The disease against which she had so long struggled broke out

with new violence in the spring of 1861. So rapid was its progress that her friends did not realize her danger until death was near. She wasted away in rapid consumption, and died, in Florence, on the morning of the 29th of June. Her last words, or rather her first words when the heavenly glory burst upon her vision, were, "It is beautiful."

Three weeks earlier Cavour's death had plunged Italy in mourning, and saddened the friends of liberty throughout the world. The impassioned poet and the heroic statesman of the new nation were both taken from it while it was on the very threshold of its life.

Mrs. Browning was buried in the English burying-ground at Florence. The city placed over the doorway of Casa Guidi a white marble tablet, on which is inscribed the following tribute to her memory:

"Here wrote and died E. B. Browning, who in the heart of a woman united the science of a sage and the spirit of a poet, and made with her verse a golden ring binding Italy and England.

"Grateful Florence placed this memorial, 1861."

In the published letters of Mrs. Browning, and those of her husband, the lovers of these poets, or of either of them, may find much of life-history to add to the interest of their works.

Louisa May Alcott

By SARAH K. BOLTON

A DOZEN of us sat about the dinner-table at the Hotel Bellevue, Boston. One was the gifted wife of a gifted clergyman; one had written two or three novels; one was a journalist; one was on the eve of a long journey abroad; and one, whom we were all glad to honor, was the brilliant author of "Little Women." She had a womanly face, bright, gray eyes, that looked full of merriment, and would not see the hard side of life, and an air of common sense that made all defer to her judgment. She told witty stories of the many who wrote her for advice or favors, and good-naturedly gave bits of her own personal experience. Nearly twenty years before, I had seen her, just after her "Hospital Sketches" were published, over which I, and thousands of others, had shed tears. Though but thirty years old then, Miss Alcott looked frail and tired. That was the day of her struggle with life. Now, at fifty, she looked happy and comfortable. The desire of her heart had been realized—to do good to tens of thousands, and earn enough money to care for those whom she loved.

Louisa Alcott's life, like that of many other famous women, was full of obstacles. She was born in Germantown, Pa., Nov. 29, 1832, in the home of an extremely lovely mother and cultivated father, Amos Bronson Alcott. Beginning life poor, his desire for knowledge led him to obtain an education and become a teacher. In 1830 he married Miss May, a descendant of the well-known Sewells and Quincys, of Boston. Louise Chandler Moulton says, in her excellent sketch of Miss Alcott, "I have heard that the May family were strongly opposed to

the union of their beautiful daughter with the penniless teacher and philosopher;" but he made a devoted husband, though poverty was long their guest.

For eleven years, mostly in Boston, he was the earnest and successful teacher. Margaret Fuller was one of his assistants. Everybody respected his purity of life and his scholarship. His kindness of heart made him opposed to corporal punishment, and in favor of self-government. The world had not come then to his high ideal, but has been creeping toward it ever since, until whipping, both in schools and homes, is fortunately becoming one of the lost arts.

He believed in making studies interesting to pupils; not the dull, old-fashioned method of learning by rote, whereby, when a hymn was taught, such as, "A Charge to keep I have," the children went home to repeat to their astonished mothers, "Eight yards to keep I have," having learned by ear, with no knowledge of the meaning of the words. He had friendly talks with his pupils on all great subjects; and some of these Miss Elizabeth Peabody, the sister of Mrs. Hawthorne, so greatly enjoyed, that she took notes, and compiled them in a book.

New England, always alive to any theological discussion, at once pronounced the book unorthodox. Emerson had been through the same kind of a storm, and bravely came to the defence of his friend. Another charge was laid at Mr. Alcott's door: he was willing to admit colored children to his school, and such a thing was not countenanced, except by a few fanatics (?) like Whittier, and Phillips, and Garrison. The heated newspaper discussion lessened the attendance at the school; and finally, in 1839, it was discontinued, and the Alcott family moved to Concord.

Here were gifted men and women with whom the philosopher could feel at home, and rest. Here lived Emerson, in the two-story drab house, with horse-chestnut trees in front of it. Here lived Thoreau, near his beautiful Walden Pond, a restful place, with no sound, save perchance the dipping of an oar or the note of a bird, which the lonely man loved so well. Here he built his house, twelve feet square, and lived for two years and a half, giving to the world what he desired others to give—his inner

self. Here was his bean-field, where he "used to hoe from five o'clock in the morning till noon," and made, as he said, an intimate acquaintance with weeds, and a pecuniary profit of eight dollars seventy-one and one-half cents! Here, too, was Hawthorne, "who," as Oliver Wendell Holmes says, "brooded himself into a dream-peopled solitude."

Here Mr. Alcott could live with little expense and teach his four daughters. Louisa, the eldest, was an active, enthusiastic child, getting into little troubles from her frankness and lack of policy, but making friends with her generous heart. Who can ever forget Jo in "Little Women," who was really Louisa, the girl who, when reproved for whistling by Amy, the art-loving sister, says: "I hate affected, niminy-piminy chits! I'm not a young lady; and if turning up my hair makes me one, I'll wear it in two tails till I'm twenty. I hate to think I've got to grow up, and be Miss March, and wear long gowns, and look as prim as a China aster! It's bad enough to be a girl, anyway, when I like boy's games and work and manners!"

At fifteen, "Jo was very tall, thin, and brown, and reminded one of a colt; for she never seemed to know what to do with her long limbs, which were very much in her way. She had a decided mouth, a comical nose, and sharp, gray eyes, which appeared to see everything, and were by turns fierce or funny or thoughtful. Her long, thick hair was her one beauty, but it was usually bundled into a net to be out of her way. Round shoulders had Jo, and big hands and feet, a fly-away look to her clothes, and the uncomfortable appearance of a girl who was rapidly shooting up into a woman, and didn't like it."

The four sisters lived a merry life in the Concord haunts, notwithstanding their scanty means. Now, at the dear mother's suggestion, they ate bread and milk for breakfast, that they might carry their nicely prepared meal to a poor woman, with six children, who called them *Engel-kinder*, much to Louisa's delight. Now they improvised a stage, and produced real plays, while the neighbors looked in and enjoyed the fun.

Louisa was especially fond of reading Shakespeare, Goethe, Emerson, Margaret Fuller, Miss Edgeworth, and George Sand. As early as eight years of age she wrote a poem of

eight lines, "To a Robin," which her mother carefully preserved, telling her that "if she kept on in this hopeful way, she might be a second Shakespeare in time." Blessings on those people who have a kind smile or a word of encouragement as we struggle up the hard hills of life!

At thirteen she wrote "My Kingdom." When, years afterward, Mrs. Eva Munson Smith wrote to her, asking for some poems for "Woman in Sacred Song," Miss Alcott sent her this one, saying, "It is the only hymn I ever wrote. It was composed at thirteen, and as I still find the same difficulty in governing my kingdom, it still expresses my soul's desire, and I have nothing better to offer."

"A little kingdom I possess
Where thoughts and feelings dwell,
And very hard the task I find
Of governing it well;
For passion tempts and troubles me,
A wayward will misleads,
And selfishness its shadow casts
On all my words and deeds.

"How can I learn to rule myself,
To be the child I should,
Honest and brave, and never tire
Of trying to be good?
How can I keep a sunny soul
To shine along life's way?
How can I tune my little heart
To sweetly sing all day?

"Dear Father, help me with the love
That casteth out my fear;
Teach me to lean on Thee, and feel
That Thou art very near:
That no temptation is unseen,
No childish grief too small,
Since Thou, with patience infinite,
Dost soothe and comfort all.

"I do not ask for any crown,
But that which all may win;
Nor try to conquer any world
Except the one within.
Be Thou my guide until I find,
Led by a tender hand,
Thy happy kingdom in myself,
And dare to take command."

Louisa was very imaginative, telling stories to her sisters and her mates, and at sixteen wrote a book for Miss Ellen Emer-

son, entitled "Flower Fables." It was not published till six years later, and then, being florid in style, did not bring her any fame. She was now anxious to earn her support. She was not the person to sit down idly and wait for marriage, or for some rich relation to care for her; but she determined to make a place in the world for herself. She says in "Little Women," "Jo's ambition was to do something very splendid; what it was she had no idea, as yet, but left it for time to tell her," and at sixteen the time had come to make the attempt.

She began to teach school with twenty pupils. Instead of the theological talks which her father gave his scholars, she told them stories, which she says made the one pleasant hour in her school-day. Now the long years of work had begun—fifteen of them—which should give the girl such rich yet sometimes bitter experiences, that she could write the most fascinating books from her own history. Into her volume called "Work," published when she had become famous, she put many of her own early sorrows in those of Christie.

Much of this time was spent in Boston. Sometimes she cared for an invalid child; sometimes she was a governess; sometimes she did sewing, adding to her slender means by writing late at night. Occasionally she went to the house of Rev. Theodore Parker, where she met Emerson, Sumner, Garrison, and Julia Ward Howe. Emerson always had a kind word for the girl whom he had known in Concord, and Mr. Parker would take her by the hand and say, "How goes it, my child? God bless you; keep your heart up, Louisa," and then she would go home to her lonely room, brave and encouraged.

At nineteen, one of her early stories was published in "Gleason's Pictorial," and for this she received five dollars. How welcome was this brain-money! Some months later she sent a story to the "Boston Saturday Gazette," entitled "The Rival Prima Donnas," and, to her great delight, received ten dollars; and what was almost better still, a request from the editor for another story. Miss Alcott made "The Rival Prima Donnas" into a drama, and it was accepted by a theater, and would have been put upon the stage but for some disagreement among

the actors. However, the young teacher received for her work a pass to the theater for forty nights. She even meditated going upon the stage, but the manager quite opportunely broke his leg, and the contract was annulled. What would the boys and girls of America have lost, had their favorite turned actress!

A second story was, of course, written for the "Saturday Evening Gazette." And now Louisa was catching a glimpse of fame. She says, "One of the memorial moments of my life is that in which, as I trudged to school on a wintry day, my eye fell upon a large yellow poster with these delicious words: '"Bertha," a new tale by the author of "The Rival Prima Donnas," will appear in the "Saturday Evening Gazette."' I was late; it was bitter cold; people jostled me; I was mortally afraid I should be recognized; but there I stood, feasting my eyes on the fascinating poster, and saying proudly to myself, in the words of the great Vincent Crummles, 'This, this is fame!' That day my pupils had an indulgent teacher; for, while they struggled with their pot-hooks, I was writing immortal works; and when they droned out the multiplication table, I was counting up the noble fortune my pen was to earn for me in the dim, delightful future. That afternoon my sisters made a pilgrimage to behold this famous placard, and finding it torn by the wind, boldly stole it, and came home to wave it like a triumphal banner in the bosom of the excited family. The tattered paper still exists, folded away with other relics of those early days, so hard and yet so sweet, when the first small victories were won, and the enthusiasm of youth lent romance to life's drudgery."

Finding that there was money in sensational stories, she set herself eagerly to work, and soon could write ten or twelve a month. She says in "Little Women": "As long as 'The Spread Eagle' paid her a dollar a column for her 'rubbish,' as she called it, Jo felt herself a woman of means, and spun her little romances diligently. But great plans fermented in her busy brain and ambitious mind, and the old tin kitchen in the garret held a slowly increasing pile of blotted manuscript, which was one day to place the name of March upon the roll of fame."

But sensational stories did not bring much fame, and the

conscientious Louisa tired of them. A novel, "Moods," written at eighteen, shared nearly the same fate as "Flower Fables." Some critics praised, some condemned, but the great world was indifferent. After this, she offered a story to Mr. James T. Fields, at that time editor of the "Atlantic Monthly," but it was declined, with the kindly advice that she stick to her teaching. But Louisa Alcott had a strong will and a brave heart, and would not be overcome by obstacles.

The Civil War had begun, and the school-teacher's heart was deeply moved. She was now thirty, having had such experience as makes us very tender toward suffering. The perfume of natures does not usually come forth without bruising. She determined to go to Washington and offer herself as a nurse at the hospital for soldiers. After much official red tape, she found herself in the midst of scores of maimed and dying, just brought from the defeat at Fredericksburg. She says: "Round the great stove was gathered the dreariest group I ever saw—ragged, gaunt, and pale, mud to the knees, with bloody bandages untouched since put on days before; many bundled up in blankets, coats being lost or useless, and all wearing that disheartened look which proclaimed defeat more plainly than any telegram, of the Burnside blunder. I pitied them so much, I dared not speak to them. I yearned to serve the dreariest of them all.

"Presently there came an order, 'Tell them to take off socks, coats, and shirts; scrub them well, put on clean shirts, and the attendants will finish them off, and lay them in bed.'

"I chanced to light on a withered old Irishman," she says, "wounded in the head, which caused that portion of his frame to be tastefully laid out like a garden, the bandages being the walks, and his hair the shrubbery. He was so overpowered by the honor of having a lady wash him, as he expressed it, that he did nothing but roll up his eyes and bless me, in an irresistible style which was too much for my sense of the ludicrous, so we laughed together; and when I knelt down to take off his shoes, he wouldn't hear of my touching 'them dirty craters.' Some of them took the performance like sleepy children, leaning their tired heads against me as I worked; others looked grimly scandalized, and several of the roughest colored like bashful girls."

When food was brought, she fed one of the badly wounded men, and offered the same help to his neighbor. "Thank you, ma'am," he said, "I don't think I'll ever eat again, for I'm shot in the stomach. But I'd like a drink of water, if you ain't too busy."

"I rushed away," she says; "but the water-pails were gone to be refilled, and it was some time before they reappeared. I did not forget my patient, meanwhile, and, with the first mugful, hurried back to him. He seemed asleep; but something in the tired white face caused me to listen at his lips for a breath. None came. I touched his forehead; it was cold; and then I knew that, while he waited, a better nurse than I had given him a cooler draught, and healed him with a touch. I laid the sheet over the quiet sleeper, whom no noise could now disturb; and, half an hour later, the bed was empty."

With cheerful face and warm heart she went among the soldiers, now writing letters, now washing faces, and now singing lullabies. One day a tall, manly fellow was brought in. He seldom spoke, and uttered no complaint. After a little, when his wounds were being dressed, Miss Alcott observed the big tears roll down his cheeks and drop on the floor.

She says: "My heart opened wide and took him in, as, gathering the bent head in my arms, as freely as if he had been a child, I said, 'Let me help you bear it, John!' Never on any human countenance have I seen so swift and beautiful a look of gratitude, surprise, and comfort as that which answered me more eloquently than the whispered—

"'Thank you, ma'am; this is right good! this is what I wanted.'

"'Then why not ask for it before?'

"'I didn't like to be a trouble, you seemed so busy, and I could manage to get on alone.'"

The doctors had told Miss Alcott that John must die, and she must take the message to him; but she had not the heart to do it. One evening he asked her to write a letter for him. "Shall it be addressed to wife or mother, John?"

"Neither, ma'am; I've got no wife, and will write to mother myself when I get better. Mother's a widow; I'm the oldest

child she has, and it wouldn't do for me to marry until Lizzy has a home of her own, and Jack's learned his trade; for we're not rich, and I must be father to the children and husband to the dear old woman, if I can."

"No doubt you are both, John; yet how came you to go to war, if you felt so?"

"I went because I couldn't help it. I didn't want the glory or the pay; I wanted the right thing done, and people kept saying the men who were in earnest ought to fight. I was in earnest, the Lord knows! but I held off as long as I could, not knowing which was my duty. Mother saw the case, gave me her ring to keep me steady, and said 'Go'; so I went."

"Do you ever regret that you came, when you lie here suffering so much?"

"Never, ma'am; I haven't helped a great deal, but I've shown I was willing to give my life, and perhaps I've got to. . . . This is my first battle; do they think it's going to be my last?"

"I'm afraid they do, John."

He seemed startled at first, but desired Miss Alcott to write the letter to Jack, because he could best tell the sad news to the mother. With a sigh, John said, "I hope the answer will come in time for me to see it."

Two days later Miss Alcott was sent for. John stretched out both hands as he said, "I knew you'd come. I guess I'm moving on, ma'am." Then clasping her hand so close that the death marks remained long upon it, he slept the final sleep. An hour later John's letter came, and putting it in his hand, Miss Alcott kissed the dead brow of the Virginia blacksmith, for his aged mother's sake, and buried him in the government lot.

The noble teacher after a while became ill from overwork, and was obliged to return home, soon writing her book, "Hospital Sketches," published in 1865. This year, needing rest and change, she went to Europe as companion to an invalid lady, spending a year in Germany, Switzerland, Paris, and London. In the latter city she met Jean Ingelow, Frances Power Cobbe, John Stuart Mill, George Lewes, and others, who had known of the brilliant Concord coterie. Such persons did not ask if Miss Alcott were rich, nor did they care.

In 1868 her father took several of her more recent stories to Roberts Brothers to see about their publication in book form. Mr. Thomas Niles, a member of the firm, a man of refinement and good judgment, said: "We do not care just now for volumes of collected stories. Will not your daughter write us a new book consisting of a single story for girls?"

Miss Alcott feared she could not do it, and set herself to write "Little Women," to show the publishers that she could *not* write a story for girls. But she did not succeed in convincing them or the world of her inability. In two months the first part was finished, and published October, 1868. It was a natural, graphic story of her three sisters and herself in that simple Concord home. How we, who are grown-up children, read with interest about the "Lawrence boy," especially if we had boys of our own, and sympathized with the little girl who wrote Miss Alcott, "I have cried quarts over Beth's sickness. If you don't have her marry Laurie in the second part, I shall never forgive you, and none of the girls in our school will ever read any more of your books. Do! do! have her, please."

The second part appeared in April, 1869 and Miss Alcott found herself famous. The "pile of blotted manuscript" had "placed the name of March upon the roll of fame." Some of us could not be reconciled to dear Jo's marriage with the German professor, and their school at Plumfield, when Laurie loved her so tenderly. We cried over Beth, and felt how strangely like most young housekeepers was Meg. How the tired teacher, and tender-hearted nurse for the soldiers must have rejoiced at her success! "This year," she wrote her publishers, "after toiling so many years along the up-hill road, always a hard one to women writers, it is peculiarly grateful to me to find the way growing easier at last, with pleasant little surprises blossoming on either side, and the rough places made smooth."

When "Little Men" was announced, fifty thousand copies were ordered in advance of its publication! About this time Miss Alcott visited Rome with her artist sister May, the Amy of "Little Women," and on her return, wrote "Shawl-straps," a bright sketch of their journey, followed by "An Old-Fashioned Girl"; that charming book "Under the Lilacs,"

where your heart goes out to Ben and his dog Sancho; six volumes of "Aunt Jo's Scrap-bag"; "Jack and Jill"; and others.

She was ever the most devoted of daughters. Till the mother went out of life, in 1877, she provided for her every want. May, the gifted youngest sister, who was married in Paris in 1878 to Ernst Nieriker, died a year and a half later, leaving her infant daughter, Louisa May Nieriker, to Miss Alcott's loving care. The father, who became paralyzed in 1882, had her constant ministries. How proud he was of his Louisa! I once heard him say, "I am riding in her golden chariot."

Miss Alcott divided her time between Boston and Concord. "The Orchards," the Alcott home, set in its frame of grand trees, its walls and doors daintily covered with May Alcott's sketches, became the home of the "Summer School of Philosophy," and Miss Alcott and her father lived in the house where Thoreau died.

Most of her stories were written in Boston, where she found more inspiration than at Concord. "She never had a study," says Mrs. Moulton; "any corner will answer to write in. She is not particular as to pens and paper, and an old atlas on her knee is all the desk she cares for. She has the wonderful power to carry a dozen plots in her head at a time, thinking them over whenever she is in the mood. Often in the dead waste and middle of the night she lies awake and plans whole chapters. In her hardest working days she used to write fourteen hours in the twenty-four, sitting steadily at her work, and scarcely tasting food till her daily task was done. When she has a story to write, she goes to Boston, hires a quiet room, and shuts herself up in it. In a month or so the book will be done, and its author comes out 'tired, hungry, and cross,' and ready to go back to Concord and vegetate for a time."

Miss Alcott was an earnest advocate of woman's suffrage, and temperance. When Meg in "Little Women" prevails upon Laurie to take the pledge on her wedding-day, the delighted Jo beams her approval. In 1883 she writes of the suffrage reform, "Every year gives me greater faith in it, greater hope of its success, a larger charity for those who cannot see its wisdom,

and a more earnest wish to use what influence I possess for its advancement."

Miss Alcott did a noble work for her generation. Her books have been translated into foreign languages, and expressions of affection came to her from both east and west. She said, "As I turn my face toward sunset, I find so much to make the down-hill journey smooth and lovely, that, like Christian, I go on my way rejoicing with a cheerful heart."

Miss Alcott died March 6, 1888, at the age of fifty-five, three days after the death of her distinguished father, eighty-eight years old. She had been ill for some months, from care and overwork. On the Saturday morning before she died, she wrote to a friend: "I am told that I must spend another year in this 'Saint's Rest,' and then I am promised twenty years of health. I don't want so many, and I have no idea I shall see them. But as I don't live for myself, I will live on for others."

On the evening of the same day she became unconscious, and remained so till her death.

The Start and the Goal

By EDWARD W. BOK

WHENEVER a rich man dies, a man who has risen from obscure poverty to great wealth, it is a common thing for young men to say: "Oh, yes, he started when there were lots of chances. But a man can't do that sort of thing now." In 1840 the discontented said that the halcyon days were in 1812, when a man could get a fat contract in the war. In 1870 the rich men had had the chance of the gold fever in 1849. In 1900 we said that it was easy enough for a man to get a start during the war of 1865. And so it goes. In 1930 it will no doubt be said: "Oh, yes, a man had a chance in 1900 when all was prosperity, and America was just developing her new territories." Yet thousands of young men to-day are saying that "there are no chances for a poor young man." They say this so glibly; they argue so plausibly about the crushing influence of trusts and the combination of capital, that this volume on achievement, in which many voices are lifted in clear illustration of that term, appears in timely season.

When a young man sits down and belittles the times in which he lives, and wails about "the good times when men had a chance," it is a pretty good indication not that the times are wrong, but that the young man is either incompetent or indolent. The fact that a young man is poor is not a hindrance, and never was. On the contrary, poverty is the finest inheritance a young man can have. No combination can be better than poverty and good health to a young man who wants to carve his way in the world. The young man to be pitied is he of means who knows no stimulus to the best endeavor. But the young fellow who inherits poverty is to be congratulated. He has what all men who have risen in the world had to push them on: to make them mighty. The finest process of character-building through which a man can pass is that of poverty. It is a priceless stimulus. Such conditions as hard work and

an education obtained with difficulty breed men, and men so bred have the best training to conquer obstacles. A young man does not start with nothing when he has good health, and believes in frugality and honesty. He has everything that has made thousands of men useful, honored, and happy.

There is no condition of mind so fatal to a young man as that which puts him out of sorts with the times in which he lives. The most useless men in the world to-day are the unsuccessful loafers who regard the riches of others as an insult to themselves. The young fellow who has anything in him never stops to regard other people except as he can learn from them. He has no time to abuse the methods of others. That is a practice he leaves to the loungers who kick their heels at station platforms, or rural groceries, or corner groggeries. It is the chief greatness of America that a young man can make of himself what he chooses. No man, business house, or corporation keeps a young man down because he is poor. The demand for brains to-day is too great. A young man of capacity, industry, and integrity has a field for individual effort such as has never before existed in this country. And success is neither harder nor easier than it ever was. Success never yet came to the laggard, and it never will come. Let a young man be capable, have enterprise, be willing to work, and carry himself like a man, and he goes where he will. His success depends upon himself. No times, no conditions, no combinations of capital can stop a young man who has a determination to honorably succeed, and who is willing to work according to the very utmost of his capacity and sinews of strength.

The real trouble is that many a young man won't work. He has gotten the insane notion into his head that success comes by luck: that men are made by opportunities that either come to them or are thrust upon them. And he waits for luck or a chance to come along and find him. Or he dissipates his energies in profitless channels. Instead of using every moment of his time he wastes hours in sensual pleasures for which a young fellow with the right stuff in him has no time. Instead of defying and dismissing temptation, he courts it, winks at it, plays with it. Instead of placing dress and amuse-

ments in their proper relative position, he takes them out of their places and lets them hold a wrong value in his life. Instead of using his time in learning from other men, he wastes his breath in idle lamentations. Instead of taking a sane view of conditions, and seeing with a clear mind that as trade widens opportunities increase, he takes the mistaken view that the rich are getting richer and the poor are getting poorer. These are the conditions of mind and life which are keeping thousands of young men down, and will keep them down. The times are all right. It is the young man who finds fault with them who is not.

The next step to discontent with times and conditions is the refusal of young men to obey orders. There is no doubt that one of the most difficult things in this world is to do what one is told to do. Approached even in a spirit of entire willingness, it is a difficult lesson to learn. The unwilling young man renders it more difficult by a sullen refusal to do as he is told, or, if he obeys an order, it is in a spirit of rebellion. He seems to resent the acquirement of one of the most valuable lessons in the business world: that no man is ever competent to give orders until he has first learned to obey orders. A man must be an employee before he can become an employer. But our young man of to-day has a notion that he can "cut across lots" and omit being an employee. With one leap he wants the position of success without the ability to fill that position, for no position is ever filled by a man who has not first gone through all the other and subordinate positions which lead to it. I am afraid that there was a good deal of truth in the answer made to the editor of a Western newspaper who sent to all the successful men in his city this question: "Why is it that not more of our young men succeed?" And one answer came in this laconic phrase: "Because too many of them are looking for white-shirt jobs." It was a homely way of putting it, but there is much truth in it. Young men want success, but they are unwilling to work for it. The chief cause of the remarkable succession of able presidents who have presided over the Pennsylvania Railroad Company is that in each instance the man has worked up from the machine shops and the roadbed of the

company to its presidency. In other words, these presidents have been made, through their own experience, acquainted with every detail of the great system of which they have been the heads. This is essential in these days of great combinations. It is the practical man of practical experience who is called to occupy the great positions of which we read so much in the daily prints and which dazzle the eyes and minds of our young men. But they look at these men when they have "arrived," forgetting that each instance stands for years and years of work in subordinate positions which fitted them for their present positions of trust and prominence. If a young man doubts this essential of a successful life, let him look for a moment at the beginnings of the men who are to-day occupying the positions which he envies. Here is the president of one of our great railroads who was a freight clerk. The president of one of the great railroad systems of America was a clerk. The president of the greatest trust in the country was a laborer. What was the president of the Metropolitan Street Railway Company of New York City? Laborer, switchman, fireman, brakeman, conductor, etc. A telegraph operator became president of the Western Union Telegraph Company; a fifteen-dollar-per-week clerk president of the New York Life Insurance Company. The president of the largest bank in America was a messenger boy. The head of the largest publishing house in this country was a newsboy.

These are but a few of almost countless instances which might be given. In every case the start was made at the bottom. These men learned to obey orders before they gave them. And that every young fellow must do to-day to succeed. It is not a case of jump, but a case of honest rise from the lowest rung of the ladder to the next, and so on until the highest is attained.

There is another element in success which the testimonies in this volume should make clear to a young man, and that is that he must know his particular business through and through. Concentration is a tremendous element in modern success. The age is one of specialization. The successful man is not

the man who knows a thousand and one things, but the man who knows one particular thing and does that thing better than any other man. It is said of a great financier that he once asked of a young man:

"What is your greatest ambition?"

"To be a rich man," was the reply.

"That's where you're a fool," answered the financier. "You ought to strive to be the greatest in your line of work in the world. Then you can't help being rich." The advice was straight to the point.

There are not enough days in a lifetime for a man to learn more than all there is to know of one thing, and it is given to none of us even to know that. But just in proportion as we do try to learn all there is to know of one thing are we on the sure road to success. It makes no difference what that single thing is: how ordinary it is. One of the greatest things in the world is to do a common thing in an uncommon way. For the man who can do that there is always a livelihood, and generally a pretty generous livelihood at that. The man who is above the ordinary cannot help attracting attention. He is bound to be seen, and no sooner is he seen than his reward comes. This mastery of one thing calls for the single element of concentration: of concentrating the mind on one thing. This does not mean a narrowing of one's abilities, since there is nothing that we can do in this world that does not touch almost every other interest. Just take any book on any subject, I care not what it is, and if intelligently read its ramifications will become so apparent as to lead one to the literature of the world. The study of any single life leads to the history of the world. So with industries. Every industry is closely linked with some other. Each is a spoke in the great wheel of commerce. Hence concentration does not mean limitation by any means.

Outside of business hours he can broaden his scope of things by his use of the leisure which his efforts during the day bring to him. And as a young man chooses his line of action in the business world, so must he choose the best way to spend his leisure. Naturally, good reading will open up more to a young man than any other pleasure, provided he reads wisely

and of his own selection. For I am not an advocate of the theory that parents or any one else can choose a young man's reading any more than they can choose his clothes for him. Both are matters of taste and should remain of one's individual selection. What strikes one as an excellent book often fails utterly to appeal to another. No matter how good a book may be, if it does not interest the one who reads it, the time spent in reading it is practically wasted. The books that help a young man, or anybody else for that matter, are the books that interest him. From them he will get profit, and from no others. Therefore a young man must select his own reading if he is to read with any profit to himself. He, and he alone, knows his aspirations, his inclinations, and his tastes. Even a young man's father cannot make a selection for him. The only precaution a father can take is that his son's selection shall be made from among good books. There are, of course, certain fundamental books upon which any profitable reading should be based. I mean the Bible, Shakespeare, a good dictionary, an encyclopedia, and Roget's "Thesaurus." These are compelling, and the well-advised reader will begin with these works, and much in the order that I have named. But from that point on the selection must be individual.

The same is true of newspaper and periodical reading. Every young man should read a good daily newspaper, a weekly and a monthly. But it is not for any one to advise what those particular periodicals shall be. A newspaper depends on the city in which a young man lives, and he should select—which is generally not difficult to do—that paper which stands for honesty in its news and the highest purposes in its editorial expression. It is not necessary that he should read a morning and an evening paper One is sufficient; but let it be the best. No young man can afford to be ignorant of what is going on in the world. A good weekly is important because it gives him, in more carefully prepared form, the news of the world. There are a dozen good weeklies, any one of which a young man can profitably read. His best method, at the start, is to buy a different one each week until he has exhausted the list of the principal weeklies. Then let him select the one which

appealed to him most. The same with the monthly magazine, which should be read for its presentation of what is the literature of a country. There are so many of these magazines, all of which are different, that the wisest selection is possible only after an acquaintance with every one of them. But the final choice, whether of a periodical or book, must be with the young man himself. To advise people to read books that do not interest them is futile. Our days are too short, and the number of books too great, to read anything that does not interest us.

Success, then, is a very individual thing. It must come from the young man himself: from his inner self. He must know himself first. He must decide for himself, guided only by his parents' more mature judgment, what one special thing in this world interests him more than anything else. Then he must study himself and see if he has the abilities to successfully carry out what he believes he is capable of undertaking. Once embarked on his self-chosen career, nothing should daunt him, and he cannot afford to turn to the left or to the right. Success lies in having a goal clearly fixed and then bending every energy and employing every honorable means toward its accomplishment. For success means only one thing: the actual accomplishment of anything undertaken. It does not mean height, greatness of achievement, prominence, or aught else but the successful termination of anything we set out to do. We can soon measure our abilities and learn the extent to which we can intelligently go in our bent. Then comes another and the final test of success—the knowing of when to stop, when we have reached our mental and physical limit. According to that will come the pecuniary reward. No young man need ever worry about what success will bring him. It will bring him exactly what he is capable of bringing out of it—not a penny less and not a penny more. For, in the final analysis, it is a hard fact, proven and proven again, hard though it may be to believe it, that every man gets in this world pretty much what he deserves. Every man is measured by his capacities, and his capacities measure the degree of success.

Find Your Special Talent

By ROBERT WATERS

MANY young persons are in an uncertain state of mind as to the nature and extent of their natural abilities, and on this account find it difficult to fix upon the profession or calling which they are to follow for life. This feeling is by no means unnatural; it is the struggle of youth toward manhood and maturity. Only prodigies know from the start what they are best able to do. The mental powers of every young person, no matter how situated, are in constant process of development, and it is only after a certain stage of this development that one can plainly see wherein his strength lies. Sometimes a man tries two or three professions before he comes to see which is his proper one, or the career for which he is best fitted. This happens not only with men of ordinary but with men of extraordinary ability. Daniel Defoe was a trader, a soldier, a merchant, a secretary, a factory manager, a commissioner's accountant, an envoy, and what not, before he became an author, in which profession he had the greatest success because it was that for which he had the greatest talent. And even in this profession he went on improving and developing his talent; for he wrote a cartload of books before he wrote "Robinson Crusoe." Wilson the ornithologist went through a bitter experience in five different professions before he became a student of ornithology, in which he not only found the

greatest happiness of his life, but rendered invaluable service to the science of natural history.

Sometimes a fortunate accident reveals the sphere wherein one can succeed. "Most men," says Saint-Réal, "are like plants; they possess properties which chance discovers." A New York paper lately published an account of the career of six successful theatrical managers, all of whom came to their work by accidental circumstances. They saw their opportunity and took advantage of it. Let me mention one or two examples in other careers. Lord Erskine, the famous advocate, first entered the navy, in which he spent four years; but finding promotion not sufficiently rapid, he entered the army, in which he served for two or three years, when his regiment happened to be quartered in a town in which the assizes were held. Sauntering into court one day, he was invited to a seat on the bench by the presiding judge, who happened to know him; and, while listening to the pleaders at the bar, he was told that they were at the top of their profession. He began taking their measure, and he made up his mind that he could do at least as well as they did, and immediately began the study of law. The world knows the result. Erskine became the greatest forensic orator of his day and lord high chancellor of England.

A man may be a born merchant, as well as a born poet or orator; and this, too, is sometimes discovered by accident. Mr. A. T. Stewart, the millionaire merchant, was educated for the church, which he left for the schoolmaster's desk, and, by the merest accident, found that his real talent fitted him for the shopkeeper's counter. "He greeted me cordially," says the Rev. John Miller, in "The Independent," "and told me that he was designed for my profession; that what Greek and Latin he knew was for that purpose; that his early manhood had no other end in view; but that an old uncle had told him that a 'call' was necessary, and had described it in such a way that he recognized he had received no such thing, and felt driven to the choice of the humbler and less interesting work of a professional school-teacher. This it was that brought him to the states. His merchants'

life was an afterthought. And I learned how this came. He had saved a small pittance above his expense, which he lent to a passenger, a young man whom he had known in Ireland, who was to be a merchant. Stewart's loan of $78 helped to set him up. And, in a small shop of the city of that day, the young man strove hard to succeed; but finding that he was about to fail, he persuaded his friend Stewart to quit his school-teaching and take the shop, as the only means of making sure his money. It was in this way that Stewart made the discovery of his gift as a merchant."

Jonas Chickering was originally a cabinet-maker. Happening to see a piano in a New England town, he felt a strong curiosity to ascertain the secret of its structure. "It was the only one in town," says Mr. Endicott, "and so sadly out of tune as to be almost useless; but he closely inspected it, took it to pieces, discovered its defects, repaired it, and made it fit for use. This incident, trivial except as a mark of genius, had a decisive influence over his destiny. It begot a purpose in his heart to become something more than a journeyman cabinet-maker. In its result, it transformed him from a cabinet-maker into a distinguished manufacturer of pianos." He became a millionaire, and the owner and director of an establishment that turned out thirty pianos a week.

Most young men have little to do with the choice of the profession in which they find themselves. Their parents or guardians choose for them; and these often choose, not so much with a view to their fitness for the profession, as to its profitableness or prospective advantages. This last item is, of course, a matter of prime importance; but if inward peace and true profit are looked to, it will be found that a modest income in a congenial profession is preferable by far to the most brilliant pecuniary success in one of a contrary nature.

With those young men who have their professions thus chosen for them, one of two things happens: either they plod on for life in a mediocre way in the arena in which they are placed, or if they have talent, energy, and character, they push forward to eminence in their profession, or in some

other profession which they like better, and take their place among men of mark. A man of genius, no matter where placed, *grows* into fitness for his proper sphere. He cuts out a career for himself, in spite of all the obstacles that may present themselves; while his companions jog on for life in the rut in which they were placed by others. The Hon. Jonathan Chace, United States senator from Rhode Island, displayed in his youth a great fondness for study and books, and one day he told his father that he was almost ready for college. "Jonathan," replied the old man, who was a money-making Quaker, "thou shalt go down to the machine-shop on Monday morning." And to the machine-shop he went, where he remained for many years before he broke loose, and worked his way up to that sphere of life for which his talents fitted him. He became a distinguished senator, the originator of the International Copyright Law.

Mr. E. C. Stedman, in speaking of the facility with which Oliver Wendell Holmes composed his festive and society verses, says that "what one does easily is apt to be his forte." True; and I might add, that what one likes to do is apt to be his forte. Those scholars who take more willingly to one study than to another may find therein an indication where their talent lies. The wise Shakespeare says:—

> "No profit grows where is no pleasure ta'en;
> In brief, sir, study what you most affect."

This, therefore, Inclination, is the safest guide to the path in which you are most likely to succeed. What a youth takes a fancy to he is likely to have a talent for; and if he perseveres in it and makes progress in it, his talent is confirmed. I know there are some persons who, because they take a fancy to a certain line of work, devote themselves to it without ever attaining any degree of excellence in it; but these are people who have more zeal than judgment, or more vanity than either. They are weak in some part of their mental make-up. You may be sure it is not so much the love of the work itself that animates or attracts them as the

material advantages or the honor and fame they expect to derive from it.

Now the true artist pursues his work without a thought of anything but excellence in the execution of it or the benefit to be conferred by it. Love of fame, "the last infirmity of noble minds," he may indeed possess; but no visions of rank or power ever formed the mainspring of the exertions of a man of genius, or supplied the inspiration by which he produced his work. Some may point to Dean Swift as an exception, but he was an exceptional man in many respects. Swift declared that all his endeavors to distinguish himself "were only to secure a great title and fortune, that he might be treated like a lord by those who had an opinion of his parts." This was his object at one time; but I am sure that when he was writing "Gulliver's Travels," or the "Tale of a Tub," his delight in his work and his keen anticipation of its effect on his contemporaries were far stronger impelling powers than any anticipations of profit or power to be derived from it.

A youth of twelve years, who had played skillfully on the piano, once said to Mozart: "Herr Capellmeister, I should like to compose something; how shall I begin?" "Pooh, pooh," said the great composer, "you must wait." "But you began when you were younger than I am." "Yes, so I did," said he; "but I never asked anything about it. When one has the spirit of a composer, he writes because he can't help it."

There Mozart struck the keynote to genius. One who has the ability to accomplish something in art does not need to ask how to begin; nature teaches him how to begin. He takes to it because he cannot help it, as naturally as a duck takes to water. It is his delight to do this thing and no other; and this he does for the sake of the work itself, not for what advantage he may get out of it. Even the practical philosopher, the investigator of natural phenomena, does not pursue his investigations for the sake of the honor or profit he may get out of them; nor even for the benefit of mankind, which is a noble motive in itself; but for the sake of knowing,

of finding out, of discovering what was not known before: he investigates because he cannot help it. "That which stirs his pulse," says Mr. Huxley, "is the love of knowledge, and the joy of the discovery of those things sung by the old poets, the supreme delight of extending the realm of law and order ever farther toward the unattainable goals of the infinitely great and the infinitely small, between which our little race of life is run. . . . Nothing great in science has ever been done by men, whatever their power, in whom the divine afflatus of the truthseeker was wanting."

This being the case, why should any young person be prevented from busying himself in any harmless way that amuses him? Why should he be told that it is useless or foolish? Let him alone; he is developing his talent, struggling toward light and knowledge; and when his opportunity comes he will know what to do.

"A point of education that I can never too much insist upon," says Emerson, "is this tenet, that every individual man has a *bias* which he must obey; for it is only as he feels and obeys this bias that he rightly develops and attains his legitimate power in the world. It is his magnetic needle, which points always in one direction to his proper path, with more or less variation from any other man's. He is never happy or strong until he finds it; keeps it; learns to be at home with himself; learns to watch the delicate hints and insights that come to him, and to have the entire assurance of his own mind. And in this self-respect, or hearkening to the privatest oracle, he need never be at a loss. In morals, this is conscience; in intellect, genius; in practice, talent —not to imitate or surpass a particular man in *his* way, but to bring out your own new way; to each his own method, style, wit, eloquence."

Method

By HENRY HARDWICKE

METHOD facilitates every kind of business. Fuller quaintly says: "Marshal thy notions into a handsome method. One will carry twice more weight packed up in bundles, than when it lies flapping and hanging about his shoulders." His words are true. He who would succeed in business, or in anything, must be methodical. No matter what his calling, he must master all its details and bearings, instruments and applications.

The best and quickest way to do things is to do one thing at a time, and in our work there is usually a progressive transition from one step to another. Each step should be taken in the order in which it comes. It has been well said that dispatch is the life of business, and that method is the soul of dispatch.

The best men of business are noted for method and dispatch in the transaction of their affairs. Bulwer wisely says: "Every great man exhibits the talent of organization or construction, whether it be a poem, a philosophical system, a policy, or a strategy—and without method there is no organization nor construction." Talleyrand, who was celebrated for the method which he observed in the management of his affairs, said in his terse way: "Methods are the masters." We have, however, the greatest example of method set us by God, in the regularity with which all created things perform their functions. If the sun should be as unpunctual in rising every morning as many of our business men are in the performance of their engagements, infinite disorder would be the

inevitable result. The heavens themselves and the planets observe degree, priority and place, course, proportion, season, office, and custom, all in line of order. Southey says: "Order is the sanity of the mind, the health of the body, the peace of the city, the security of the state. As the beams to a house, as the bones to the body, so is order to all things."

We never fully appreciate order until we see it contrasted with its opponent disorder. Hazlitt, who was often the victim of disorder, says: "There are persons who are never easy unless they are putting your books and papers in order—that is, according to their notions of the matter—and hiding things, lest they should be lost, where neither the owner nor anybody else can find them. If anything is left where you want it, it is called litter. There is a pedantry in housewifery, as well as in the gravest concerns. One complained that whenever his maidservant had been in his library, he could not get comfortably to work again for several days."

Coleridge, speaking of the value of method, says: "It would, indeed, be superfluous to attempt a proof of the importance of method in the business and economy of active or domestic life. From the cotter's hearth, or the workshop of the artisan, to the palace or the arsenal, the first merit, that which admits neither substitute nor equivalent, is that everything is in its place. Where this charm is wanting, every other merit loses its name or becomes an additional ground of accusation and regret. Of one by whom it is eminently possessed, we say proverbially, he is like clockwork. The resemblance extends beyond the point of regularity, and yet falls short of the truth. Both do, indeed, at once divide and announce the silent and otherwise undistinguishable lapse of time. But the man of methodical industry and honorable pursuits does more; he realizes its ideal divisions, and gives a character and individuality to its moments. If the idle are described as killing time, he may be justly said to call it into life and moral being, while he makes it the distinct object not only of the consciousness, but of the conscience. He organizes the hours, and gives them a soul; and that the very essence of which is to fleet away, and ever more to have been, he takes up into his own permanence

and communicates to it the imperishableness of a spiritual nature. Of the good and faithful servant, whose energies, thus directed, are thus methodized, it is less truly affirmed that he lives in time, than that time lives in him. His days, months, and years, as the stops and punctual marks in the records of duties performed, will survive the wreck of worlds, and remain extant when time itself shall be no more."

Much has been said by the unthinking portion of mankind against routine and red tape, or rather the abuse of the latter; but if properly used it has much to do with success. Curran, when master of the rolls, once told Grattan that he would be the greatest man of his age if he would buy a few yards of red tape and tie up his bills and papers.

The duke of Wellington was very methodical in his habits. His dispatches are the best evidence of his well-regulated mind in education. It would be difficult to find letters more temperately or more perspicuously expressed than those celebrated documents. They show what immense results in the aggregate were obtained by him, solely by virtue of habits which he had assiduously cultivated from childhood—early rising, the strictest attention to details, taking nothing for granted which he could ascertain for himself, unceasing industry, and silence except when speech was necessary or certainly harmless. His early habit of what he considered punctuality is illustrated by the following anecdote: "I will take care to be punctual at five to-morrow morning," said the engineer of New London bridge, in acceptance of the duke's request that he would meet him at that hour the following morning. "Say a quarter before five," replied the duke, with a quiet smile; "I owe all I have achieved to being ready a quarter of an hour before it was deemed necessary to be so; and I learned that lesson when a boy."

The duke's bedchamber at Apsley House was not regarded, by those who saw it, with its plain appointments, as a chamber of indolence. It was narrow, shapeless, and poorly lighted; the bedstead small, provided only with a mattress and a bolster, and scantily curtained with green silk; the only ornaments of the walls were an unfinished sketch, two cheap prints of military men, and a small portrait in oil; yet here slept the great duke,

whose eightieth year was by. He took a daily walk for exercise in the grounds, where with the garden engine he was wont to take exercise, reminding one of Napoleon at St. Helena, amusing himself with the pipe of the fire engine, spouting water on the trees and flowers in his private garden.

The average young man of the present day is not methodical enough in his distribution of time. Instead of utilizing his spare time in reading some good book which will initiate him more deeply into the mysteries of his profession, he thinks he must spend much of his time in the theatre or the ballroom because many other young men spend their time in that way.

How Intellectual Power is Acquired

By ROBERT WATERS

[Robert Waters, author and educator, was born at Thurso, Scotland, in May, 1835. At the age of eight he came to America. Early in life he worked in printing offices in Montreal and New York, meanwhile studying English branches, together with modern languages. In 1861 he went to London and the next year crossed to France, where he taught English and German at St. Quentin, Picardy. In 1863 he began teaching English in the Commercial School, Offenbach-on-the-Main, Hesse-Darmstadt. In 1867 he returned to America and taught in the German-American schools in New York. In 1868 he went to teach in the Hoboken Academy, resigning in 1883 to become principal of the Hoboken public schools, of which he was afterward superintendent. He is the author of "Intellectual Pursuits," "Life of William Cobbett," "Cobbett's English Grammar," "Shakespeare as Portrayed by Himself," "John Selden and His Table-talk," "Flashes of Wit and Humor," and "Culture by Conversation," and translated "Magical Experiments, or Science in Play."]

I KNOW no finer example of the difference between a youth of genius and an ordinary youth than that presented by Thomas Holcroft. He was born in London in 1745 and died in that city in 1809. While still a mere child he had to undergo the most extreme suffering as a peddler and hawker, being obliged to tramp with his father and mother around the country, driving loaded asses from place to place, animals that were as hard-worked and tired as himself. In this occupation he endured hunger, exposure, nakedness, fatigue, and all the humiliations of poverty. Happening, in his twelfth year, to witness the races at Nottingham, and to get a sight of the stable boys who took care of the horses, he was so strongly impressed by the contrast between his own wretched and ragged condition and that of these well-fed and handsomely dressed boys, that he resolved to try and become one of them. Accordingly he

made application to several of the turfmen for a position, but was repeatedly refused. After many rude rebuffs he succeeded at last, and secured a position under a kind master at Newmarket. He was not long in this service before he began to distinguish himself as a rider, and his master was well pleased with him. He now enjoyed what he never knew before, good food, comfortable lodging, and handsome clothes. "I fed voluptuously," he says, "and not a prince on earth had half the appetite or a tenth of the relish I had for my meals. I was warmly clad, nay, gorgeously; for I had a handsome new livery, of which I was extremely proud, and never suspected there was disgrace in it. Instead of being obliged to drag through the dirt after the most sluggish, obstinate and despised of all our animals, I was mounted on the noblest animal that the earth contains, had him under my control, and was borne by him over hill and dale with the swiftness of the wind. Was not this a change such as might excite reflection even in the mind of a boy?"

With most boys this change would have excited elation, but little reflection. Now mark the difference between him and the other stable boys who were his companions. In his leisure hours he read everything he could lay his hands on, and tried to learn all he could. He studied arithmetic, music, history, anything that offered a chance of improving his mind. After two years of this easy, luxurious jockey life, he determined to quit it, for he had grown beyond it, and felt that he was capable of better things. "I finally became disgusted," he says, "with a life which offered none but material attractions, and determined to change it. I began to despise my companions for the grossness of their ideas, and for their total neglect of every pursuit in which the mind had any share; and they began to despise me for the oddness of my pursuits and the little interest I took in theirs. My attempts to acquire some small portion of knowledge they regarded with sneers of contempt; and not one of them offered me any encouragement, either as prompter or rival."

Like many others, he had to "come out from among them," and walk his own way. Having grown beyond them, he could

THOMAS HOLCROFT AS A DONKEY-DRIVER

From an Original Drawing by Raymond N. Hyde.

no longer endure their manner of living; and when he left them he entered a sphere far higher than that of their masters. He became a teacher, writer, translator, actor, and dramatist; he spent his life in working out noble ideals; lived among the best spirits of his time, and produced some things which still keep his name fresh in remembrance and will do so for many a year to come.

How few young men act like him! Most young men don't care to improve their minds; all they want is "a good time." Even among those who read, the great majority care for nothing but fiction. Now a love of fiction is no evidence of a desire for improvement. It is simply a craving for excitement, a desire for an easy and pleasing acquaintance with the wonderful adventures of other people. There is no exertion of the mind in such reading. It is all swallow and no effort; little better than devouring sweetmeats or drinking gin. A man who cares for nothing but stories has a mind like a bog, which swallows everything and returns nothing. He is the unprofitable servant who hides his talent in a napkin; he is too lazy to take it out and make use of it; all he cares for is tranquillity and ease.

"It is not talent that men lack," says Bulwer Lytton, "it is the will to labor; it is purpose, not the power to produce." Those who fail are mere *wishers*; those who succeed are *willers*. "The books that help us most," says Theodore Parker, "are those that make us think most." Few novels have this power; only those of the masters have it. To him who reads nothing but novels, none of them have this power; he is never stirred into thought. He lives in the dreams of other people, and has none of his own.

It is by mental *work* that one acquires power: it is by making substantial acquirements in those studies that require exertion: in the mathematics, the languages, the sciences, history, and general literature; it is in working out hard problems and mastering the principles of any art or science that the mind gains power. A fondness for work is one of the indications of genius. There never lived a man of genius who was not characterized by a love of study. Study is the very life of his soul,

that by which he lives. "The few books that came within his reach," says Garfield, speaking of Lincoln, "he devoured with the divine hunger of genius."

This "divine hunger" I set down among the surest marks of genius. Except actual performance of work of superior character, there is no surer indication than this. It is the hidden germ struggling for light, life, and expansion; and these it will reach, unless some untoward accident kill it. He who does not care for study proves by this very circumstance that he has no genius. He is made for other things. I have just read of a poor girl who, because she risked her life in saving a passenger train, was sent to a first-class school in Massachusetts, where for two years the best teachers tried to train and develop her intellect. All in vain. Having no taste for study, she was beyond their reach. She had no intellect to train. Some are born for the kitchen as surely as others are born for the cabinet. A woman may be a heroine, and yet possess but a small share of intellectual power.

Wherever I find one eager and thirsting for knowledge, ambitious to excel and to make the most of his powers—wherever I find one who considers the world beautiful, interesting, and worth studying, always busy in observing the workings of nature, and in reflecting on what is going on around him, never for a moment finding time weary or thinking of such a thing as "killing time"—wherever I find one who, in the words of Milton, is "inflamed with the love of learning and the admiration of virtue, stirred up with high hopes of living to be a brave man and worthy citizen"; or, in the words of Byron, following

> "The noble aspirations of his youth,
> To make his own the minds of other men,
> The enlighteners of nations"—

I feel confident that such a man, whatever his station or parentage, possesses genius, and that nothing but time and opportunity are required to enable him to display it. His genius may, like a grain of mustard seed, be hardly perceptible at first; but, like the mustard seed, it will develop under a genial sky, and spread out larger than any other plant of the field.

We often hear people advising young men to seek the society of superior people, men of ability and culture. But it is of no use for them to seek such society if they do not feel any inclination for it; it is vain for them to seek it at the bidding of others. They would neither get nor give any benefit in such society. If the power is in them they will naturally gravitate toward such society, or draw it to them, just as a man of genius naturally gravitates toward those books that contain "the best that has been thought and said in the world." For genius will aspire, will improve, will rise in spite of every obstacle. Study, thought, ideas, these are its life; and wherever men of culture and ideas come together, there it finds itself at home. *Das Gleiche kann nur vom Gleichen erkannt werden.* And if it fail at first, it will keep on until it succeeds. Lord Chesterfield, who became the type of a fine gentleman, tells how awkward, silent, and shy he felt on first entering good society. After sitting dumb as a post for a long while, he plucked up courage enough to say to one of the noble ladies, "It is a fine day." "Yes, indeed it is," replied the lady, with a smile and a kindly look; and she went on conversing with him until he gradually lost his shyness and talked with ease. This was the beginning of the man who became the most polished and accomplished gentleman in Europe. Even Henry Ward Beecher, who, of all men, seemed to have most liberty before an audience, was timid and uneasy at times. "Many a time," says his wife, "when going to speak on a subject of special interest which I greatly desired to hear, he would say, 'Oh! don't go! I am sure I am going to fail, and I don't want you to be present.' For several years I yielded to such a request, and, anxious and troubled lest he should fail, awaited his return. But he invariably came home cheerful, and would say, 'I had great liberty; now I wish you had gone. The audience appeared greatly interested and very appreciative. They gave me great comfort and courage'; and he would appear happy and surprised. As I came to understand his moods better, I no longer feared any failure."

It is the same in other fields. "It is in me, and it will out," said Sheridan, on failing in his first effort to make a speech.

"You will not listen to me," said Benjamin Disraeli to the House of Commons, on a similar occasion; "but the time will come when you *shall* listen to me." And each made his word good. Both these men of genius determined to go on studying and practicing until they succeeded. They knew that the power was in them; that success depended on themselves; and they were determined to leave nothing undone to secure it. Charles O'Conor said it would have made no difference what profession he had adopted; he would have attained about the same relative success in any profession. Daudet declares that the man who has it in him to write will do so whatever his difficulties may be. He said to those who came to consult with him: "However occupied you are with your present way of earning a livelihood, you will surely find time to write, if you have it in you to *say anything*."

Men of Pluck

By WILLIAM MATHEWS

A WRITER in "Blackwood's Magazine" relates a striking incident in the life of Nassau William Senior, professor of political economy at Oxford University.

When examined for his bachelor's degree he was "plucked." He failed in divinity, which, as it was then the first subject on which the aspirant was examined, rendered fruitless any amount of general acquisition, and insured immediate rejection. Nowise distrustful of himself, the young man determined to try again, and meanwhile looked out for a private tutor with whom to read. He called upon Richard Whately, afterward archbishop of Dublin, and expressed a wish to be received by him as his pupil. Whately scarcely took the trouble to look his visitor in the face, but coolly answered:—

"You were plucked, I believe. I never receive pupils unless I see reason to assume that they mean to aspire at honors."

"I mean to aspire at honors."

"You do, do you?" was the rejoinder. "May I ask what class you intend to take?"

"A first class," said Senior coolly.

Whately's brow relaxed. He seemed tickled with the idea that a lad who had been plucked in November should propose to get into the first class in March; and he at once desired the plucky youth to come to be coached. Never were tutor and pupil better matched. Senior read hard—went up into the schools in March—and came out with the highest honors.

Holding On

Who does not admire the pluck which this incident exemplifies? History abounds with illustrations showing that it is this bulldog tenacity that wins life's battles, whether fought in the field, the mart, the senate, or the forum. It was the bold onset made by a few resolute men against troops that had maintained successfully a hard day's combat that turned the scale at last, at Lutzen, in favor of the Swedes and broke the charm of Wallenstein's invincibility.

It was the pluck of Isaac Newton that led him, when he stood at school at the bottom of the lowermost form but one, to thrash the boy above him who had kicked him, and then to determine to vanquish him as a scholar, which he also did, rising to the top of his class. It was this quality that was pre-eminent in Liebig in his youth—the "booby" of his school, who, when sneeringly asked one day by the master what he proposed to become, since he was so poor a scholar, answered that he would be a chemist—a reply which provoked a laugh of derision from the whole school. Yet he lived to become one of the most eminent chemists of modern Europe.

Who can think without a thrill of admiration of that glover's apprentice in Glasgow, Scotland, who battled with almost incredible earnestness and persistence against the obstacles that confronted him in the acquisition of knowledge? Living with a relative, an old woman who was too poor to afford him a candle or even a bright firelight, he read books in the street by the light of a shop window, and, when the shop was closed, climbed a lamp-post, and, clinging to it with one hand, held his book in the other and thus mastered its contents. Who can wonder that he became one of his country's eminent scholars?

Nil Desperandum

How long and strenuously, against baffling discouragements, did Edison labor to make the phonograph produce an aspirated sound! "From eighteen to twenty hours a day, for

the last seven months, I have worked at this single word—*specia*. I sent into the phonograph 'specia,' 'specia,' 'specia'; but the instrument responded ' pecia,' ' pecia,' ' pecia.' It was enough to drive one mad. But I held firm, and I have succeeded."

What was it that stung the little, ugly, stuttering Jack Curran into eloquence, and led him to toil till he had become one of the most powerful and brilliant advocates in Great Britain? It was the sarcasm of a member of a club—the nickname of "Orator Mum" given to him, a law student, when, rising one evening to speak, he had failed in a most humiliating way, and sat down without uttering a word. What did he then do? Give up? No; he began at once committing to memory and declaiming, day after day, for several hours, with earnestness and distinctness of enunciation, before a mirror, passages from the masterpieces of literature. By this practice he gradually overcame his defects, and, having Lord Eldon's requisite to distinction, viz., "to be not worth a shilling," rose, in spite of his physical disadvantages and inborn shyness, to the Alpine heights of his profession. So miserably poor was he at his start in life that, writing afterward to a friend about his marriage, he said: "My wife and I were the only furniture of our apartments, and as to my rent, it stood pretty much the same chance of liquidation as the national debt."

Anthony Ashley Cooper, the first earl of Shaftesbury, was born a cripple, and could not at any time in life move without his man and his crutch. "I was never," he once said, "without a dull, aching pain of that side." He suffered also from daily epileptic fits; yet he became a member of Oliver Cromwell's council, with reference to which that man of iron will used to say that "there was no one whom he was more at a loss how to manage than that Marcus Tullius Cicero, the little man with three names"—meaning Shaftesbury. "The little man" was afterward made chancellor by Charles II., and it is to him that every Englishman and every American is indebted for that sheet anchor of their liberties, the Habeas Corpus Act. Imprisoned in the Tower by the capricious king, and compelled at last to fly to Holland, where he died, he seems never for a moment

to have lost his self-confidence, his pluck, or elasticity and buoyancy of spirits.

Some of the most extraordinary examples of pluck under disheartening circumstances have been furnished by military commanders. Napoleon said of one of his marshals, Masséna, that "he was not himself until the battle began to go against him; then, when the dead fell in ranks about him, were awakened his powers of combination, and he put on terror and victory as a robe."

Blücher, the obstinate old Prussian general, lost nine battles out of ten, but he quickly rallied and showed to Napoleon, after every defeat, a more formidable front than before. Defeated and wounded, and thrown from his horse at Ligny, he led his troops two days later through mud, up steep defiles, amid torrents of rain, from Wavre to Waterloo, and won with Wellington the immortal victory that sealed the fate of his foe.

Some Plucky Men of Letters

Brilliant as are these instances, the literary calling has shown examples of grit as notable as any seen in the field of arms. Look at Gibbon, toiling for twenty years with herculean industry over his monumental history of "The Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire." Seven years of ceaseless labor were spent in gathering and meditating on the materials for the work, the enormous scope of which rendered indispensable the most vast and accurate knowledge, not only of the whole range of Classical, Byzantine, Mediæval, and Oriental literature, during upward of thirteen centuries, but also of some of the greatest religious and social changes that have shaped the destinies of man—the rise of Christianity, the Mussulman dominion, and the institutions of feudalism and chivalry. The amount of reading, almost wholly in foreign tongues, involved in such a task might well appall the most indefatigable student. The task was, nevertheless, achieved; but when the historian began the labor of writing his great work, "all was dark and doubtful," and he was tempted to throw away all his labor. Girding up his loins with heroic resolution, he toiled on for thirteen

MILTON DICTATING TO HIS DAUGHTERS HIS IMMORTAL EPIC

years more, at the end of which his colossal task was done and the gulf between ancient and modern history was bridged.

See a Milton dictating his immortal epic in old age and in a world he cannot see; a Prescott and a Parkman writing their histories under constant physical discouragements; a Balzac consolidating his genius in a garret in Paris, in silence, in hunger, and in the deepest poverty; an Ainsworth patiently recompiling his Latin dictionary, which his wife had angrily burned; a Carlyle calmly buckling himself to the task of rewriting his "French Revolution," which had cost him years of thought and drudging research, the manuscript of which a housemaid had consigned as waste paper to the flames; and a Bulwer giving to the world a hundred volumes of novels, essays, plays, history, and epic and satirical poems, in spite of ill health and incessant sneers at his shallowness and dandyism!

Tenacity of Purpose

What lessons are these for young men! "I have been watching the careers of young men in this city for thirty years," said an eminent New York preacher recently, "and I find that the chief difference between the successful and the failures lies in the single element of staying power." It is by tenacity of purpose, rather than by sudden dash, however brilliant, that success is won. Hindrances, checks, trials, instead of defeating one, should bring out one's native force. "Feeble natures," on the contrary, as Balzac strikingly says, "live in their sorrows, instead of converting them into apothegms of experience. They are saturated with them, and they consume themselves by sinking back each day into the misfortunes of the past. To forget is the great secret of strong and creative existences—to forget after the manner of Nature, which knows no past, and begins again every hour the mysteries of her indefatigable productiveness." Hearken to an old English dramatist:—

> "The wise and active conquer difficulties
> By daring to attempt them; sloth and folly
> Shiver and shrink at sight of toil and hazard,
> And make the impossibility they fear."

How Great Things are Done

By ROBERT WATERS

I READ the other day of a French preacher who, whenever he appears in the pulpit of Notre Dame, draws all the *élite* of Paris to hear him; so fascinating, eloquent, and polished are his discourses. How comes he to acquire this power? He delivers but five or six sermons in the year, generally in the season of Lent, and then retires to his convent to spend the rest of the year in reading and study, and in preparing his half-dozen sermons for the next Lenten season.

A preacher may compose fifty sermons in the year; but then there will not be a masterpiece among them. Dr. Wayland took two years to compose his famous sermon on foreign missions; but then it is a masterpiece, worth a ton of ordinary sermons. I have heard of an eminent lawyer who, without any uncommon oratorical gifts, won nearly every case in which he was engaged; and on being asked how he did it, he replied, "I learn all that can be learned of each case before it comes into court."

After dictating an argument to Boswell, who was preparing to speak before a committee of the House of Commons, Dr. Johnson said very wisely to him: "This you must enlarge on, when speaking to the committee. You must not argue there as if you were arguing in the schools; close reasoning will not fix their attention; you must say the same thing over and over again in different words. If you say it but once, they miss it, in a moment of inattention. It is unjust, sir, to censure lawyers for multiplying words when they argue; it is often necessary for them to multiply words."

Perhaps the success of the great lawyers is largely owing to the same practice as that of the great preachers. The great aim of the latter is to make their point clear, and impress it on the minds of their hearers by every means in their power. "All great preachers," says Professor Tucker, "succeed by ceaseless reiteration, under constantly varying forms, of a few conceptions that have become supreme in their experience."

If I should be asked to give an example of a man of genius who, from want of steady application to work, failed to produce what might reasonably be expected of him, I should be at a loss, for a moment, which among many examples to choose. The name of Coleridge would probably come first to my mind; but disease and opium had much to do with his sad inactivity. He was a man of uncommon genius; everything he has written bears the stamp of genius; but his will—aye, that had nothing of the character of genius in it; his will was wretchedly weak, and this was the cause of all his trouble. He planned many things, but accomplished few. He would seldom even attempt to perform what he planned; yet in planning he was inexhaustible; boundless projects with very little performance. He was not, however, lacking in the will to talk, and his famous talks at Highgate had their effect on the crowds of young men who flocked to hear him, many of whom subsequently attained eminence. How often it happens that a man of the finest intellectual qualities has some fatal defect in his character which ruins him!

Perhaps no better example can be cited than that of a contemporary of his, Sir James Mackintosh, a man of brilliant talents, famous for one or two splendid speeches, one or two finished essays, and one or two masterly philosophic dissertations. How came this man to produce so little? I shall give the answer in his own words, merely premising that in his youth he had been allowed to do as he pleased, and had acquired an indolent habit of straying aimlessly from one subject to another. "No subsequent circumstance," he says, "could make up for that invaluable habit of vigorous and methodical industry which the indulgence and irregularity of my school life prevented me from acquiring, and of which I have painfully felt the want in

every part of my life." Sir James lived till near three score and ten; and yet, though a man of rare gifts, with a profound knowledge of art and literature, philosophy and politics, he left little more than a few "precious fragments," which simply prove what he might have done, had he possessed that "invaluable habit," the want of which he so touchingly deplores.

I might give a dozen such examples; but it is not necessary. I have already shown that the finest genius in the world has done what it has done mainly by industry and patient thought: and I wish now to emphasize the fact that no habit is so valuable, no love of anything in the world so precious, as the love of labor, of constantly and regularly producing something useful. Not only does it conduce to success in life, but it is the purifier of character, the producer of sane thoughts and of a sweet, wholesome, contented mind. For "success is no success at all if it makes not a happy mind." A diligent workman, let him be ever so ignorant, is a far better man than the most cultivated idler. This is something that is never considered by those fathers and mothers who want their sons to be bank clerks and Wall Street merchants. Such positions, with little to do and much to get, are often the very express-roads to perdition. The one great mistake that General Grant made was getting in among the Wall Street sharks.

No man who values his character, no man who values the true welfare of his children, should engage or cause his children to engage in a business whose main object is to make money, not to earn it; to grow rich without labor; to rise on the ruin of others, and to steep the senses in the enjoyment of material wealth. "Wealth," says some one, "can never be conjured out of the crucible of political or commercial gambling. It must be hewed out of the forest, dug out of the earth, blasted out of the mine, pounded out on the anvil, wrought out of the machine shop, or worked out of the loom." That is why Austria is such a wretchedly poor, bankrupt country: one of its chief sources of revenue (and chief corruptions of the people) is its state lotteries, by which, though nothing is produced, everybody expects to get rich.

"Of all the work that produces results," said a late bishop

of Exeter, "nine-tenths must be drudgery. There is no work, from the highest to the lowest, that can be done by any man who is unwilling to make that sacrifice. Part of the very nobility of the devotion of the true workman to his work consists in the fact that he is not daunted by finding that drudgery must be done; and no man can really succeed in any walk of life without a good deal of what in ordinary English is called pluck."

"Ah," said a brave painter to Mr. Emerson, "if a man has failed, you will find he has dreamed instead of working. There is no way to success in our art but to take off your coat, grind paint, and work like a digger on the railroad, all day and every day."

This is the secret of the success of the Germans in this country; they are never afraid of drudgery; they will study and learn anything to succeed. While French merchants, for instance, never think of learning any language but their own, the Germans learn, when required, nearly every language of Europe. When the French do business with any foreign country, they write to that country in the language of France; but the Germans write in the language of the country with which they trade. The young merchants of Germany learn their business so thoroughly that they get into superior positions wherever they go. After a four years' course in a commercial school, they serve three years longer in business houses without pay. The Germans strive, in fact, after thorough equipment in all the professions. There are no quacks or halflings in Germany. Such people are not tolerated. The leading merchants of France have found this out by experience. When the writer was in Paris, in 1862, he found that most of the responsible positions in mercantile houses were filled by young Germans. For a young Frenchman has five hundred thoughts on love for one on any other subject. When the Parisians, at the outbreak of the late Franco-Prussian war, lost their heads and banished the Germans from their city, they sent away their most skillful workmen in all those fine and fancy articles for which they had become famous; and, after the war, the Parisians found that most of their trade had gone with the workmen to Vienna. They had killed the goose that laid the golden eggs.

The law of progress is by gradual steps. A great invention is usually the result of the labors of three or four men living at different periods; and had not the first done his part, the second would not have done his, nor the third completed it. Galvani gave the first intimation of the science which bears his name, galvanism; Volta showed that it was a source of power of incalculable importance; and Humphry Davy, from the application of the galvanic energy to the composition and decomposition of various chemical substances, showed that the power called chemical affinity is identical with that called electricity, thus creating a new science called electro-chemistry; and thence he proceeded, in the same line of experiments, until he made his grand invention, the safety lamp. Torricelli invented the barometer; but he had no idea of the various uses to which it was to be applied. It was Pascal who showed that it might be used for measuring the height of any place to which it could be carried; and it was, I think, Priestley who showed its various uses in physical and mechanical researches. Napoleon sent Jacquard to study the models of machines in the Paris Museum of Inventions, and Jacquard found there the model of a machine which gave him the idea for constructing his wonderful carpet pattern-weaving loom. The marquis of Worcester made, in 1655, a machine which, by the expansive power of steam, raised water to the height of forty feet; then Thomas Newcomen, an ingenious mechanic, constructed, about half a century later, a kind of steam and atmospheric engine, which was used for working pumps; and half a century after this, James Watt, while still working as a mathematical instrument maker, hit upon the ingenious expedient, the missing link, which practically made the steam engine what it is, the greatest invention ever made. Thus the great inventors and discoverers had predecessors who had indicated or attempted something such as they achieved; thus were they, as Dr. Hedge calls them, a succession of great bridge builders—men who spanned the chasm between the beginning and the ending of great inventions and discoveries.

The same is doubtless true of the great creators in literature and art. There were epic poets, no doubt, before Homer,

just as there were dramatists before Shakespeare; and certainly neither Homer nor Shakespeare could have achieved anything such as they did achieve, had they had no predecessors. We know, in fact, that Shakespeare first essayed his marvelous power of dramatic composition by retouching and reviving old plays—literary corpses into which he breathed the breath of life—and I have no doubt that Homer did some inferior work before he rose to the "Iliad." We do not know that the "Iliad" and the "Odyssey" *are* the greatest epics of antiquity; we know only that they are the greatest that have come down to us.

Thus it is that the studies and labors of one man help on the studies and labors of another; thus it is that thoughts produce thoughts; inventions produce inventions; poems produce poems; pictures produce pictures; laws produce laws; and thus the arts and sciences are carried forward, link after link, by one mind after another, till the chain be complete. "No man," says Garfield, "can make a speech alone. It is the great human power that strikes from a thousand minds; this acts upon him and makes the speech." Think of that, young man, when you are reading Burke's or Webster's masterpieces of oratory; think of that, young woman, when you are reading Walter Scott's or George Eliot's masterpieces of fiction. You may not make such speeches or write such stories; but they have their influence upon you; you carry away something from them; and they will help you to make good speeches or to write good stories of your own. Any other kind you should never attempt to make or to write. "A man who writes well," says Montesquieu, "writes not as others write, but as he himself writes; it is often in speaking badly that he speaks well." Chatham's speeches, for instance, consisted of a series of rugged, broken sentences; but they were his own, full of significance, characteristic, and true, and they carried ten times as much weight as the smooth, fluent, well-worded speeches of his opponents.

I remember seeing a brawny-armed quarryman strike forty blows with a big hammer on a huge block of granite, all apparently in vain. I said to him, "I should think, if you can't

break that block in ten blows, you can't do it in a hundred." "Oh yes," said he, "every blow tells." I was struck with the remark; and I never forgot it. It is a good illustration of all successful work. It may not be apparent, but every conversation, every speech, every sermon, every story, every experience in life tells in making up the man. And when a man, in some supreme moment, produces, without any apparent effort, and without any previous preparation, a masterpiece of oratory, a grand blaze of eloquence like Chatham's answer to Lord Suffolk, or Webster's reply to Hayne, it is simply the outcome of years of study and reflection, the product of a mind stored with the wit and wisdom of past ages, and trained to successful effort in the moment of necessity. "What though the fire bursts forth at length," says Dr. Dewey, "'like volcanic fires, with spontaneous, original, native force?' It only shows the intenser action of the elements beneath. What though it breaks like lightning from the cloud? The electric fire had been collecting in the firmament through many a silent, calm, and clear day."

Success in Business

PRACTICAL TALKS FROM VARIOUS SOURCES

IT is a good thing to have friends, but a bad thing to depend on friendship for business. People in this era will not pay more in one place for goods than they can be bought for in another, even for friendship. It is well to bear this in mind in calculating upon friendship as a factor in business. A man may join all the societies in existence, and may be popular in all classes of society, but he must depend upon the merits of his goods and his credit to sell at a reasonable price to retain the custom that friendship brings. Friendship is often more of a curse than a blessing in business. Usually it is a man's friends that "stick" him. Many of our readers will agree with these assertions that they have lost more money through friends than they ever made out of them.

It was never intended that man should be a selfish, narrow-minded being, thinking that the world was made for one individual, and for him alone, says the "Canadian Druggist."

We see too frequently the spirit of bitterness and envy displayed where nothing but harmonious feelings should exist. The small-souled, envious person, who cannot bear to see any evidence of prosperity in his neighbor, is to be pitied.

How much better it is for all, and now we refer specially to those engaged in one line of business, to work together harmoniously. Better results can be obtained, life made more worth living, and animosities set aside by mutual repression of the worst in our natures and the development of that which is manly and right.

We see this unfortunate spirit of envy rampant in all classes. The business man who cultivates the spirit of meanness and envy is not only a nuisance to those with whom he comes in contact, but a veritable curse to himself, bringing down on his own head, as a rule, that which he would wish to see inflicted on others.

If we would make our business, ourselves, our commercial and our social life a success, we must cultivate live-and-let-live principles, and recognize the fact that each one of us constitutes but a very small portion of the population of this world in which we live.

Smoothness or Bluntness in Business

By "smoothness," here, we mean tactfulness; by "bluntness," crude honesty, says the "Keystone." The "tactful" merchant is able, by judicious choice of words, to modify the harshness of the severe truth, even without sacrifice of any part of the truth; the "blunt" speaker utters the cold, hard truth.

Probably ninety-nine merchants out of a hundred will say offhand that the smooth or tactful man will show better results in business than he of blunt speech. The writer agrees with this consensus of opinion; but at the same time one must not underrate the tremendous strength of the position of the "blunt" fellow who takes his stand on the simple truth, unadorned and unrelieved. He appeals, in a peculiar way, to the sympathies, good will, and confidence of a large element in every community; and with this element he will unceasingly prevail over his no less truthful, but more tactful, competitor. His advantage is that he has nothing to conceal (for truth is the final revelation); while the "tactful" man must conceal the fact that he is using tact, even in telling the truth. There is an implied explanation and apology in the final account, on Judgment Day, in every present declaration that "a spade is an implement of agriculture." Happy the conscience whose tongue invariably declares a spade to be a spade!

But "smoothness" undoubtedly does sell goods; and in the

modern business creed the success of a formula establishes a principle. Tactfulness pays; therefore we canonize Saint Tact in the business hierarchy. Let us inquire into his virtues, in order that his halo may be the more becoming to him, in our eyes, and make us see him better.

We will suppose that a young lady enters a jewelry store, to inquire for a piece of jewelry that was to have been specially ordered for her. Blunt says, "Well, now, this is too bad—but I forgot to order it! I shall do so at once"—but the young lady has been insulted by the unflattering inattention to her order, and it will be many a day before she gives Blunt another chance at a special order. Under the same circumstances, Smooth would have said: "I am very sorry for the delay, but the bracelet has not yet come to hand. I'll telegraph the manufacturer at once, so that it may be hurried along." He tells the truth, but not the whole truth. He does not think it necessary to advertise his carelessness; and he actually gets credit out of the situation because of his intention to telegraph, thus showing a seeming zeal and desire to please, and so retains his customer.

The Need of Constant Preparation

The business of life is serious. Its cares are constant and exacting. Review the careers of men in all the vocations and marvel at the many failures or meager successes. Comparatively few have made the most of opportunity. Fewer still, through principle, purity, prayer, have achieved happiness of heart, which is the soul's high desire. Many preface the situation with an if. More are too stupid to realize mistakes, and plod along complacently in a humdrum routine, eating, sleeping, until Age, like a merciful angel, drops the curtain.

Why is it that, while the professions are overcrowded, there are only occasionally great preachers, lawyers, physicians, litterateurs, singers; that, while business men abound, capable, conscientious tradesmen are scarce? Why if not for lack of preparation, apprenticeship, discipline, education, training? The world wants specialists. Skill has everywhere become the

condition of success. Men who can excel are in demand. There is no place for mediocrity.

The men in a certain carriage factory have been fifteen or more years employed at single tasks, as turning, sanding, bolting, striping, until each is expert; and many have so grasped the principle involved in their particular work as to have been able to contrive mechanism which does away with much of the labor while bettering the quality and increasing the quantity of product. The interests of their employers are better served by these experienced and faithful artisans than they possibly could be by novices, while the employed have steady, permanent, well-paying positions by reason of knowing their business. Among a hundred or more grocerymen in a single city, I recall one, far-famed for his judgment of selection, taste of arrangement, knowledge of prices, gentlemanly demeanor, clean appearance, and constant effort to please; and that man received the large share of trade, six days out of seven. So in any work, from planing a board to sighting a cannon, from prescribing of pills to proclaiming the Gospel, equipment and preparation is what tells.

We are ill prepared for the strife at best, and there is altogether too much of an effort to hurry through the college curriculum; many cannot even wait to finish the course. And thus, through all the years that follow, the man is handicapped by inaccurate knowledge, resulting from insufficient training. Minds that are but scratched by the harrow of surface work do not yield grains that nourish nor fruits that relish. Deep cultivation of mind-soil will return the most satisfactory results in every case.

"As ye sow so shall ye reap." Sow to the classes, and you will reap habits of study; sow studious habits, and you will reap reputation for knowledge; sow reputation for knowledge, and you will reap a destiny of power. The laurel crown is worn by those who early tread the uphill roadway of hard, painstaking labor. Genius has been defined as an infinite capacity for taking pains, and Garfield once declared: "The chief difference in men will be found in the amount of work they do." There is no royal road to anything, and the only way to assure

future position, prosperity, or happiness in this unfettered land and progressive age is to keep "pegging away" while the golden sun of promise is rising and the sky is bright with the blue of tender hope. Energy, effort, honest toil in preparation will, sooner or later, bring you just reward.

Sticking to a Good Position

John Wanamaker declares his opinion that men, for the most part, get what they are worth. It is the hardest thing in the world, he says, to find a clean, strong, earnest, upright young man—they're as scarce as hen's teeth. I had a boy working for me at $3 a week, and one day his father, who was loom boss in a factory, came to see me and said he guessed he'd take his boy out; he could make more in the factory.

"How much?" I asked.

"Four dollars a week."

"Well, let him alone and he'll be getting five a week here after a while."

When the boy was getting $8 the father came again, and again I persuaded him to leave the boy with me. When the boy was getting $10 a week the father came again and said he was going to take the boy away.

"What for?"

"He isn't making money enough."

"What will you do with him?"

"Put him in the factory."

"How much will he get?"

"Twelve dollars first; fifteen afterward."

"Any more?"

"Yes; he may get to be a loom boss."

"What will he make then?"

"Seventy-five dollars a month."

"Well, then let the boy alone; he'll be getting a hundred a month here some day."

I had the hardest work to get that man to leave his boy; but we are now paying the young man $1,000 a month.

What Concentration will Accomplish

"Many persons, seeing me so much engaged in active life," said Edward Bulwer-Lytton, "and as much above the world as if I had never been a student, have said to me, 'When do you get time to write all your books? How on earth do you contrive to do so much work?' I shall surprise you by the answer I made. It was this: 'I contrive to do so much work by never doing too much at a time.'

"Now, since I began really and earnestly to study, which was not till I had left the college and was actually in the world, I may perhaps say that I have gone through as large a course of general reading as most men of my time. I have traveled much and I have seen much; I have mixed much in politics, and besides all this, I have published somewhere about sixty volumes. And yet, what time do you think, as a general rule, I have devoted to study, to reading and writing? Not more than three hours a day. But then, during these three hours I have given my whole attention to what I was about and lost not a moment."

Every great man has become great, every successful man has succeeded, in proportion as he has confined his powers to one particular channel.

Hogarth would rivet his attention upon a face and study it until it was photographed on his memory. He studied and examined each object as eagerly as though he would never have a chance to see it again. He was not a man of great education or culture, except in his unusual power of intense observation.

What Keeps Men Down

The great difference between those who succeed and those who fail does not lie in the amount of work done by each, but in the amount of intelligent work. Many of those who fail most ignominiously do enough to achieve grand success, but they labor at haphazard, building up with one hand only to tear down with the other soon after its completion.

They do not grasp circumstances and change them into opportunities. They have no faculty of turning honest defeats into telling victories. With ability enough and time in abundance—the warp and woof of success—they are forever throwing back and forth an empty shuttle, and the real web of life is never woven.

If you ask one of them to state his aim and purpose in life, he will say: "I hardly know yet for what I am best adapted, but I am a thorough believer in genuine hard work, and I am determined to dig early and late all my life, and I know I shall come across something—either gold, silver, or, at least, iron."

I say most emphatically, No. Would an intelligent man dig up a whole continent to find its veins of silver and gold? The man who is forever looking about to see what he can find never finds anything. We find what we seek with all our hearts, and if we look for nothing in particular we find just that and no more. The bee is not the only insect that visits the flower, but it is the only one that carries honey away. It matters not how rich the materials we have gleaned from the years of our study and toil in youth; if we go out in life with no well-defined idea of our future work, there is no happy conjunction of circumstances that will arrange them into an imposing structure, and give it magnificent proportions it does not deserve.

Why Some Men Never Succeed

Every non-successful man has his own reasons for failing. Failures who have given up trying—and the world is full of such—throw dust in their own eyes, and into those of their friends, and deny that all men have equal chances of winning the race of life.

The successful man and the failure both start from scratch; certainly both have the same chances of winning the race; the onlookers hesitate to back either of the competitors, for both at the outset are likely winners; yet, notwithstanding all these equal chances of victory that both men have in the beginning, the race has hardly begun when the better man of the two "draws away" and in the end wins.

Is this chance? Can anybody with the most elastic imagination believe that fate, or chance, or fortune, or luck has favored the winner? Hardly; yet the failure will rub his eyes and wonder why he lost. So do we; and his friends will pat him on the back sympathetically and wonder, too. They may ascribe his failure to ill luck. The truth is, he wasn't up to form.

Nobody can command success, as Addison tells us, but we can try to deserve it. The world is full of disappointed men who have in the past striven to win success, who have worked hard, who have denied themselves all pleasures and recreations, who have buckled to and labored incessantly all their lives to woo and win Fortune, but that dame—fickle she may be—has turned her back upon her suitors. Why? cry the failures.

Those who have won have first of all wooed her properly. Her non-successful admirers have perhaps been equally as energetic, as persevering, as sincere, but they have fallen short in their leap, they have miscalculated their distance, have missed the perfect way by which, and which only, you can secure her blessing.

What is this perfect way? The being able to judge properly between the relative importance of this thing and that. Discrimination is a great power and the essence of all judgment. The biography of the successful man is yet to be written wherein it will not be stated that "great discerning judgment" was the lever of his success. If we fail to discern we err in judgment. If we in error give a high place to that which deserves a lower place, our judgment is in fault; we fail to grasp the meaning of relative importance, and the result is failure.

Because a man splatters and splutters, fumes and foams when going about his work, fusses and frets, worries and wearies himself all day long, it does not signify that that man is bound to become a millionaire. He may have an immense supply of energy on hand, and may command at all times volumes of good forcible human steam power, yet that is not everything. Unless he have the gift of being able to gauge things and fix their relative importance in connection with other matters, his

fuming and fretting, spluttering and splattering will be of no avail.

It is the pitiful tale of many a good man who has spent years of his life in trying to succeed, that he cannot get beyond the first rung of the ladder. He moans and groans over his failure, and pitches his tale in such a melancholy key that his domestic circle and his friends of the inner ring think him the most abused man in creation. Sara Bernhardt boasts that "she burns her boats behind her," meaning that she forgets the past. It shows her judgment.

False Ideas About Getting Rich

"Every day we see a few men growing enormously rich without any exertion," is the old cry, says the "Dry Goods Chronicle."

The truth seems to be that the people—the plain, plodding people—only see the enormously rich men after they have made their money: they never see them while they are getting there. Away back somewhere in their lives, these enormously rich men have done something. They have worked with a tenacity and an intelligence that would make the packing-box orator and peace-disturber shrivel up. No man, barring a few of fortune's freak-favorites, ever got anything without working for it.

Of course, some are born rich—the nobility, for instance, or those of that glittering circle seen at the opera, the horse show, and other exploitive functions. But of these their riches are as the sea. Where once an atom was, an atom is not; but, mayhap, there is a new atom. Those people can do nothing but buy, buy, buy. Their laces, their diamonds, their food, and even their loves and friendships—they all mean the outpour of money. They pass through the world only by dipping their hands into their gold bags and scattering the contents.

And any man with a good brain and a good body, or with a fair average of both, can get some of it if he will only half try, if he will quit solving unsolvable problems, and trying to develop schemes to make the active lazy and the dull quick-witted. If

he will build a house, or sweep a street, or bake bread, part of this money is for him.

The really serious crime of the money-maker is not making, but keeping it. Happily, human nature is so constituted that keeping or hoarding, as a general thing, does not exist. Where Nature does produce her occasional miser, she always takes particular care to attach to him persons who make sea foam of his pile before his lips are well cold. This is her retributive act.

Perseverance

By HENRY HARDWICKE

IN the minds of many men there is a strong tendency to envy the success of the fortunate few, and to find fault with Fortune, by whose partial distribution of favors, they assume, the objects of their envy have attained to coveted honors and rewards. When we fail, we all blame any cause rather than our own imprudence or neglect of the proper means. Still in the abstract we own the good old maxims which promise health and wealth to the industrious; fortune to those who rise early and work late; a rich harvest to the farmer who plows the deepest and casts the best seed into his furrows; and, in short, under all its many forms that "the hand of the diligent maketh rich." It is true that all the virtuous are not fortunate, nor all the vicious unfortunate and poor. There are some who fail in life without being themselves at fault, and those also who prosper by dishonest and unworthy means, temporarily, at least. Still the maxim is an excellent one, and is confirmed by experience: "He becometh poor that dealeth with a slack hand; but the hand of the diligent maketh rich. He that gathereth in summer is a wise son; but he that sleepeth in harvest is a son that causeth shame."

But let it be said for the encouragement of all who are desirous of succeeding, that experience has demonstrated the truth of the fact that success in life equally is certain in any and every career to him that makes use of the proper means. Energy, concentration of power, and perseverance are of more practical value than talent. Many men are sadly ignorant of

their own power. They do not know their own capabilities, because they do not persevere long enough to give themselves a fair trial. They are like the wagoner in the fable of Æsop—Jupiter and the Wagoner—who, when his wheel got fast in the mud, is pictured by the Greek moralist as shouting to Jupiter for aid; upon which the king of the gods, looking down from his Olympian throne, bids the indolent fellow cease his supplications and put his own shoulder to the wheel. In human life success often depends upon our putting our own shoulder to the wheel.

The greatest works are performed not by strength, but by perseverance. It has been said that he that shall walk with vigor three hours a day, will pass in seven years a space equal to the circumference of the globe.

The successful men of the world have all been noted for their perseverance. Every man, as early in life as possible, should endeavor to ascertain the strongest faculty of his mind or body, fitting him for some one pursuit, and bend all his energies to bring it to perfection. Emerson has said that a man is like a bit of Labrador spar, which has no lustre as you turn it in your hand, until you come to a particular angle; then it shows deep and beautiful colors.

The greatest benefactors of mankind have avoided dissipating their energies, and are known by the quality rather than the number of their works. Watts spent the best years of his life in perfecting the steam engine. Arkwright, amid great discouragements, devoted all his time to the spinning jenny, until it was completed. Bishop Butler gave twenty years' labor to his "Analogy." Montesquieu the same length of time to "The Spirit of Laws." Gibbon, also, spent twenty years on the "Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire." Isaac Newton, one of the most persevering men that ever lived, rewrote his "Chronology" seventeen times.

The greatest performances of human art, which we behold with praise or wonder, are examples of the force of perseverance. It is by this that the unshaped rocks of the quarry are transformed into the pyramids, and that distant countries are united with railroads and telegraphs.

Every man should devote himself as closely as possible to his profession or occupation. One of the greatest virtues is concentration, and one of the greatest evils is dissipation of energies. The celebrated Sydney Smith, in a lecture on the conduct of the understanding, justly censures what he calls the foppery of universality. He says: "The modern precept of education is 'be ignorant of nothing.'" Now *my* advice, on the contrary, is to have the *courage* to be ignorant of a great number of things. In order to avoid the calamity of being ignorant of everything, I would exact of a young man a pledge that he would not read Lope de Vega; he should pawn to me his honor to abstain from Bettinelli and his thirty-five original sonnetteers; and I would exact from him the most rigid securities that I was never to hear anything about that race of penny poets who lived in the reigns of Cosmo and Lorenzo de Medici."

The man who attempts to do too many things soon loses his energy, and with his energy his enthusiasm, and without enthusiasm success is impossible. The able and accomplished Dr. J. W. Alexander, in advising young clergymen, exhorted them above all things to throw their whole force into their sermons. He said: "Many ministers are *enthusiastic* about other things, such as art, poetry, authorship, or politics; but their Sabbath sermon is like a sponge from which all the moisture is squeezed out. Live for your sermon—live in your sermon. Get some starling to cry *Sermon, sermon, sermon!*" Every man should see that his design is wise and just; when that is ascertained, he should pursue it resolutely, and not for one repulse, or one hundred repulses, forego the purpose he has resolved to effect. Wise men have always admired the man who will not submit to be conquered by difficulties. Charles James Fox once said: "It is all very well to tell me that a young man has distinguished himself by a brilliant first speech. He may go on or he may be satisfied with his first triumph; but show me a young man who has not succeeded at first, and nevertheless has gone on, and I will back that young man to do better than most of those who have succeeded at the first trial." Napoleon had such faith in the power of perseverance that he said: "Victory belongs to the most persevering." The history

of great men teaches us that with even ordinary talent and extraordinary perseverance all things are attainable.

There is no royal road to anything worth having, but all things may be had by taking one thing at a time. That man grows unconsciously into genius who observes vigilantly and resolves steadfastly. It is, however, with many enterprises like striking fire from flint and steel; we do not meet with success except by reiterated efforts, and often at the instant we despaired of obtaining it.

The feeble-minded give way to despondency when their projects fail, and of course can make no further progress; but the resolute, aiming at success, find only in disappointments a stimulus to renewed exertion.

An officer declared one of the projected aims of Napoleon impossible. The latter immediately exclaimed: "Impossible! Never let me hear that blockhead of a word again." Such should be the resolution of every man aiming at what is just and right. Actuated by such a principle, it is wonderful how few things will prove impossible to the man of universal diligence.

Perseverance is indispensably necessary to success. "Try again" has been the favorite maxim of many men who have succeeded in life. An incident in Scottish history illustrates the value of this maxim. "When Robert, the Bruce, determined to devote his life to the establishment of the liberty and independence of his country, he found himself surrounded with apparently insuperable difficulties. Some of his countrymen were false, others were faint-hearted and despairing, and all were crushed down under the iron hand of the powerful invading foe. After struggling long, fortune seemed entirely to fail him. Kildrummie Castle, the very last stronghold possessed by him in Scotland, was taken, and with his own wife and some of his dearest friends fell into the hands of his enemies. The news of the taking of Kildrummie, the captivity of his wife, and the execution of his brother, reached Bruce while he was residing in a miserable dwelling at Rachrin, and reduced him to the point of despair.

"It was about this time," says Sir Walter Scott, "that an incident took place which, although it rests only on tradition in

ROBERT BRUCE WATCHING THE SPIDER
From an Original Drawing by Raymond N. Hyde

families of the name of Bruce, is rendered probable by the manners of the times. After receiving the last unpleasing intelligence from Scotland, Bruce was lying one morning on his wretched bed, and deliberating with himself whether he had not better resign all thoughts of again attempting to make good his right to the Scottish crown, and, dismissing his followers, transport himself and his brothers to the Holy Land, and spend the rest of his life in fighting against the Saracens; by which he thought, perhaps, he might deserve the forgiveness of Heaven for the great sin of stabbing Comyn in the church at Dumfries. But then, on the other hand, he thought it would be both criminal and cowardly to give up his attempts to restore freedom to Scotland, while yet there remained the least chance of his being successful in an undertaking which, rightly considered, was much more his duty than to drive the infidels out of Palestine, though the superstition of his age might think otherwise.

"While he was divided betwixt these reflections, and doubtful of what he should do, Bruce was looking upward to the roof of the cabin in which he lay; and his eye was attracted by a spider, which, hanging at the end of a long thread of its own spinning, was endeavoring, as is the fashion of that creature, to swing itself from one beam in the roof to another, for the purpose of fixing the line on which it meant to stretch its web. The insect made the attempt again and again without success; and at length Bruce counted that it had tried to carry its point six times, and been as often unable to do so. It came into his head that he had himself fought just six battles against the English and their allies, and that the poor persevering spider was exactly in the same situation with himself, having made as many trials and been as often disappointed in what it aimed at. 'Now,' thought Bruce, 'as I have no means of knowing what is best to be done, I will be guided by the luck which shall attend this spider. If the insect shall make another effort to fix its thread and shall be successful, I will venture a seventh time to try my fortune in Scotland; but if the spider shall fail, I will go to the wars in Palestine and never return to my native country more.'

"While Bruce was forming this resolution, the spider made another exertion with all the force it could muster, and fairly succeeded in fastening its thread to the beam which it had so often in vain attempted to reach. Bruce, seeing the success of the spider, resolved to try his own fortune; and as he had never before gained a victory, so he never afterward sustained any considerable or decisive check or defeat. I have often met with people of the name of Bruce, so completely persuaded of the truth of this story that they would not on any account kill a spider; because it was that insect which had shown the example of perseverance and given a signal of good luck to their great namesake."

A wealthy merchant of Edinburgh has in his counting-room, painted in large letters, the words, "Try Again." One of his friends says of him, in accounting for his phenomenal success: "He had learned the truth of the Bible maxim, 'The hand of the diligent maketh rich,' and also of another, which applies no less to the business of his life than to the things which belong to the concerns of the world to come—'Be not weary in welldoing, for in due season ye shall reap if ye faint not.'"

Prospects and Salary

By EDWARD W. BOK

THE average young man is extremely anxious to get into a business position in which there are what he calls "prospects" for advancement. It is usually one of his first questions "What are my prospects here?" He seems to have the notion that the question of his "prospects" or advancement is one entirely in the hands of his employer, whereas it rarely occurs to him that it is a matter entirely of himself. An employer has, of course, the power of promotion, but that is all. He cannot advance a young man unless his employee first demonstrates that he is worthy of such advancement. Every position offers prospects: every business house has in it the possibility of a young man bettering himself. But it depends upon him, first. If he is of the average come-day go-day sort, and does his work in a mechanical or careless fashion, lacking that painstaking thoroughness which is the basis of successful work, his prospects are naught. And they will be no greater with one concern than with another, although he may identify himself with a score during a year. If, on the contrary, he buckles down to work, and makes himself felt from the moment he enters his position, no matter how humble that may be, his advancement will take care of itself. An employer is very quick to discover merit in an employee, and if a young man is fitted to occupy a higher position in his house than he is filling, it will not be long before he is promoted.

There are, of course, instances where the best work that a young man can do goes for naught and fails of rightful appreciation, and where such a condition is discovered, of course the young man must change the condition and go where his services will receive proper recognition and value. But this happens only in a very small minority of cases. In the vast majority of cases where the cry of inappreciation is heard, it is generally the fact that the crier is unworthy of more than he receives.

No employer can, in short, tell a young man what his prospects are. That is for the young man himself to demonstrate. He must show first what is in him and then he will discover for himself what are his prospects. Because so many young men stand still is not that employers are unwilling to advance them, but simply because of the principal fact that the great run of young men do not show those qualities which entitle them to advancement. There are exceptional cases, of course, but as a rule a man gets in this world about what he is worth, or not very far from it. There is not as much injustice done by the employer to the employee as appears on the surface by any means. Leaving aside all question of principle, it would be mighty poor policy for a business man to keep a young man in a minor position if by promoting him he felt he would expand and make more money for his house.

And right here a word or two might perhaps be fitly said about the element of "luck" entering into business advancement. It is undeniable that there are thousands of young men who believe that success in business is nothing else "but what they call luck." The young men who forge ahead are, in their estimation, simply the "lucky" ones, who have had influence of some sort or other to push them along.

When a young man gets into that frame of mind where he believes that "luck" is the one and only thing, or that it is even an element in business which can help him along, it may be safely said that he is doomed to failure. The only semblance to "influence" there is in business is where

through a friendly word a chance is opened to a young man. But the only thing that "influence" can do begins and ends with a chance: an opportunity. The strongest influence that can be exerted in a young man's behalf counts for very little if he is found to be incapable of embracing that chance. And so far as "luck" is concerned, there is no such thing in a young man's life or his business success. The only lucky young man is he who has a sound constitution, with good sense to preserve it, who knows some trade or profession thoroughly, or is willing to learn it and sacrifice everything to its learning, who loves his work and has industry enough to persevere in it, who appreciates the necessity of self-restraint in all things and who tempers his social life to those habits which refresh and not impair his constitution. That is luck, the luck of having common sense. That is the only luck there is—the only luck worth having; and it is a luck which every right-minded young man may have if he goes about it the right way.

Things in this world never just happen. There is always a reason for everything. So with success. It is not the result of luck: it is not a thing of chance. It comes to men only because they work hard and intelligently for it, and along legitimate lines.

Now a word about a young man's salary. It is human nature to wish to make all the money we honestly can; to get a just and as large a return for our services as possible. There is no qualifying that statement, and as most of the comforts of this life are had through the possession of sufficient money, it is perfectly natural that the question of what we earn should be prominent in our minds. But too many young men put the cart before the horse in this question of salary. It is their first consideration. They are constantly asking what salaries are paid in different business callings, and whether this profession or that trade is more financially productive. The question seems to enter into their deliberations as a qualifying factor as to whether they shall enter a certain trade or profession. I never could quite see the point of this nor the reason for it. Of what significance are

the salaries which are paid to others, to you or to me? They signify nothing. If the highest salary paid to the foremost men in a certain profession is $10,000 per year, what does it prove or signify? There is no obstacle to some one else going into that same profession and earning $25,000. The first consideration when a young man thinks of going into business is not what special trade or profession is most profitable, but which particular line he is most interested in and best fitted for. What matters it to a man that fortunes are made in the law if he has absolutely no taste or ability for that profession? Of what value is it to a young man who loves mechanical engineering to know that there are doctors who earn large incomes? What difference do the productive possibilities of any line of work make to us if we are not by nature fitted for it?

When a young man is always thinking of the salary he is receiving, or the salary he ought to get, he gives pretty good proof that he is not of a very superior make. The right sort of a young fellow doesn't everlastingly concern himself about salary. Ability commands income. But a young man must start with ability: not with salary. That takes care of itself.

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